Billy Graham Speaks Out on Religion

Also: Harold H. Martin, Inez Robb, Thomas Walsh *and* Dr. Edward Teller

The Saturday Evening POST

Feb. 17, 1962 — 20¢

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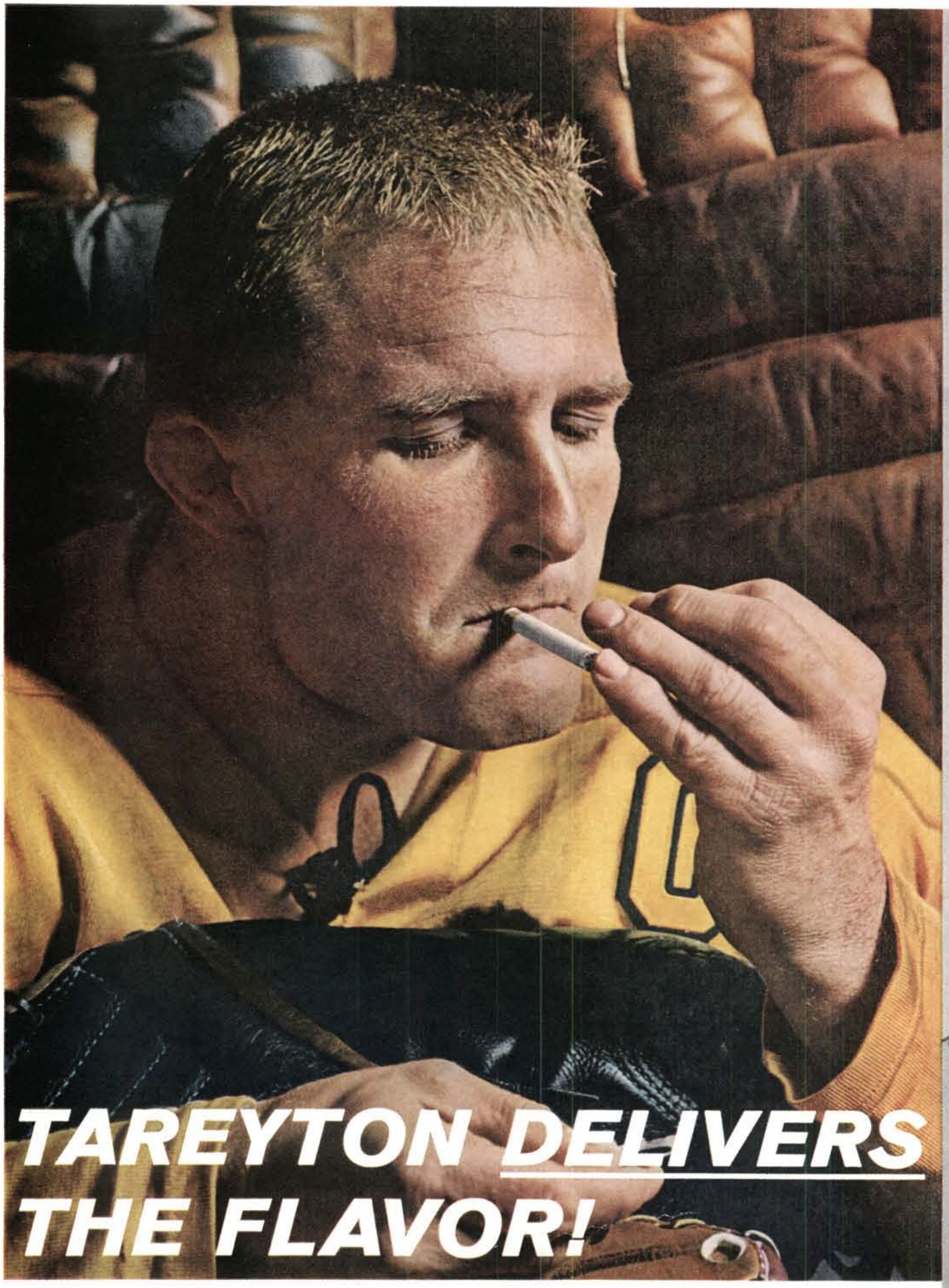

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Bright Bylines abound in this issue. On page 8—evangelist BILLY GRAHAM. On page 20—storyteller THOMAS WALSH. On page 26—columnist INEZ ROBB. And on page 32—nuclear physicist EDWARD TELLER.

The King of Kamera. Our high-scoring photographer since we applied our new makeup last September has been a hulking, mustachioed Californian who was born on Columbus Day, 1923, and has crossed almost as much water for us in the last six months as Columbus crossed in all his voyages to America. *Post* Editor Harold H. Martin introduced him to the Shah of Iran as "the King of Kamera" (cameraland), and in our offices he is referred to as

Bryson and Buddhist monks at Laotian temple under construction.

"Leonardo." His real name is JOHN BRYSON. This week we're publishing five pages of his photographs on the Middle East (page 48), and six on South Vietnam (page 74)—which adds up to Bryson's biggest week since we opened the new *Post* with his unforgettable studies of Casey Stengel. Lately Bryson has lived in airplanes—but when we give him time off for good behavior he heads for his oceanfront house in Malibu, close by Hollywood. Before World War II, Bryson was a *Post* boy salesman in Amarillo, Texas; during the war he was a *Yank* cartoonist; after the war he worked as magazine correspondent and picture editor until, "in a moment of madness" in 1955, he determined to become a free-lance photographer. Bryson works hard and he works fast. Covering the making of the Yul Brynner film, *The Magnificent Seven*, he acquired the shrubbery under his nose—and a nickname: The Mexican film crew, noting Bryson's rapid-fire camera technique, labeled him "The Machine Gun With The Moustache." Bryson can be as fast with a quip as with a single-lens reflex. At a 1957 cocktail party in Moscow, Nikita S. Khrushchev looked at Bryson and said, "Americans have all the secrets of photography and we have all the secrets of rockets. We should exchange." Bryson extended one of his cameras to Nikita. "Let's trade," he said.

The four Seidenbaums: Judy, Kerry (4), Kyle (6) and Art.

One and One Are Twenty (page 13). From *Post* editor ART SEIDENBAUM, our man in Los Angeles, comes the story of the Beardsley family of eighteen children. After Art had completed his interviews and returned home to write, his own two children began to demand more brothers and sisters. DON W. JONES, who took the pictures for the article, reports that his three kids reacted the same way. (The Seidenbaums and the Joneses are thinking it over.) Conversely, the Beardsley children were appalled at the thought of a family of only four or five people. One of the four Seidenbaums, however, does have something in common with two of the twenty Beardsleys: Six-year-old Kyle Seidenbaum was born in the same Honolulu hospital as were Germaine and Veronica Beardsley.

Portrait of the inner Halsman.

Flying Philippe. Aloft in the same setting he used in photographing dancer Edward Villella for page 25 is PHILIPPE HALSMAN, whose famous *Jump Book* set forth his theory of "jumpology"—the inner man is revealed by his jump. The inner man at left? A gifted photographer wondering, surely, how the picture will turn out.

The Cover. Everyone will sympathize with artist Constantin Alajálov's hopeful bridegroom. But will male readers also feel pity for the bride? She did her best, didn't she? It could be all a dark, smoky plot—but we prefer to believe that this charming young thing would have succeeded if only the stove had known how to cook.

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Bucket seats optional at extra cost.

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LETTERS

THE NEGRO ELITE

Dear Sirs:

Although the article OUR NEGRO ARISTOCRACY [by Bill Davidson, Jan. 13] was undoubtedly written in the best spirit and the writer meant to compliment my family by putting us into his "elite" group, the overtones of the article seemed for the most part to use wealth or pretentious spending as the guidepost for determining the "elite" Negro.

When I think of the elite in American history, I think of Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, Albert Einstein, Frederick Douglass and others. If Negro families who have made a contribution toward raising the tone and standards of our citizenship are to be called our "elite," there are many outstanding Negro families who were overlooked.

HUBERT T. DELANY
Counselor at Law
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

You failed to mention the U. S. Air Force's talented Maj. Gen. Benjamin O. Davis Jr.

LT. COL. KEVORK GHOURDJIAN, USAF
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Your article is the most asinine, untruthful piece of propaganda favoring the amalgamation of the white and Negro races in America that I have ever read—nothing like it has ever appeared in Negro publications such as *Ebony* and *Jet*, much less in a supposedly responsible publication such as *The Post*.

JACK M. GREATHOUSE
Fayetteville, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

Well done! OUR NEGRO ARISTOCRACY was long overdue. . . . Outside of the sociological journals, literature of this type has been woefully lacking. The American public has long been under the delusion that the Negro upper socioeconomic class is comprised solely of musicians and athletes.

PAUL K. CLARE
Aurora, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Your article in a decent white publication I am sure was an affront to millions of your readers. . . . I am sure that there are many members of the Negro race that do not appreciate this article any more than I do, because they realize the damage it has done to their race.

JOHN F. DICKS, M.D.
Waveland, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

We need to learn that not all Negroes are slum dwellers, lawless and improvident. I believe the road to the achievement of integration would be much smoother if our publications would give more space to the plus side of Negro life.

MURIEL ANDREW
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Your article will do more to promote the American Negro than the N.A.A.C.P. can do in the next fifty years. Your article shows that special laws for minority groups are really not a necessity and that Americanism is based upon *not* the differences of race, color or creed, but is based entirely upon whether the American, as an individual, has and uses his own *individual* initiative to pull himself up by his own bootstraps.

MERRILL RANCK
Callahan, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

As a Negro, I wish to register my complete distaste for your article. Whatever the American Negro needs, it is hardly patronizing propaganda of this sort.

WILLIAM FULLER
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

This article will be another contributing force in helping the whites as well as Negroes to realize that all Negroes *are not* marginally endowed and that they do not have a specific "place" which is below or less than that of people who are considered and classified as Caucasians. . . . Maybe we will qualify and be considered Americans yet.

JOHN P. CURETON
Kings Park, N.Y.

ROCKWELL'S MODERN ART

Dear Sirs:

On your Jan. 13 cover [below] Norman Rockwell seems to have made a

creditable excursion into modern art—creditable for "just an illustrator," of course. Perhaps his effort lacks a message, perhaps the symbolism is defective—I wouldn't know. But Mr. Rockwell has one quality sorely needed in modern art—a sense of humor.

ROBERT J. HANDY
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

No wonder the gentleman is studying the painting in an apparently bewildered manner—it is obviously hanging upside down.

JOE F. AKINS
Ruston, La.

Dear Sirs:

How can a man of Rockwell's ability waste as much as a second's look at such junk! The word "art" has been discounted as much as Uncle Sam's dollar in applying the word to such stuff.

M. R. DAUGHERTY
Anaheim, Calif.

BREAK FOR WOMEN

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on the fine article, PARIS GIVES WOMEN A BREAK [by Oleg Cassini as told to Stanley Frank, Jan. 6]. I've been waiting for form-fitting clothes to come back. Perhaps now I

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is America...
the special sparkle
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LETTERS

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MAE DUNN
Fremont, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

Maybe we also can open the eyes of the shoe manufacturers and let them know most women are tired of wearing those sharp-pointed toes and stiletto heels. Let shoes for women once more become feminine and not obnoxious.

MRS. KERMIT KUCKEWICH
Terre Haute, Ind.

TOO MANY BABIES?

Dear Sirs:

In your article, SPEAKING OUT: ARE TOO MANY BABIES BEING BORN? [by William Vogt, Jan. 6], it does not seem to me that Mr. Vogt can be overly concerned with "American liberty vanishing beneath the American mass" when he concludes with various propositions which, if put into effect, would severely limit a couple's freedom of choice in raising the size family they desire.

DENNIS M. WHITE
San Francisco, Calif.

• *Mr. Vogt believes, as stated in his article, that each couple deserves the right* not *to have any more children than they can adequately support. He adds that if voluntary conception control were practiced, compulsory methods might never become necessary.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

According to William Vogt, "nonexistence" has now become a better thing than "existence." Too bad his parents didn't think of that!

REV. JOHN REINKEMEYER
St. Joseph's Church
Arma, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to William Vogt for writing it. It took a bit of courage—especially to underline the utter immorality of what is so often clothed in sanctity. . . . We haven't much time to get across the indisputable fact that the population explosion is a far greater menace to our values and to our very existence than many of the comparatively trivial things we get all worked up about.

KENNETH GRISWOLD, *Minister*
Community Church, Congregational
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

I sincerely hope William Vogt and King Herod have a happy association all through eternity.

ELVA SCRIBNER ECKEL
Perrysburg, Ohio

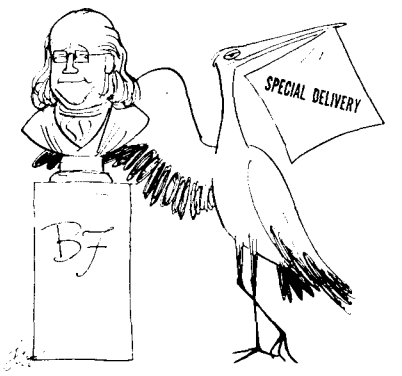
Dear Sirs:

The people intelligent and literate enough to read Mr. Vogt's article will agree with many of his ideas. However, these are the very people who should be having the larger families. It would be a severe blow to the future good of this country if the thoughtful, intelligent segment of our population limited their offspring to two children per family (*if* they can provide for their care and education), while nothing concrete was being done to diminish the birth rate otherwise.

ELEANOR R. TOMLINSON
Haddonfield, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to remind you that Benjamin Franklin, whose "Pennsylvania Gazette" later evolved into the journal that gives you employment, was the fifteenth of seventeen children



born to a poor candlemaker. And no one should have to tell you what America would have been like if his parents had decided to have only 2.2 children.

ED MACK MILLER
Denver, Colo.

THE HIBBS VALEDICTORY

Dear Sirs:

Deeply moved by Ben Hibbs's editorial [LET'S STAND UP ON OUR HIND LEGS AND BE AMERICANS, Dec. 23-30]. I want to lift my voice in favor of the United States, that wonderful country.

After five terrible years of German occupation many of my friends and I watched your bombers flying low over our country, throwing out food parcels which saved the lives of many of my countrymen at the last moment. After the war American aid, and American aid alone, saved our country and our people from famine and poverty. . . .

Criticism, as we meet with it today, is the cheapest commodity on earth, and it seems that the negative is always heard louder than the positive. But I can assure you that I, my family and many of my friends with me have a profound admiration for what the United States is doing, and one fact certainly emerges from the pool of uncertainty: If the United States were not doing what it's doing now, we would long ago have ceased to have a voice at all either to speak against or in favor of your country.

H. F. PLEYTE
The Hague, The Netherlands

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Hibbs's editorial will be long remembered by me and, I am sure, by many other Americans who still believe patriotism is not corny.

ARLINE LO PRESTO
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

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Reading across pages, then down:

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SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

Our Right to Require Belief

BY BILLY GRAHAM

There is a movement gathering momentum in America to take the traditional concept of God out of our national life. If this movement succeeds, IN GOD WE TRUST will be taken from our coins, the Bible will be removed from our courtrooms, future Presidents will be sworn into office with their hand on a copy of the Constitution instead of the Bible, and chaplains will be removed from the Armed Forces.

The issue of prayers in public schools is now before the Supreme Court and, if the Court decrees negatively, another victory will be gained by those forces which conspire to remove faith in God from the public conscience.

With each passing Christmas season the observing of Christmas in the school becomes a sharper issue. Many public schools, from California to New Jersey, have already ruled out the singing of carols in the classroom.

Those who are trying to remove God from our culture are rewriting history and distorting the truth. But those who advocate drastic change in our traditional faith are only a tiny minority. Most Americans not only believe in God themselves but want their leaders to have faith in God. The Associated Press recently reported the findings of Dr. Paul Bussard, editor of the *Catholic Digest*, who learned that 99 percent of the American people believe in God; that 77 percent believe in the hereafter, and that 75 percent believe that religion is important.

Guizot, the French historian, once asked James Russell Lowell, "How long do you think that the American republic will endure?" Lowell replied, "So long as the ideas of its founding fathers continue to be dominant."

Historian Samuel Eliot Morison has said that these founding fathers came "to make over the earth in the spirit of Christian philosophy—a City of God was their aim."

It would be impossible to understand the system upon which this nation was founded without understanding the religious faith, fervor and zeal of those early Americans. It is no accident that the President of the United States takes his oath upon the Bible; it is no fluke of history that IN GOD WE TRUST appears upon our coins and paper money. The motto was first used in 1864, at the order of Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, who asked that a phrase be found that would indicate the direction of God in the affairs of American life.

It is true that our forefathers meant this nation to be free from religious domination. The men who built America were primarily victims of oppression. They felt that the terrors of the wilderness were as nothing to that of government oppression of religious faith. But the founding fathers in their determination to have freedom "of" religion never meant to have freedom "from" religion. Separation of church and state in no way implies separation of religion and state affairs. They are spiritually inseparable. As Richard Nixon said, "We have separation of church and state. We have no political connections between a religious group and the Government. We have no Government-supported ministry of religion, but no strangers should wrongfully interpret these negative statements to mean that we are an irreligious people, nor do they mean that the Government is indifferent to the welfare of religion, or that it is blind to the sublime guidance offered by religious and moral ideals.

These ideals were written into the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States and into the constitutions of the several states. The Preamble of our national Constitution speaks of "the blessings of liberty." The men at Philadelphia could never have written that document if they had not had faith in God.

"I have lived a long time," Franklin told the delegates to the Constitutional Convention, "and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth that God governs in the affairs of men. If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings that except the Lord build a house, they labor in vain that build it. I firmly believe this, and I also believe that without His concurring aid, we shall succeed no better in this political building than the builders of Babel." Dwight Eisenhower once said, "The founding fathers wrote this faith into our founding documents. They put it squarely at the base of our institutions—our people have always reserved their first allegiance to the kingdom of the spirit." Early American history was hallowed with a purpose greater than material wealth and a cause greater than democracy. It was forged in the fire of a burning faith in God. Many early settlers came to America with one goal in mind—namely, to advance the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The tremendous prosperity, power and blessing which America has enjoyed through the years came because we as a nation have honored God. It is, I believe, a direct fulfillment of the promise, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." Abraham Lincoln said during the Civil War, "I have so many evidences of God's direction that I cannot doubt His power comes from above." This was the faith of our fathers. The Great Seal of the United States is our complete acknowledgment that we are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand. Our national emblems testify to the fact that we are a people "under God." A Bible-reading shepherd in the desert of Mesopotamia who had never heard of the United States would say on seeing our national emblems, "Surely these are God's people."

American democracy rests on the belief in the reality of God and His respect for the individual. Ours is a freedom under law, but it is also a freedom that will evaporate if the religious foundations upon which it has been built are taken away. I'm not so sure we would continue to be free if our men in public life had no faith in God. I'm not sure that atheists and agnostics would be quite so zealous to preserve the Bill of Rights or the writ of habeas corpus or the two-party system or the right to trial by jury or the legal innocence of a man before he is proved guilty.

Castro has shown us all over again how easy it is to rationalize, to postpone elections, to justify tyranny in the name of land reform or some other benevolence. A dictator convinced that destiny lies in his own hands is bound to be proud, ruthless and ultimately destructive. Brooks Hays, special assistant to the President, has said, "The person who holds public responsibility and does not believe in God can rationalize any unjust social or immoral action. Public officials must have a sense of historical destiny in order to give a nation the right kind of direction. God alone can give to public officials this ability." If a political leader fears God and believes that God is in control of the universe, that certain moral laws are operating, then his faith will be reflected in his conduct. Our beliefs make us what we are. This faith in God is the source of our liberty.

We are living in the most critical period in American history. We are faced with the possible destruction of our entire civilization. With a militant, atheistic Communism threatening to bury us, we need to rediscover national goals, to reexamine our national destiny. Whether he intends to, the American atheist administering a public office has essentially conceded the battle to Communism. By his atheism he underwrites in principle the Communist, materialistic, nonspiritual concept of life. He has surrendered spiritual, moral and rational arguments against Communism.

Billy Graham, the foremost evangelist of our times, is an ordained Baptist minister. Best known as a world-traveling preacher who attracts vast congregations wherever he goes, he is also the author of numerous books on aspects of Christian faith.

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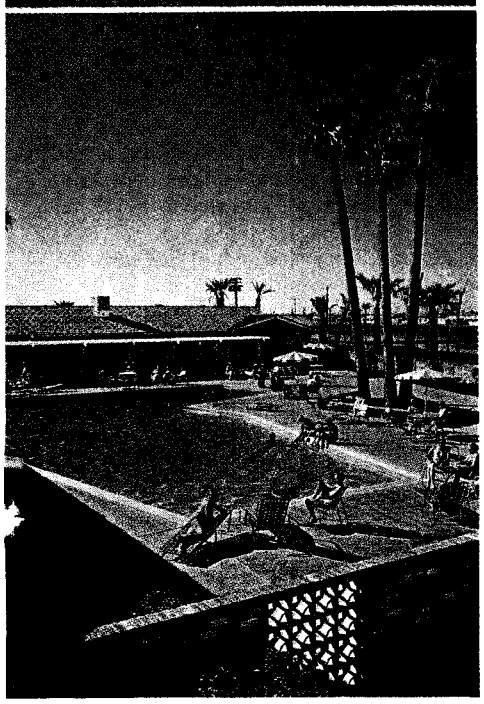

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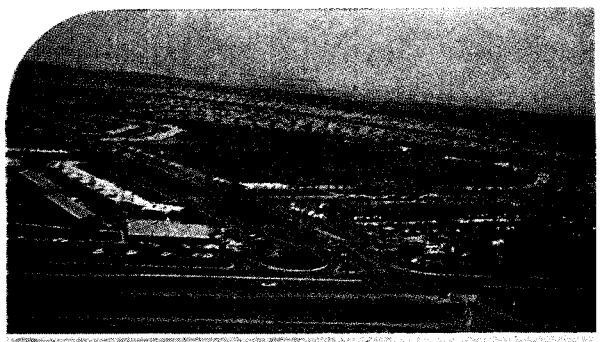

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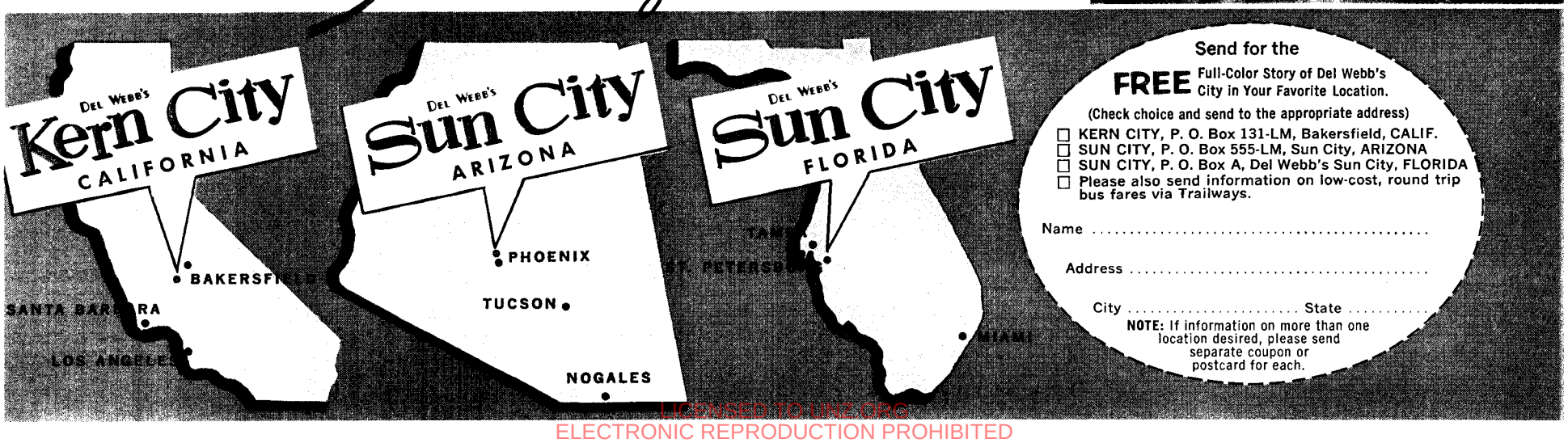

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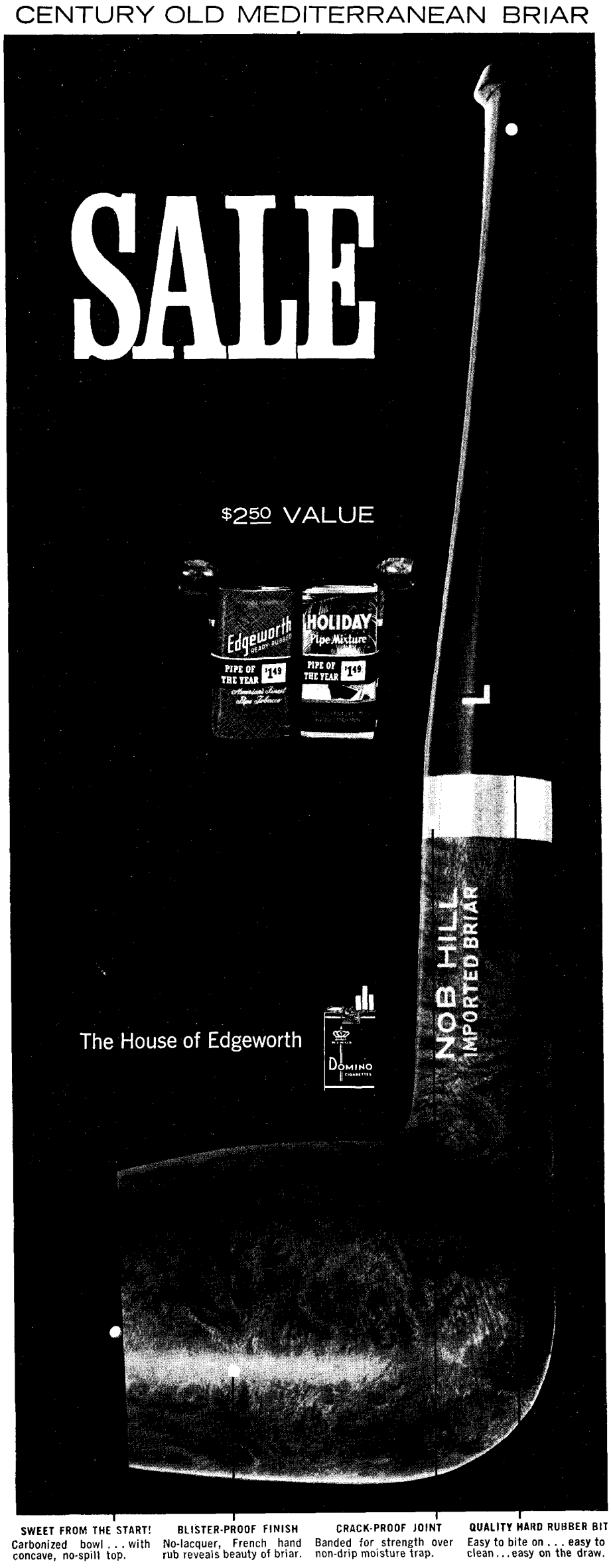
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SPEAKING OUT

The kind of moral conduct American life has historically demanded has grown on a religious soil which recognizes the moral laws of God. The morality of justice, the claims of honesty, the regard for and respect of the rights of others have grown on Judeo-Christian soil.

For a generation we have been emphasizing material things. We have been "living it up," reaching for that extra status symbol, milking an affluent society for all we can get. Now we are discovering, in the age of the fifty-megaton bombs, what Haggai, the prophet, wrote: "Ye have sown much, and bring in little; ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you, but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes. . . . Ye looked for much, and, lo, it came to little and when ye brought it home, I did blow upon it."

When a national leader turns to God in obvious sincerity, it has a tremendous effect on the whole nation. Think how Mr. Eisenhower thrilled us when he began his first Administration with what he called his "little prayer." When Alexis de Tocqueville, the great French student of democracy, returned to France after a visit to America, he said to his peers, "Sirs, I went at your bidding. I ascended their mountains. I went down into their valleys. I visited their commercial markets and their emporiums of trade. I entered their legislative halls and their judicial courts. I searched everywhere in vain until I entered a church. It was there, sirs, as I listened to the soul-elevating and soul-equalizing gospel as it fell from sabbath to sabbath upon the waiting multitudes, that I learned why America is great and free."

The Psalmist said, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom He hath chosen for His own inheritance" (*Psalms* 33:12). This scripture indicates that God has a purpose in history. Again and again the destiny of nations has been determined by acts of God. Power does not ultimately belong to man. As the Psalmist says—Woe be to the nation that puts its trust in human power alone. Christ affirmed this principle when He said, "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

Dr. John A. Mackay, president emeritus of Princeton Theological Seminary, has suggested that there are several basic attitudes nations can take toward God. One is the attitude of the "secular nation," which eliminates God from its official relations and adheres to some political or philosophical idea. Another is the "demoniac nation," which manufactures a god out of the state itself. Still another is the "covenant nation," which grows out of an original loyalty and devotion to God and which continues to draw upon its origins for strength. I believe that America is such a "covenant nation" and that she will survive just as long as she remains loyal to her spiritual roots.

Yes, American political leaders owe it to our history, owe it to the people, owe it to a possible solution to the present crisis to have faith in God. I'm not advocating that faith in God is necessary merely for the holding of public office. I believe *every American* should have faith in God. This should be a deep, personal faith. Christ said, "Ye must be born again." We all must have this transforming experience if we are to enter God's kingdom and produce the type of society that our forefathers fought and prayed for. In a democracy the officeholder is only as strong as the people who support him.

Jesus continually condemned the Pharisees of His day, who served God with their lips when their hearts were far from Him. An acknowledgment of a belief in God will not turn an officeholder into a saint. There have been plenty of rascals who nodded to the Almighty. Yet there is a restraining influence in belief in God which even Kinsey acknowledged. Belief in God makes men more likely to be truthful under oath. America cannot afford to lose this kind of genuine faith.

As I travel throughout the country, I find that people are suffering from the neurosis of fear. A leading psychiatrist told me recently, "Seventy percent of the people that come to my office are afraid, and they don't know what they're afraid of." There is a jaded, banal and empty feeling on the part of millions. People are searching for a creed to believe, a song to sing and a flag to follow. In Moscow's Red Square some time ago thousands of young Russians were stamping their feet and shouting, "We're going to change the world, we're going to change the world." I could not help contrasting them with some of the young Americans we meet so often, drifting aimlessly from one pleasure spot to another, wondering what to do with themselves. Many of our young people are uncommitted. Their superficial goals do not satisfy them.

It is clearly evident that America needs a renewal of faith in God. But this renewal will have to start with the individual. The Bible teaches that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." We must confess our spiritual failure. There must be deep, genuine repentance. In our faith we must turn to Christ, Who died for our sins and arose again for our justification. If we are humble enough to make this deep and honest confession and commitment, God will forgive our sins and lead us to greater national heights.

Judge Luther Youngdahl has said, "A revival of the dynamic faith that sparked the Revolution is imperative." Once it was said of the Christians that they were turning the world upside down. We can do it again! What good does it do to become the wealthiest nation in the world if we are spiritually bankrupt? What would we have to offer the world?

In my travels around the world I am convinced that people everywhere are looking to America for moral leadership. Moses was able to lead a nation of slaves to freedom because he had a faith in God. We cannot survive the present crisis with anything less. Faith is not something we stumble upon by accident; it is not the way a coward flees from reality. It is the projection of reason beyond the limits of present knowledge. It is taking God at His word. It means believing, even when we don't understand all that is involved.

When John Wycliffe translated the Bible into English, he unwittingly outlined prophetically the course of history. For the Bible became not only the book of the English people of his day; it became the foundation of freedom for a nation unborn that would be called America. We inherited that priceless gift of God from the British people. Then we borrowed a tune from their national anthem and gave it new words of petition which must rise from the hearts of Americans in times of crisis. "Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty, to Thee we sing. Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light. Protect us by Thy might, great God, our King."

THE END

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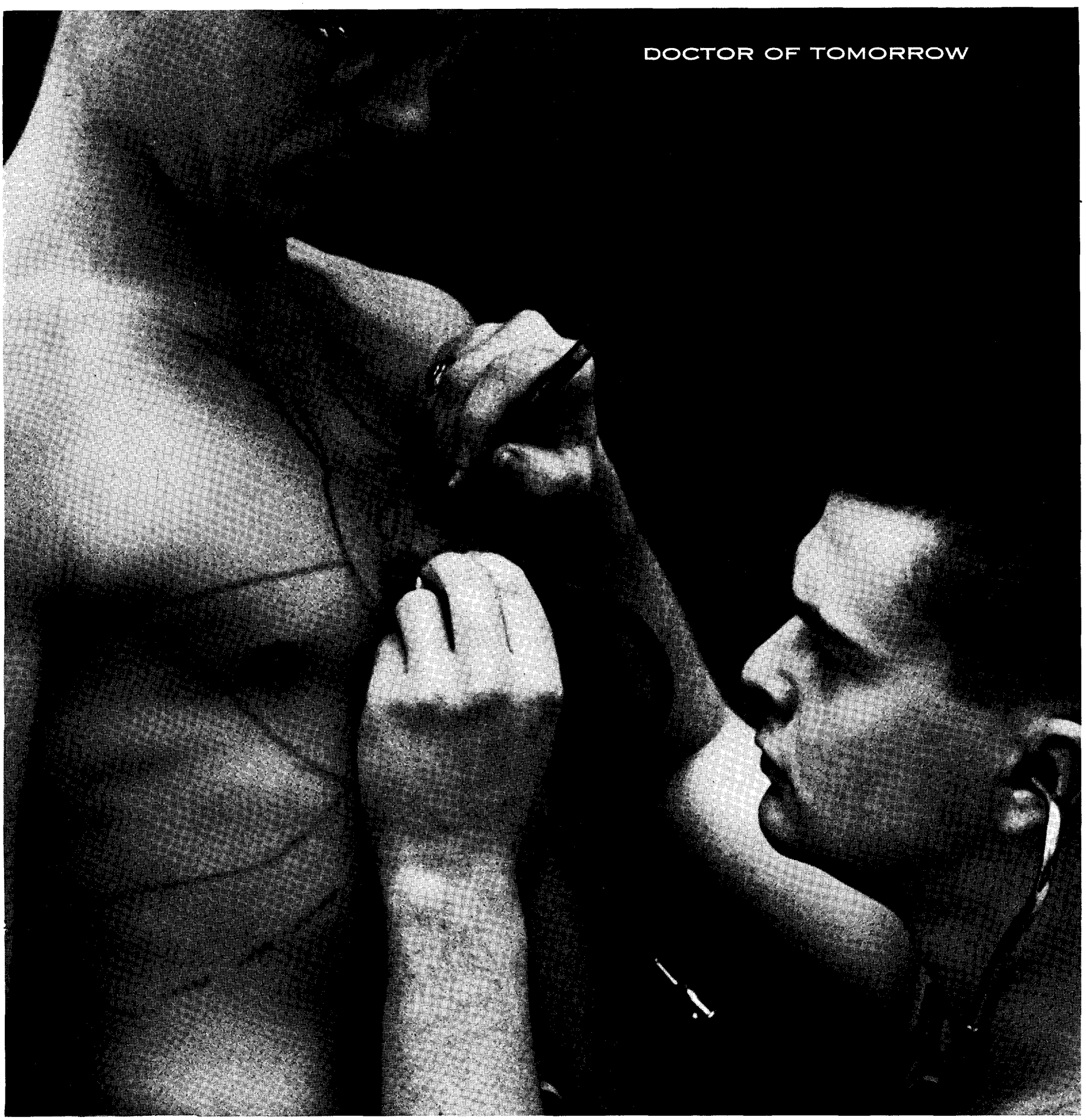

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

By Art Seidenbaum

ONE AND ONE ARE TWENTY

How a California widow and widower fell in love, married and found themselves endowed with enough children to make two baseball teams. This is their happy, hectic story.

Photographs by Don Jones

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Bustling members of the Beardsley task force attack Saturday chores.

Up with the dawn comes thunder every morning in the Carmel, California, home of newlyweds Frank and Helen North Beardsley. Twenty pairs of feet, assorted in size and ranging in age from one year to Frank Beardsley's forty-six years, begin stamping around as this full-blown household gets in motion for another day.

Charles Henry Beardsley, 16, is busy boiling up a tureen of oatmeal, a whole box of it.

Michael Francis Beardsley, 17, supervises the packing of twelve school lunches, makes sure that he can stuff into his own lunch bag at least three of the twenty-five peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches spread out on the kitchen counter.

Rosemary Anne Beardsley, 13, prepares orange juice—starting with four cans of frozen concentrate—while Thomas Roderick, 8, and Nicholas Richard, 9, set the banquet-length kitchen table.

Mother Helen Beardsley, 31, is up sounding the alarm, Reverelike, in all eight bedrooms to wake stragglers.

Louise Antoinette Beardsley, 12, has the diaper detail, changes the underclothes of Joan Frances, 1½, and Theresa Rose, 1.

Colleen Marie Beardsley, 11, checks to see that Susan Ellen, 9, Veronica Marion, 7, and Janette Deen, 10—her sisters and roommates—have made their beds and straightened their quarters.

Gregory Paul Beardsley, 14, helps Phillip Anthony, 4½, and Gerald Joseph, 3, find their shoes so that the youngest boys don't have to stamp barefoot to breakfast.

Mary Cecilia Beardsley, 10, and Jean Louise, 6, run around collecting pencils, making sure that each of the school kids will have at least two for the workday. Germaine Marie Beardsley, 4½, searches for someone to zip up her jeans in back.

Last to enter is Chief Warrant Officer Frank Beardsley himself, who gulps a fast breakfast before reporting for duty as the assistant personnel officer of the U. S. Navy Postgraduate School in nearby Monterey.

For almost twenty-six years, all over the world, Frank Beardsley has been doing Navy personnel work; by now his professional chores have become routine. But Frank Beardsley has been running his eighteen-child task force at home for just a few months. Until late last summer Frank Beardsley had only ten children of his own. Helen North Beardsley had eight. Then on September 9, 1961, Frank and Helen Beardsley became partners in the biggest marriage merger of our times. Just up the street from the Beardsley home, in the historic Carmel Basilica Mission, widower Beardsley, flanked by his three boys and seven girls, married widow Helen North, attended by her four boys and four girls. The wedding of one and one made twenty; all Norths are now being officially adopted as Beardsleys.

From the start the big family Beardsley has been a whopping success. Frank Beardsley claims that he knew it would be: "We're living now about the way we lived before, but with more laughs. The people who worried about us may never understand, but we love children."

And Frank Beardsley can organize them as well. There are four kitchen teams, two children to a team, for KP cleanup on a rotational basis. On Saturday—general housekeeping day—older boys do windows and bathrooms, older girls do ironing. Room assignments are based on personality and responsibility, not age. For example, 16-year-old Charles, because he is adept at handling young children, shares a room with Tommy and Gerry. The better workers share rooms with the not-so-good workers.

All the children treat their parents with respect, saying, "Yes, ma'am" and "Excuse me, daddy" as readily as most kids yell, "No, I won't."

Helen explains that she and Frank have their own approach to rearing a family: "Most people think childhood is too short, let the kids enjoy it. Well, Frank and I think since childhood *is* so short, let the kids learn now to be good adults; they'll never have another chance."

There are occasional arguments. Colleen and Rosemary had a classic hassle about dishwashing. Colleen complained to Helen that Rosemary's performance was subpar. Incensed at being told on, Rosemary wrote a formal protest note to Colleen which began with the stiff dictionary definition of "traitor" and ended, "in other words—a rat."

Susan has also resorted to writing. Recently assigned to monitor the younger kids' bedtime, she filed a report to her parents the following day. Under the heading, GOOD, she commended Germaine. Under BAD, she cited Veronica for jumping around—a delaying tactic—and Jean for insubordination: "Jean said I would be a big, fat, stupid mother when I grow up."

But no argument lasts long. Along with massive mutual assistance in the house goes a profound feeling of companionship. The Beardsley kids, with more playmates available in their own family than many children have in an entire block, function as a self-contained society. They stay pretty close to home and to one another. And permeating the whole place is a religious

One down, two on deck, sixteen to go: Frank Beardsley is welcomed home by Phillip, Germaine and Janette

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Careful budgeting feeds the abundant family on only 66 cents per person per day.

consciousness that reaches deeper than mere attendance at church. The Beardsleys are Roman Catholics, and their deep faith is apparent in the children's everyday attitudes toward their family.

Even with organization, a twenty-person household has its special headaches. Helen Beardsley, relieved of most cleaning, cooking and baby changing, reserves the biggest task of all for herself: laundry. The Beardsley washer and dryer run almost all day, every day. A few weeks ago Helen spent an entire afternoon matching up 73 pairs of socks. When she was done, there were still 26 single socks, washed but apparently mateless.

Buying food is an art and an adventure. Although Frank's Navy status permits them to shop in the Government commissary at nearby Fort Ord, the Beardsleys do not use the privilege much. "They simply don't stock things in big-enough containers," says Helen. Commissary buying is reduced to bread and milk. Almost every week Michael drives over to pick up forty huge sandwich loaves of bread at 19¢ apiece—the Beardsleys eat at least five big loaves a day—and to buy several cartons of powdered milk. Nonfat powdered milk costs about seven cents per quart as against twenty-two cents for liquid milk. Eggs, bought in fifteen-dozen lots, are delivered to the door for forty-three cents a dozen.

The rest of their cupboard is stocked during a weekly foray to a local supermarket. They buy for storage, selecting the best values available that week and storing the food in two closet-sized freezers. A typical acquisition was two cases of chickens—about seventy-five big birds—which they lugged away at a cost of twenty-five cents per pound. Although steak for the Beardsleys is always out of season, they eat well.

The care and caution applied to feeding two babies, four preschoolers, nine elementary-school children and three high-schoolers is typical of the Beardsleys' management of their over-all problem: Money.

The total monthly family income is $1227. Frank's Navy pay, including all allowances, amounts to $725. The additional $502 comes to Helen's children in Social Security and dependents' benefits. What with twenty exemptions, all the money is take-home pay; the Beardsleys pay no income tax.

But this is where the monthly money goes:

Mortgage, $156. A recent three-bedroom expansion of the house was paid for in cash, primarily with money Helen received in life insurance.

Property taxes, utilities, phone, $155.

Insurance (life, home, cars), $126.

Church and schools, $36. All Beardsley kids go to parochial school; but only the first child in the elementary school and the high school must pay tuition.

Clothing, $50. This low figure is made possible by gifts of clothing from relatives.

Time payments on appliances, car maintenance, home repairs, $130.

Food, $400. On a per-person basis, this breaks down to sixty-six cents per day.

Drugs, dentist, school supplies, cleaning, garbage disposal, newspaper, $48.

Gifts, including Christmas, $38. In August alone there are three Beardsley birthdays. Presents often are clothing.

Organizations, $3. Frank belongs to Knights of Columbus, A.A.A.

Total monthly plannable expenses, $1142.

This total, when subtracted from $1227, leaves Frank, Helen and company with a surplus of eighty-five dollars each month for emergencies, books, records, household furnishings and entertainment.

A special boon is the Navy's free medical care. Colds and children's diseases race through the Beardsley compound at the speed of a sneeze; without the medical fringe, the Beardsley budget would be unhealthy indeed.

Most often the unallocated money is spent on the children, for outings or furnishings for their rooms. The kids get no allowances and, during the school year, none of them work outside their home. Frank and Helen occasionally splurge by going out to a restaurant, leaving the kids with their own home-grown baby-sitters.

Frank and Helen are an attractive couple, unabashedly devoted, each having come to this marriage after knowing previous love, tragedy and loneliness.

Beardsley was the eighth child in a family of twelve and grew up in San Francisco. In 1936, while a sophomore in college, he joined the Navy, and in 1943 he married Frances Albrecht, a handsome dark-haired nurse. By 1960, when Frank was assigned to the Navy Postgraduate School in Monterey, there were, counting adults, twelve Beardsleys.

Frances and Frank decided to build their first real home. They picked a hillside site above Rio Road in Carmel. In September of 1960 the house was finished. On a Friday in November Frances felt poorly. By the following Monday, with no past history of the illness, she was dead of diabetes complicated by severe acidosis.

Helen Brandmeir was born in Seattle. She, too, came from a big family, ninth in a collection of six girls and four boys. She, too, spent one year in college, quitting

Many feet to be shod: The Beardsleys schedule their shopping trips to avoid other crowd

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Frank and Helen—"an unabashedly devoted couple"—with Greg, Charles and Mike.

Seattle University in 1948 to go to work. The next year she married Richard North, a Navy chief petty officer.

In 1957 Dick North won a commission as a bombardier-navigator and started a series of schools and training cruises that made him an expert crew member in A3D attack planes.

In 1960 Lt. (j.g.) Dick North was killed when his plane crashed into the bay on takeoff at Seattle.

In November of 1960 Helen decided to move to San Francisco. She found a fine, five-bedroom place in San Leandro, California. Her next chore was to enroll the kids in school. The parochial school in her parish was filled to legal limits; her priest suggested that Helen try the next nearest parish. Helen had to plead her case before Sister Mary Eleanor, the school's sister superior.

Sister Eleanor promised to find room for the North scholars. Near the end of the interview she mentioned that her own brother in Carmel had recently been left a widower with ten children to raise.

And so out of a Dickenslike coincidence, Navy widow Helen North first learned of Navy widower Frank Beardsley. When she brought her kids to the school, Helen gave Sister Eleanor a prayer of consolation that she felt might comfort Mr. Beardsley as it had comforted her. The nun forwarded the prayer, appending a note to her brother that described Helen as a charming girl.

"I looked at this prayer," remembers Frank Beardsley, "and I read it about four thousand times." He wrote a thank-you letter, even then beginning to have serious thoughts about this stranger.

Helen North had no such notions. She interpreted Frank's note as a simple bread-and-butter thank-you and did not answer it. She had decided not to remarry.

But in March, 1961, Dick North's best friend was killed in an A3D. Helen wanted to send the same consoling prayer to the man's wife. Unable to find it, she wrote to Mr. Beardsley and asked for a copy.

"When I got the letter, vanity prompted the thought, *There's more to this than meets the eye, Beardsley*," remembers Frank. He sent pictures of himself along with the prayer, and asked Helen for a snapshot of herself.

"He was very foxy," says Helen. "He asked to have his pictures back, so that I would have to answer his letter." Helen complied, included a color shot of herself.

Frank stared at the photograph of Helen North; the attractive dark-haired widow looked startlingly like Frances Albrecht Beardsley. He wrote back promptly and invited Helen to have dinner. By summer, 1961, after several dates in Carmel and San Leandro, Frank proposed. Helen said yes. Frank announced the marriage plan to all his children at dinner. Rosemary promptly wrote a letter to Helen: "I hope you and Daddy will get married soon so you will never have to leave us. . . ."

Colleen describes the North kids as equally pleased: "When we found out there would be eighteen of us, we were all thrilled."

All eighteen children's names were on the invitation—ten Beardsleys and eight Norths asking people to the wedding of their parents. When the cards were mailed, Frank's plans for keeping the ceremony quiet went awry. Newspapers ran stories on the couple and their kids. The wire services carried the story all over the world.

Dick North's mother wrote a loving letter of congratulations. Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz, in retirement at Berkeley, California, sent a handwritten letter of good wishes addressed to all the children. Vice Admiral George Francis Beardsley—no relation—sent best regards from one Navy Beardsley to another. Hundreds of strangers wrote to the Beardsleys. Some freely gave blessings. A few condemned the marriage.

For their critics Helen has answers: "Our wedding was in a real sense a tribute to Frances and Dick. Our lives had been complete with our first partners; marriage had been wonderful for us once. We had the best reasons for believing in marriage and we had the most positive proof how empty life can be when you are alone."

Frank agrees. "I wanted to be loved and to love somebody. My children needed a mother. Helen's kids needed a father. The bigness of both families is what made this marriage so good for all of us."

The Beardsleys' favorite incident happened in a bar in San Mateo, California, during their honeymoon. Frank and Helen were sitting there having a drink, waiting to meet an old friend. The other customers, unaware of the famous couple, were having an argument. One man said, "Whaddya think of those two getting married in Carmel with all those kids?"

"Never work," said the woman next to him. "Stepparents, jealousies; bound to be fighting all the time."

A third person disagreed, claimed that he was from a big family and that big families were the happiest.

"Nah," said the woman, "what would make any dame marry a man with ten kids?"

The bartender leaned into the discussion: "She must be desperate."

"Yes," whispered Helen North Beardsley to Francis Louis Beardsley, "desperately happy." THE END

A "buddy system" keeps the household running smoothly. Right: Charles, 16, and Gerry, 3.

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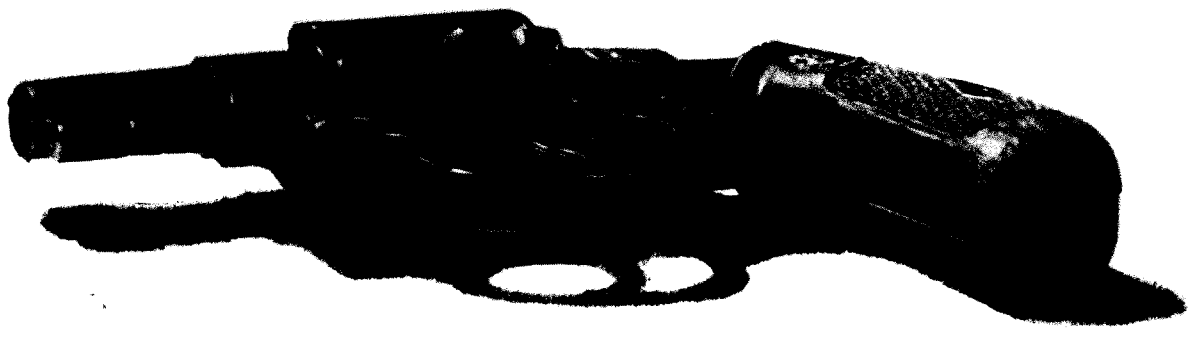
THERE WAS ONE SURE WAY TO MAKE HIM PAY FOR HIS CRIME

BY THOMAS WALSH



PAINTING BY JAMES BAMA

The identification was set up for just four hours after they buried Detective Red Hannafin that Monday morning; and, of course, with Inspector James J. McAfee handling all details, the identification was carried off with the most convincing and stirringly dramatic professional finish. In attendance then were at least a dozen invited representatives of the press, both reporters and cameramen. All the lights had been dimmed down in the big line-up room at police headquarters, all the window shades had been drawn; and when, after a brief but expectant hush, Inspector McAfee signaled over to a uniformed sergeant, six men filed out of the wings one after another, marched straight ahead at the word of command to center stage, and swung right.

There was another hush, shorter, but even more expectant. Then a young, black-haired precinct detective named Walter Dempsey murmured aside to Inspector McAfee and pointed up at the third man from the left—a stocky, powerfully built man with a closely cropped bullet head, a villainous-looking broken nose and icy-blue eyes. Inspector McAfee, watching that man, bent his head to Detective Dempsey, listened another moment or two, and then nodded grimly. "You there," Inspector McAfee barked out. "You in the gray suit, mister. Step forward."

But the man in the gray suit did a little more than step forward. Before any effective defense could be thrown up against him, he leaped down from the stage, snatched the gun from a headquarters lieutenant and fired wildly across the aisle at Detective Dempsey. Panic. A row of chairs was knocked over; the headquarters lieutenant was sent skittering after them; and the man with the broken nose, even after finally being subdued by two burly detectives and three patrolmen in uniform, continued to bellow passionate and vulgar abuse at Detective Dempsey as long as he managed to remain within earshot. It was everything that Inspector McAfee could have wanted it to be. It was all on television that evening. There were scare headlines about it in every one of the city newspapers.

So naturally enough, at eight o'clock that same night, Detective Dempsey had to explain the why and wherefore of the whole business to Red Hannafin's sister. There was as yet nothing definite and announced between them. During the past month, however, Detective Dempsey had come to suspect what he was beginning to feel for Meg Hannafin, and there had been moments when it seemed to him that Meg Hannafin was beginning to suspect it also—and perhaps even to encourage it. She was, at any rate, a slim, fair girl, as tall almost as Dempsey himself, with clear and honest gray eyes, a noticeably sweet mouth and a fine delicacy of manner, feature and complexion. For the past year or so, ever since Dempsey had known them, she and Red had shared a rambling old house over in Bay Ridge with a widower uncle; and presently now, when Uncle Johnny hobbled out to the kitchen with his evening newspaper, Meg Hannafin brought up the identification that afternoon.

She didn't quite understand about it. Meg Hannafin said. Someone had told her, perhaps Walter Dempsey, that each of the two holdup men had been wearing a long, homemade white mask last Friday morning. Then how was it possible to identify either of them? And it was the question of a man's life, of course. Which meant that if Detective Dempsey wasn't positive about it. . . . She paused there, studying him in a troubled and even distressed way, as if, whatever she felt now, it was something that made her very deeply concerned for Walter Dempsey.

"Well, that's the point," Walter Dempsey began, miserably aware that Red Hannafin's old trench coat was still hanging out on the hall clothes tree behind her. "That wasn't an identification at all, Meg. It couldn't be. We just pretended it was."

"Pretended?" Meg Hannafin said. She looked wearily puzzled at that statement. "But why, Walter? For what reason?"

"For a pretty good reason," Walter Dempsey told her, managing to avert his eyes from the trench coat this time and to keep them averted—and then remembering a mahogany casket he had seen only this morning with a brass name plate on top and brightly polished metal handholds. "You remember how it all started, I guess; how Red and I used to meet that paymaster every Friday morning and walk around with him for the payroll money. Well, there's a little broom closet on the second floor of the Consolidated Aluminum Building; and last Friday that's where these two fellows must have been watching and waiting for us. They waited until we got off the elevator up there and walked past them. And then——"

He rose abruptly, his black eyes again moving around the Hannafin living room with a kind of hot, anguished glitter in them. *Then?* he asked himself. Why, then, and with no warning, he had discovered himself flat on the floor and not able to move sensibly. He could see, however—and what he saw was one masked man standing over him and holding a short, vicious-looking hard-rubber truncheon, and another masked man, that one with a gun in his right hand, who had just slugged Red Hannafin to both knees with the gun barrel.

Detective Dempsey attempted to get up. The one with the truncheon kicked him back, took his gun, slapped the paymaster in the face, slapped him again and grabbed the payroll money. The second one, the one with the gun, now held Red Hannafin's service revolver. He said something. The one with

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the truncheon yelled impatiently at him. He hesitated, said something else, knelt hurriedly, called Red Hannafin a name and fired the service revolver three times into the back of Red Hannafin's head. He also fired at Walter Dempsey lying on the other side of the corridor from him. He missed there. The other one yelled at him again, furiously this time. They ran off together to the hall stairs. They vanished.

"But I guess the beginning isn't so important any more," Walter Dempsey said, still looking noticeably drawn and haggard about it, however, even three days afterward. "Only the way it happened, Meg—well, neither the paymaster nor I got any kind of a look at those two. They were wearing those masks you spoke about the whole time. So that's the problem we have—no identification at all. And what can we do about it?"

She shook her head silently, still watching him.

"Then Inspector McAfee came up with this idea," he added, picking a brass ash tray from the table, looking dully at it and putting it down again. "He thought maybe, from the way this fellow killed Red Friday morning, that he could be a real psycho—or a cop hater, as we call them. Maybe a cop did something to him once. Maybe this, maybe that. But he didn't have any reason to kill Red. He and his friend had the money then; they'd knocked us half silly, both of us, and they had our guns; and still he took time enough to curse Red, and put the gun against him, and ——" His voice faltered. He set his teeth together, breathed in deeply and managed to steady himself in that way.

"Don't keep going over and over it," Meg Hannafin said, not quite steadily. "Please. Because if you could see yourself when you're talking about it, and when you're talking about that man, Walter . . ." She shivered a little. "Don't," she said. "Please don't, Walter. Then it's just not you any more."

"Maybe it isn't," he admitted thickly, something hot, black, savage and altogether violent coming up in him. "I don't know, Meg. But every time I think of Red lying and rotting in the ground now, while that miserable yellow rat is still walking around and laughing himself silly about it ——" His fists clenched. His voice caught again. "But that's all right. You know what I thought of Red, of course—and you know how he saved my life over in East Harlem last summer. So I'm going to even this off for him, Meg. I've got to. I swear that. I swear it to God. I tell you! You hear what I'm saying to you?"

"You'll even it off for him?" Meg Hannafin repeated. She moved back around the table then, shaking her head quickly. "Oh, no. No, Walter. Don't even think like that! I don't want you to. You sound—please, now. Please, Walter. Promise you won't!"

The violence was still in him, however. He had to struggle against it.

"But about this guy I identified," he gritted out breathlessly. "We put it around that he's an ex-con named Killer Sanchez with a record on him as long as your arm; but the truth, Meg, is that he's just a tough-looking traffic cop from the Eighth Precinct. Here's what we figured. With the excitement and the phony shots and everything, we'd get a big play in every one of the evening newspapers, and on TV; and we did too. O.K. Now what happens? Well, what we think is that the psycho is either going to read about or see it on TV sooner or later; and after that we hope he's going to feel so real big and important about how he fooled all of us that he just won't be able to keep his mouth shut any longer.

"Then, of course, he's got nothing to worry about any more—not the way he sees it. I've already identified the wrong man, haven't I? Well, swell! Now he can brag about it right out in public if he wants to—or he can walk up to me in the street someday and throw it right in my teeth, even. And what can I do? I've already committed myself—as he thinks. But let him start bragging about it just once, Meg, and dropping hints to people—and we've got him! Because we have a lot of characters in this town keeping their eyes and ears open for something like that—bartenders and informers and waitresses and a lot of other people we've asked to help us; and it's going to work out too. I got that feeling, Meg. I just know that it is. Wait and see!"

But the same thing must have been happening to his voice, and probably to his expression, that had happened a minute ago, because Meg Hannafin again backed off from him. She was a lot paler than before. She looked almost completely distraught now.

"What is it?" Walter Dempsey said, trying to get himself under control quickly. "I know you had quite a day with the funeral and all, Meg, but—what's the matter? You have kind of a funny look on your face now. What's wrong?"

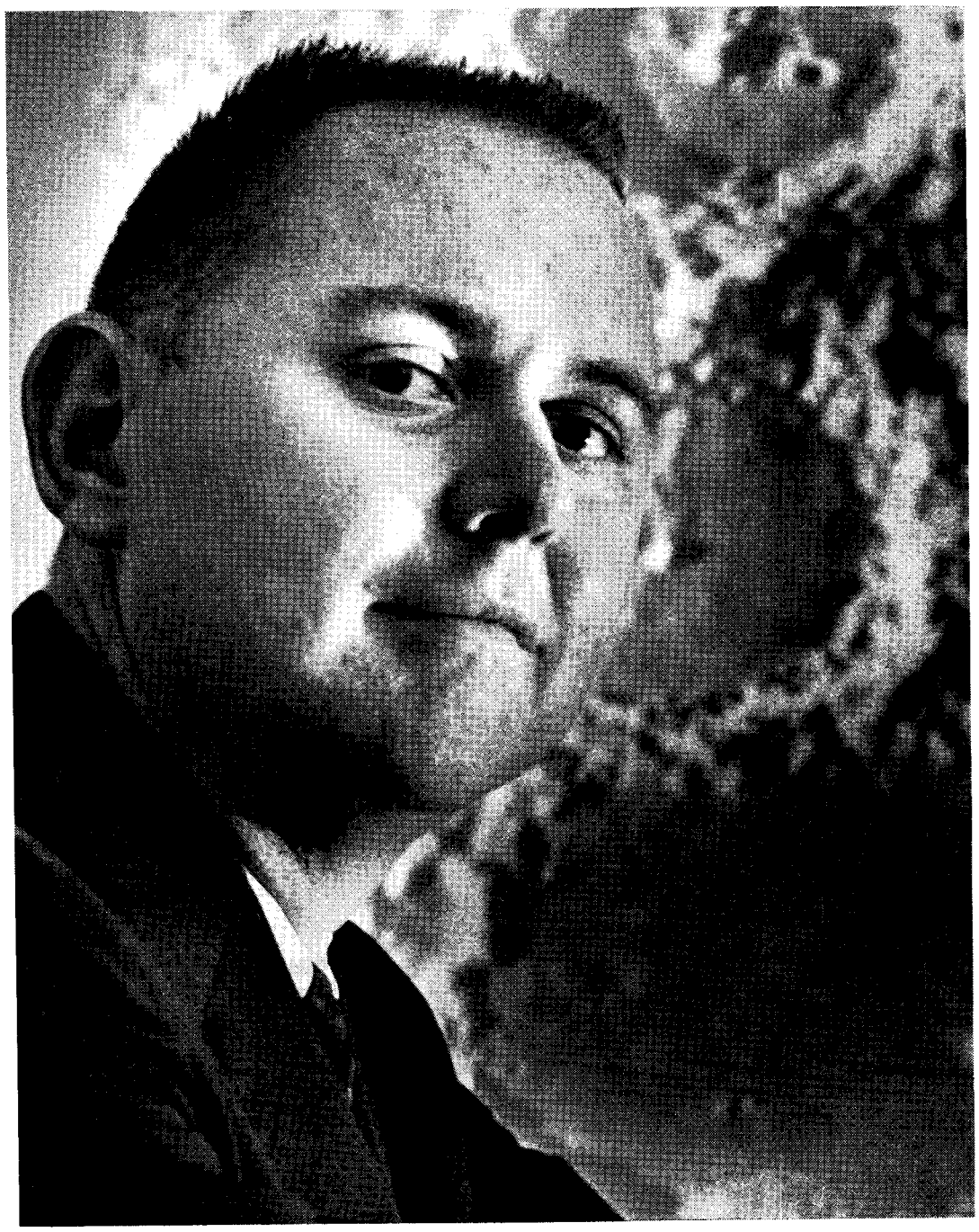
"So have you," Meg Hannafin said. Her teeth chattered. "And I told you before, Walter. When you talk about him, when you sit there and just think about him, even, you act like someone I don't know any more. Like someone I. . . ." She shivered the second time. "Now stop it," she said. "Stop it, Walter, because that's the feeling I get."

"Then it's the wrong feeling," he insisted huskily, moving after her. "And it's a feeling I don't want you to have about me ever again, Meg; not ever. You know that, don't you?"

She put her head against him, closing her eyes tightly. "Then don't frighten me any more," she said. "And don't let him turn you into his kind of man, Walter." She pushed off then, searching his face quickly, as if still not (*Continued on Page 46*)

KILLER

PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Eye-Catching Equestrienne: Astride a graceful jumper, pretty Kathy Kusner, 21, clears the bars in a practice session. First woman in ten years to ride with the U.S. equestrian team, Kathy holds the national women's high-jump record (seven-feet-three, set when she was 18), was voted Woman Point-to-Point (steeplechase) Rider of the Year in 1960, and Horsewoman of the Year in 1961. In jumping races during the past 36 months she has finished in the top three places 90 percent of the time. The daughter of a management consultant, Kathy was born in Arlington, Va. At age 10 she got a pony which she still rides, mucked out stables and curried horses to earn its board. Developing her skill in riding school, she soon entered show-ring events, impressed horse-set members with her racing successes. Now training for international competition with the U.S. equestrian team, Kathy has time for little else, plans to skip college, explaining, "I know my limitations. I'm a poor student." On horseback, though, she's a perfectionist who can't bear to give a bad performance. "If I haven't really done well," she says, "there's not much satisfaction in winning." PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO CHOPLIN.

Spatial Pathfinder: Against a photographic backdrop of the moon's crusty surface, Robert Baker, 31, looks toward the day of interplanetary travel. His specialty: Astrodynamics, the new science of designing and predicting space-vehicle paths. "One could visualize radar and optical telescopes as the eyes," says Doctor Baker, "propulsion systems as the muscles and astrodynamics as the brains of our space systems." Assistant professor of engineering at U.C.L.A. and staff scientist at Lockheed Aircraft, Baker is pursuing research in five fields: (1) analysis of the Russians' Venus probe; (2) "astrodynamic constants," reference points for space-flight computations; (3) "orbit determination," procedures for predicting orbits; (4) "tracking-net control," application of tracking-station data; (5) "universal variables," application of theoretical factors to astrodynamic problems. Baker teaches a unique two-week course at U.C.L.A., Astrodynamics and Rocket Navigation, a superadvanced study for such space engineers as North American Aviation's director of flight sciences and professors from the Air Force Academy. Baker, son of a Los Angeles lawyer, started exploring the cosmos in the eighth grade, wrote his first school paper on meteorology. Majoring in physics at U.C.L.A., he was a Phi Beta Kappa, graduated with top honors, and in 1958 received a Ph.D. in engineering and astronomy (astrodynamics), the first such doctorate ever awarded. Last year he joined the U.C.L.A. faculty, working with Dr. Samuel Herrick, who, as Baker's teacher years earlier, had suggested the embryonic field of astrodynamics to his most promising student. Baker lives with his wife Jan and year-old son Robert Randall (called "R Square" by his mathematical parents) in a modest Brentwood apartment. His chief diversion: Planning a space-age house which overlooks the Pacific, with an observation dome that overlooks the universe. PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL BRIDGES.

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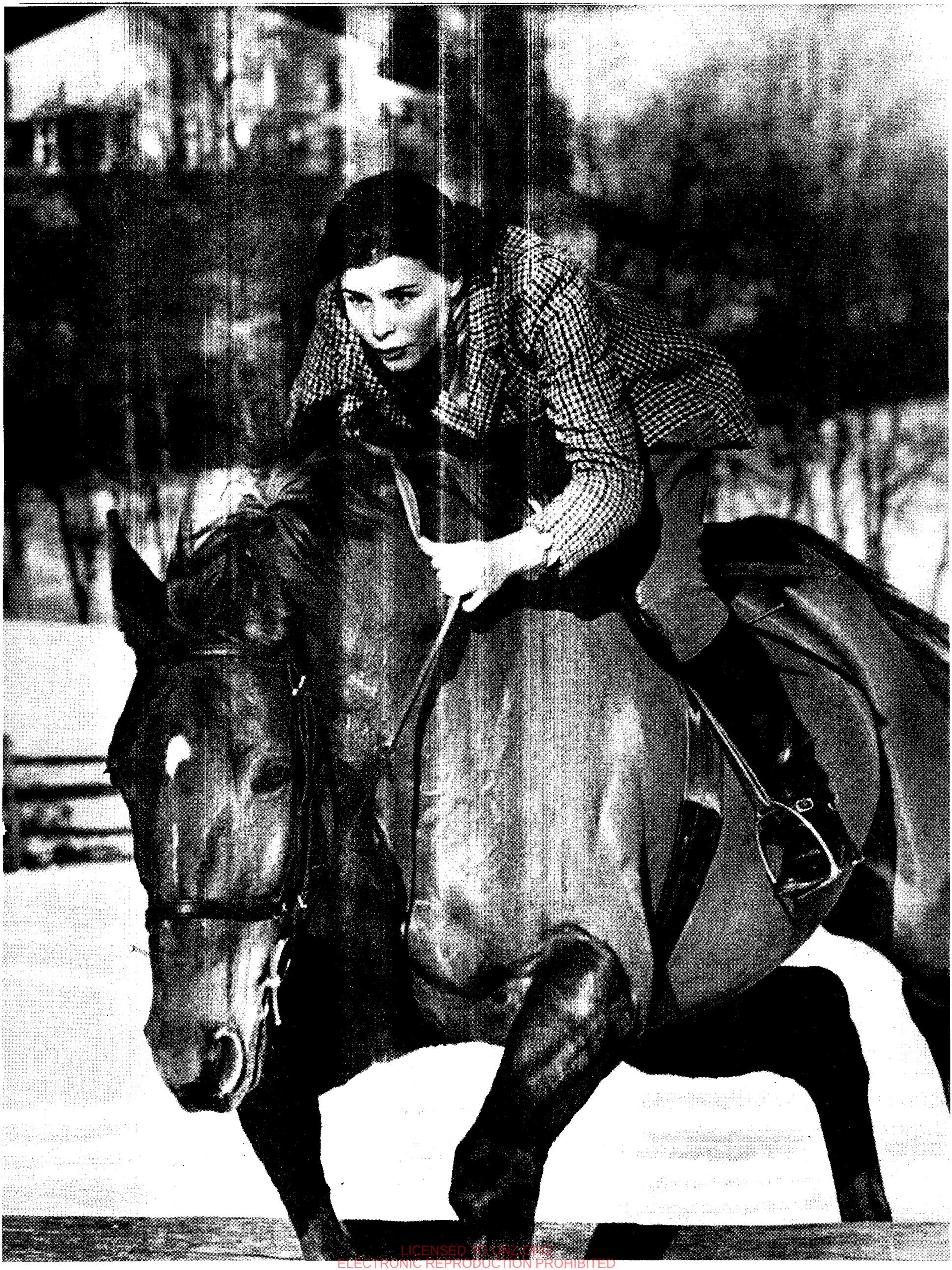

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

High-Flying Dancer: Soaring in a magnificent leap, ballet virtuoso Edward Villella, 25, takes off from Teterboro Airport. A solo performer (since 1959) with the prestigious New York City Ballet Company, versatile Villella has danced in Minsk-Balanchine's *Pas de Trois* at the world's fair in Brussels and in *Brigadoon* at the state fair in Dallas. His title-role performance this season in George Balanchine's *The Prodigal Son* was described by the New York *Herald Tribune* as "one of the great dance characterizations of our day." Says one awed balletomane: "His leaps are breathtaking. He gets up there and never seems to come down." Another critic calls him "all eagerness, all energy, all fun." Villella arrived at ballet via sandlot baseball. At age 10 he was beaned by a baseball. His mother yanked him off the team and dragged him screaming into dancing school. Six months later he won a scholarship to the School of American Ballet. At college (he went to New York State Maritime College because it was nearby and cheap) no one bugged Villella for taking ballet lessons: He also took boxing lessons, became the campus welterweight champion. Villella crams his days with work—ballet school in the mornings, rehearsals in the afternoons, performances in the evenings, then back to his parents' Bayside home late at night. How does he spend the money which his success has brought him? "Quickly," says Villella. PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILLIPE HALSMAN.

Convention Greeter: Wrapped in a tangerine brocade sheath, chic Chicagoan Theda Ahern, 23, faces another round of fashion shows, beauty seminars, luncheons and sight-seeing trips. Founder and boss of a unique service called Ladies' Holiday, Theda entertains wives of conventioneering dentists, lumber dealers, Republicans, plumbers, Shriners and what have you. The Ladies' Holiday special: a fashion show featuring nineteenth-century costumes. Theda's sixty-hour workweek allows her little time for fun; she relaxes when she can by painting, puttering, swimming, walking ("I hoof it everywhere"), dining at posh supper clubs. A daily chocolate sundae is a must on her schedule, as is a nightly reading of *The Wall Street Journal* and *Women's Wear Daily* at her Gold Coast apartment. Style-conscious, she gets a new hairdo every three days. "The bang," confides shaggy-banged Theda, "is going to be a very prominent style in your spring coiffure." A veteran go-getter, Theda was graduated from high school (in Kankakee, Illinois) at fourteen, talked a Wisconsin resort owner into hiring her as social director, was a professional success at 15. Before founding Ladies' Holiday in 1959 she took business courses at Northwestern University, worked in modeling, and fashion jobs in Chicago and Venezuela. She has grandiose plans for this year: (1) New Ladies' Holiday offices in New York and Los Angeles; (2) A new firm called Theda Ahern's Hospitality Services, to operate reception centers for conventions. Marriage? "I want a man who is down to earth, ambitious, aggressive and active." What Theda wants, Theda usually gets. "Mother," she recalls, "wanted me to be a lab technician. PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER.

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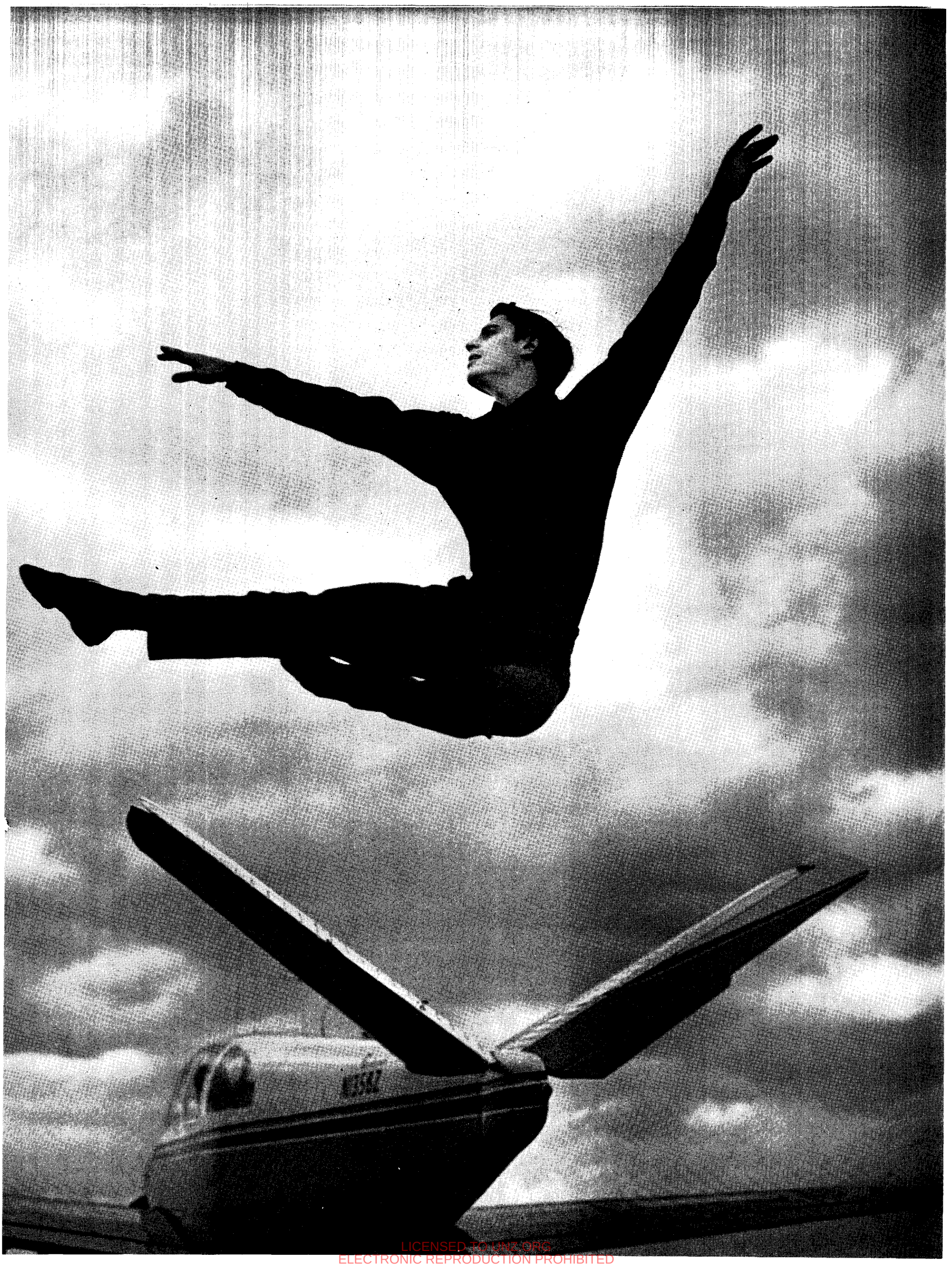

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Taking her cue from cantaloupes and modern art, Sally Victor adorns the famous and beautiful.

SALLY'S SENSATIONAL HATS

By Inez Robb

In a day of master art thieves, none has ever raided an art gallery and come away with more salable loot than a small, well-dressed, bright-eyed woman on whom the law has never laid a glove.

Although she has plundered museums from The Prado to The Hermitage, neither her name nor her picture can be found in any rogues' gallery. Yet she has pyramided her talents into a far greater fortune than any of the Raffles who have been raiding art collections in recent years.

Her name? Sally Victor, one of the nation's best known *haute couture* milliners, one of its most influential designers. Her secret? A photographic memory and an eye for detail.

"What I pinch are marketable ideas, easily translated into high fashion," says Sally candidly. Her Picasso-inspired collection, following the Picasso show at the Museum of Modern Art in 1957, is a case in point. A husband, stuck with three of the Picasso-derived hats, wrote Sally.

"When the bill came, I thought my wife had gone completely crazy. Two hundred and eighty dollars for three hats! Then I saw them. Now I have hung them on the drawing room wall with a Chagall, and I thank you. P.S. My wife threatens to wear the Chagall."

Sally has raided museums all over the world for years, borrowing from the Renaissance masters, the Italian primitives, the French impressionists, Velázquez, Mondriaan, Gauguin, Degas and Van Gogh, as well as the unknowns who hang their stuff annually at the Greenwich Village outdoor show.

She can find inspiration in a cantaloupe. Her green grocer thought Sally had flipped last season when she hacked away at eight cantaloupes until she found one that passed some mysterious muster. She finally wrapped the remains of the lucky eighth melon in wax paper, and headed for New York's wholesale millinery district. There she showed the pinkish, apricot-yellow meat of the melon to a wholesaler of artificial flowers, chose the blossoms she wanted and asked him to dye them the exact shade of the cantaloupe heart.

Within seventy-two hours the floral wig—one of the inventions for headlining her sex that has made Sally famous—was air-borne to a devoted London customer. The client who had cabled Sally pleading for a wig "the color of the inside of a cantaloupe" was Sheila MacRae, actress, and wife of Gordon MacRae.

To the small, gay and ebullient designer, the fruity order was S.O.P. in a career devoted to designing hats to christen nuclear submarines by, for Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower; hats to open refrigerator doors by, for Betty Furness; hats to astound the world by, for Hedda Hopper; hats to look even prettier in for Queen Elizabeth II; hats for Mrs. Richard Nixon to borrow from her friend Jinx Falkenburg; hats flexible enough for cat naps in planes for Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt; hats to help snare a Best Dressed award annually for Mrs. William S. Paley.

For more than forty years, longer than any of her rivals, Sally Victor has been topping the famous and the beautiful. An informal poll of fashion editors and millinery merchandisers, who were asked to name the three premier hat designers in the United States, listed a variety of names—Sally Victor, Mr. John, Lilly Daché, Adolfo of Emme, Irene, John Frederics, and Florell, among others. Sally's name is the only one that occurred on every list. Mr. John missed by only two. Lilly Daché appeared on only half the informal ballots. Yet until a few years ago, the Big Three of the American *couture* millinery world consisted of Sally Victor, Lilly Daché and Mr. John.

However, in the past decade, the volatile Lilly has become less interested in millinery, which first shot her to fame and fortune. Lilly has expanded her business interests to include *couture* clothes, cosmetics, stockings, perfume, wallets and other profitable ventures.

Mr. John's business has expanded in much the same way, except for the fact that millinery is still king in his diversified empire. Of the old troika, Sally is the only one who through the years has stuck fast to the millinery last, refusing to be tempted into other lines.

Yet the legend of the deadly rivalry between Sally and Lilly persists, as fresh as it was twenty years ago—as though Mr. John were just another spectator. Perhaps the fashion world, as close-knit as the Kallikaks, has always pitted Sally and Lilly against each other in the belief that a female feud is fiercer and funnier—like women wrestlers. Yet neither woman has ever given the public the satisfaction of a toe-to-toe encounter.

"Sally understands what women want and what fashion is," says Madame Daché gallantly of Mrs. Victor. "She knows how to blend the two very successfully. She is exceptionally gifted in the use of color."

"Lilly is a top designer," Sally, with *noblesse oblige*, declares of Lilly. But neutral observers recall the memorable occasion when Sally was awarded America's top fashion honor, the Coty "Winnie." That substantial figure, sculpted by Malvina Hoffman, is the most coveted award in the American fashion world. Sally, only milliner ever to be awarded the "Winnie," received the trophy at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1956 before an assembly of fashion Bigs. There are witnesses who swear that if the ice had melted on that occasion when Mme. Daché went up to congratulate Sally, the Johnstown Flood would have faded in memory to a spring freshet.

Mollie Parnis (Mrs. Leon Livingston), the designer who made most of Mamie Eisenhower's clothes when she was First Lady, just as Sally made all her hats, adds a footnote to the feud. When General Eisenhower was first elected to the Presidency in 1952, both Miss Parnis's son, Robert Livingston, and the Victors' son, Richard, were still in school.

"Since both families are ardent Democrats and great admirers of Adlai Stevenson, our sons were furious with Sally and me because we would design for Mrs. Eisenhower," Miss Parnis recalls. "They said we had no integrity. I remember one occasion when Richard taxed Sally with political infidelity and Sally snapped the ultimate unthinkable 'What do you want me to do—hand this honor over to Lilly Daché on a platter?'"

Mr. John's public attitude to Sally is not so gallant as Lilly Daché's—"a brain picker," he says of Sally. "She's a good commercial artist, but she is only a taste assembler. When she sees taste, she knows how to assemble it."

The Victor *couture* salon on New York's East 53rd Street, across from the Stork Club, is a crowded bijou of soft colors, lights and mirrors. Twice annually, in January and in July, the collections shown there to fashion writers exert an extraordinary influence on American millinery.

Sally's own clientele will pay from $65 to $400 for a Sally Victor original, a classy status symbol. But many a woman will get a watered-down semblance of the Victor look in a $1.49 chapeau, its design pirated by wholesale milliners.

Today a trio of yesteryear's screen beauties—Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard—is called to mind because Sally is in the midst of celebrating her twenty-fifth anniversary as a *couture* milliner. By way of commem-

With examples of her work and the paintings—by Gauguin (left), Mondriaan and Picasso—which inspired her.

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orating the fact, she converted her own wholesale showroom into an *haute couture* salon in 1936–37, updating the hats she first created.

The rakish cloches that Lombard tilted with such dash over her right eyebrow are being tilted just so by another generation today. Sally has also revived the off-the-face hats with wide brims that were another Lombard trademark. The slouch brims that Garbo made her own are now worn by young women who know of her only as a legend. The same is true of the little jeweled dinner and theater hats once dear to Harlow.

"But I'm only as good as my next collection," is an axiom Sally repeats every day. Always in her office by 8:30 A.M., she designs an average of 2000 hats annually. Sally works directly with material—felt, velvet, fur, satin, tulle or feathers—on a milliner's block. Top members of her staff watch and take notes. She never sketches a design. "I have to feel the material in my hands," she explains. "Then it sort of sends me. I instinctively know what to do with it and I always have."

The hats for which she was awarded the Coty "Winnie," and for which the wholesale millinery industry gave her an equally large chunk of hardware, were the big, bewitching flowered chapeaux she introduced in the spring of 1956. It is generally agreed in the industry that no one has a better way with flowered hats than Sally. The trade and the fashion press also credit her with a superb color sense. And add that no one can drape a hat, no matter what the fabric, with more skill.

Both her admirers and her detractors say that Sally would rather create a hat that makes her customer look pretty than chic. There are some who feel Mr. John is more avant-garde.

"Millinery is an emotional business from the designer right down to the customer," Sally says. "Good fashion is an individual matter. It is whatever makes you look better. I do not believe in any style that does not make the wearer prettier.

"A hat should be chosen like a piece of jewelry, not because it's needed but to beautify the woman who wears it. If a hat doesn't do anything for a woman, she ought to wear a shawl. It's warmer and very much cheaper.

"A hat can do more for a woman's ego than anything except a husband," Sally adds emphatically. "A hat can say something the wearer can't—it can say 'Look at me!' "

Then she has a second thought and asks belligerently, "Not avant-garde? Then why does everyone copy me?"

Sally's father, Adolph Josephs, migrated to Scranton, Pennsylvania, from Austria about the turn of the century. He was a dreamy, impractical inventor. But her mother was a strong-willed and much loved housewife who insisted that all of her six daughters become competent cooks, housewives and seamstresses. In addition to five sisters Sally had three brothers.

When Sally was two years old the Josephs family moved to a brownstone house in Brooklyn. From the first grade onward Sally showed remarkable aptitude in her studies. She had intended to enter Hunter College after her graduation from New York's Wadleigh High School, but she never got to college. By the time she was a senior in high school, Sally turned her skill as a seamstress to hats and soon became the most popular milliner in the neighborhood. This, she believes, was largely due to an unimpaired amateur standing—she made hats for the women of the neighborhood for the cost of the materials and no more. One week as graduation approached Sally made a confection of beige straw braid, trimmed with a cockade of ribbon in an offbeat shade of green for a neighborhood woman. The head of a bird peeked through the cockade.

The husband of the delighted woman for whom Sally had made the chapeau was, by the luck of the draw, a big hatpin in a retail millinery association. He knew talent when he saw it. He gave Sally a letter to Joseph Meyer, then vice president in charge of millinery at R.H. Macy & Co. Meyer hired Sally as stock-room girl at twenty-five dollars a week. Seventeen years old at the time, Sally weighed in at ninety-eight pounds.

"I was so excited by all that marvelous stockroom material that I designed and made a sailor hat," Sally remembers. "I trimmed it with flowers and berries. A woman bought it five minutes after it was put in the showroom. Mr. Meyer ordered 400 more sailors, saying that I was to choose the flowers and fabrics for trimming. Macy's ran a modest little ad and the sailors sold out in a day. My salary, four weeks after I was hired, was raised to forty dollars. I didn't dream anyone could be so rich!"

Sally's family was impressed too. When she begged to remain at Macy's and bypass Hunter College, she got her way. "Macy is my alma mater," Sally says proudly. Sally's reputation spread through the millinery district. Fifteen months after her debut in Macy's, a wholesaler told her that Bamberger's, the big department store across the Hudson River in Newark, New Jersey, was looking for a buyer for its sagging millinery department. (Bamberger's was not then, as now, affiliated with the Macy chain.)

Harry Hatry, head of Bamberger's millinery department, asked Sally what salary she wanted. Sally asked for $100 a week. "Isn't that an awful lot of money for a little thing like you?" he asked.

"I hadn't realized you were interested in beef," Miss Josephs replied icily. "I'll come back when I've gained weight."

Hatry liked her spunk. The little girl with the big dark eyes got the job at the salary she demanded. Thereafter Sally's reputation as a prodigy grew with her salary. But she was not too busy for romance. On March 4, 1923, two years after she plummeted into Bamberger's, she married Sergiu Victor, a young man who had a quite successful wholesale millinery business of his own. Before settling down to hats, however, he had played minor roles in the silent movies with Mary Pickford and Owen Moore, Alice Joyce and Francis X. Bushman.

Victor had forsworn acting and was doing well as a wholesale milliner under the trade name "Serge" when Bamberger's steered its Miss Josephs into his showroom. At that time his organization included a supersalesman named Fred Hirst and a designer named John Pico. They quit "Serge" in 1928 to form one of the most famous millinery houses in New York—"John Frederics." Later they parted and, amoebalike, became "John Frederics" and "Mr. John" of the troika. Sally, on the other hand, entered the premises of "Serge" as a customer. It was not until six years after she married the boss that Sally joined the firm.

For five years after her marriage Sally continued at Bamberger's. Victor was increasingly successful with his own firm, "Serge." The money rolled in. The young couple took an apartment on Park Avenue and bought common stocks. Early in 1929, Sally quit Bamberger's. She was going to have a baby. Richard, the Victors' only child—now a New York lawyer—arrived in September with the initial stock-market crash. The Victors lost their shirt. The last $1500 in the family exchequer went to pay the most expensive obstetrician in the city.

Victor still was in possession of his wholesale millinery firm though. Six weeks after Richard's arrival the irrepressible Sally was in the workrooms of "Serge," suggesting a change in this model, a new color for that one. Finally, she demanded an office of her own. In short order she was the chief designer for "Serge" and business began to soar. Within a year, "Sally Victor of Serge," as she was billed, became a famous trademark in the wholesale millinery world.

It was as "Sally Victor of Serge" that Sally received her first recognition as a designer. Another young woman, the late Dorothy Shaver, was stirring up a storm in the merchandising world. As the first woman to serve as vice president (later president) of Lord and Taylor, Miss Shaver was the first enthusiastic drumbeater for talented American designers. In 1932, Miss Shaver began featuring American designers in advertisements and in her store's Fifth Avenue windows.

The first designer of millinery to get the Shaver treatment was "Sally Victor of Serge," in 1933. Victor, a shrewd businessman, soon acted on an idea he had been nursing for months. In 1934 he fired his famous designer, gave her $10,000 and told her to start her own wholesale and design business in opposition to his. He believed that Sally on her own had a great future. Within a month Sally rented a showroom and workshop at 18 East 53rd Street, which she still occupies, and blew the whole $10,000.

If there is such a thing as Instant Success, Sally had it in the new venture, christened "Sally Victor." In the depth of the depression her business boomed. By 1936 Victor urged his wife to transform her wholesale showroom into a salon and dive into the *haute couture* design field. Thus she would be able to skim the cream from the high-priced custom trade while holding the rich wholesale trade she had developed.

No sooner was the salon opened than debutantes swarmed to it. Sally remembers having great difficulty in keeping Victor Mature, who was courting one of her debutante customers, out of the workroom, where he panicked the help. "Why not?" asked Sally. "He panicked me!"

By 1938 Sally's salon was so crowded that she told her husband that she could not continue unless he was willing to take over the business and wholesale side. Victor disposed of "Serge" and since then "Sally Victor, Inc." has been a husband-and-wife enterprise with Victor in the countinghouse and Sally in the parlor as designer.

Among Sally's first customers was Anna Rosenberg, who has served her country in a great variety of jobs. Her Victor hats fascinated Franklin D. Roosevelt when Mrs. Rosenberg was his labor trouble shooter. On one occasion, when F.D.R. sent Mrs. Rosenberg out to settle a miners' strike, she told him that the assignment frightened her. The President took a long look at her hat, she recalls, and said, "Nonsense, Anna. Just wear that hat when you talk to the boys and it's in the bag." It was too.

It was Mrs. Rosenberg who recruited Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt as a Sally Victor fan when she sent her a birthday-gift certificate for a Victor creation. Sally says she is indebted to Mrs. Roosevelt for a suggestion that has doubled the Victor business. Sally and Mrs. Roosevelt were on the same television program when the discussion turned to the high price of a Victor original.

Photographs by Philippe Halsman

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"They say the only difference between Jesse James and me is that he rode a horse," Sally said.

"But why don't you make hats that the general public can afford?" Eleanor Roosevelt asked.

"I shall, I promise," Sally vowed. Back in her workroom she said to her husband, "Everybody else copies us—why don't we copy ourselves?" Victor grabbed the ball. The result: a series of popular-priced hats christened "Sally V."

Although a Democrat, Sally is by no means a political partisan as a hat designer. During eight years in the White House Mrs. Eisenhower bought all her hats, more than twenty-five annually, from Sally. When Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip were guests at the White House in 1957, the President gave Her Majesty a portrait of Prince Charles he had painted. Mrs. Eisenhower took one look at the Queen's matronly hats and knew what her gift would be. She telephoned Sally and ordered four hats. "Young hats—she's so pretty," Mrs. Eisenhower specified.

Men are among Sally's best customers. They come into her salon to order Christmas, Easter, birthday and anniversary hats for their womenfolk. This group includes Abraham A. Ribicoff, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare; Paul A. Porter, Washington attorney long prominent in capital politics, whose wife is the beautiful novelist, Kathleen Winsor; Lester Markel, Sunday editor of *The New York Times;* and a prince who came incognito.

The prince visited the salon just before Easter, 1956. For weeks his picture had been in every publication in the country. He wished, he shyly confided, to buy an Easter hat for a young lady.

"Is she a blonde?" Sally asked innocently. "Does she wear her hair in a chignon? Are her tastes elegant but simple?"

The man, astounded by such clairvoyance, answered in the affirmative. In that case, said Sally, the young lady would look ravishing in such-and-such a beige straw model. The customer paid seventy-five dollars for the hat and gave instructions that it be sent to a friend in New York who would, in turn, deliver it to the young lady. And that is how Princess Grace of Monaco, then Grace Kelly and fiancée of Prince Rainier, acquired an Easter bonnet chosen by her future husband.

Even though she is fifteen pounds heavier than in her Macy days, Sally is still a petite woman, gifted with shrewd wit, tolerant humor, warm friendship and strong convictions. Her New York penthouse is spotless, her husband and son clucked over and coddled as if she had never spent a day in an office, and her apple strudel unequaled even by her hats. Wednesday nights, in season, are sacred to the Metropolitan Opera.

Nothing irks her so much as hatlessness, unless it is a kerchief—a "rag" in her opinion—tied over a feminine head. Every time she sees another picture of Jacqueline Kennedy with her pretty head muffled in a scarf, Sally moans, "How can she do that to another Democrat?"

What will Victor customers be wearing come spring of 1962? Ah-h-h—that, says Sally, is Top Secret except for two hints.

"I have a hunch that hats will be small and that colors will be very bright," she predicts. "The world is in such a mess we shall need something bright and gay that people will notice and that will give them a lift."

"If a woman wears a new hat and no one notices it," she sums up, "it's an unthinkable waste of money. She's been bilked."

Sally is convinced that nobody ever will be bilked in a Victor hat. THE END

The vivacious fashions of Sally Victor, or "elegance with a flair": (from top) a woven straw in Matisse blue; a beret of Norwegian blue fox, typical of this winter season's trend toward fur, and the flowered chapeau à la Gauguin.

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A JOBLESS HOLLYWOOD
DIRECTOR AND HIS
FORGOTTEN LEADING LADY MAKE

A COMEBACK

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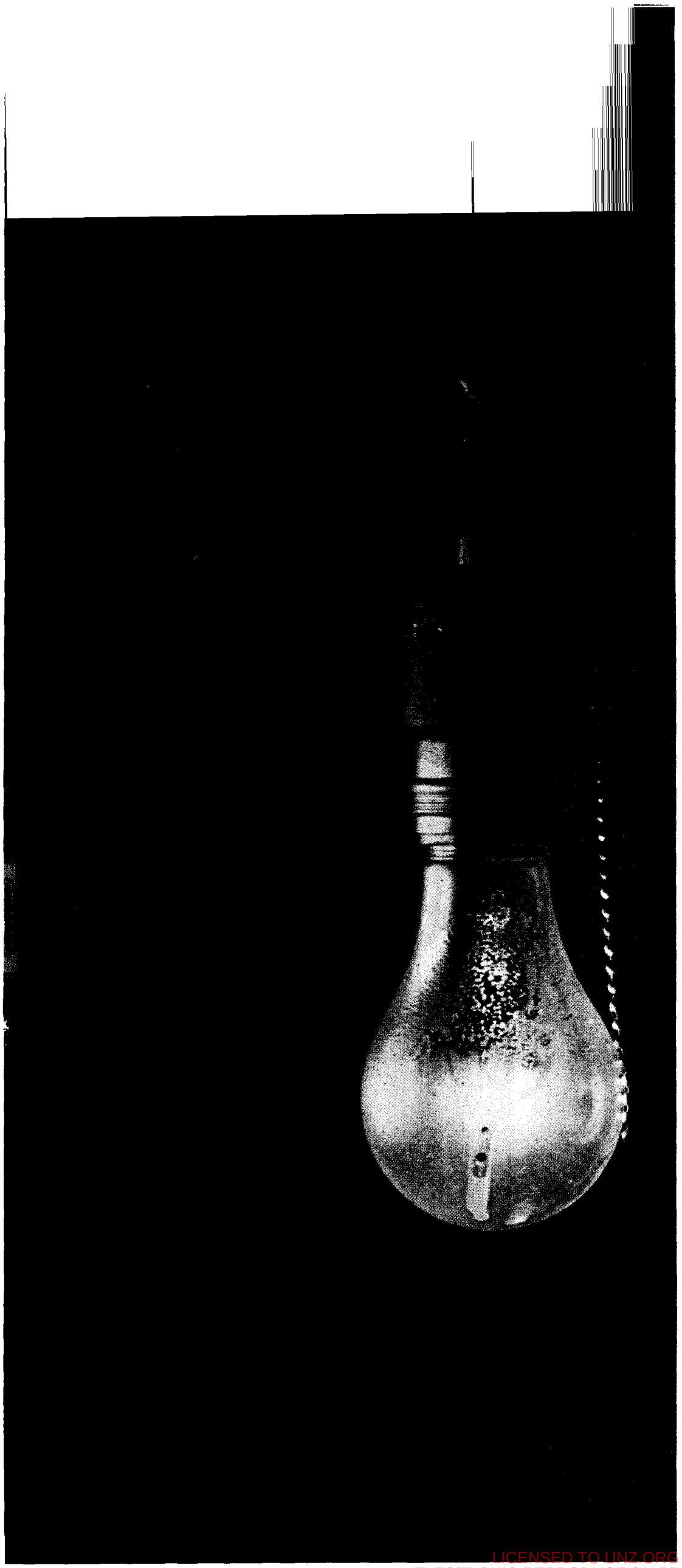

Gavin Burke carefully trimmed his gray mustache, admired his handiwork and then set about the business of dressing. His underwear wasn't much to speak of—white cotton shorts and a cotton T shirt—but his dark, conservative suit was a thing of beauty, obviously of the finest material, and custom tailored. The socks were on a par with the suit, and the gleaming black shoes certainly had come to at least fifty dollars. The shirt was of excellent broadcloth, and the tie, while it had a splash of color, was in good taste and expensive.

Finishing out the ensemble was a black Homburg hat, which Burke adjusted carefully on his head. Then he picked up a black cane—he had a noticeable limp in his right leg—and he was gone. His way took him out through the grounds surrounding the domiciliary structures, which for Burke's taste were a little too close to the psychiatric wards, whence the occasional scream of a disturbed patient rent the night. And then there was that damned noon steam whistle—and it was a wonder if that thing didn't throw the Section Eights into a daily tizzy!

He walked through the tunnel to the south side of Wilshire Boulevard and then made what was still a painful, fatiguing climb up the ramp to the east-bound bus stop. At the stop he sat down gratefully on the bench and looked over his shoulder at the vast row of brick buildings where he had spent so many pain-filled weeks with his leg—and where, eventually, he would have more of the same. These buildings to the

BY RICHARD MACAULAY

south of Wilshire were Wadsworth General Hospital, the local medical and surgical facility of the Veterans Administration.

The bus was on time, and since it was seven o'clock, well after the rush hour, there were plenty of seats. He dropped his quarter into the coin receptacle and, after a few minutes, got off the bus a block short of the Beverly Hilton. He walked to the hotel, went in through the drugstore, on into the lobby, and out the main entrance, where the doorman waved him a cab. Burke tipped the doorman a half dollar, got into the cab and said to the driver, "Le Moyne."

Le Moyne was one of the finest restaurants in Southern California, and Burke was looking forward to his evening. The hat-check girl greeted him by name as he handed over his hat, and Mike, the bartender, was effusive as Burke carefully perched himself on one of the stools.

"Back in town for a while, Mr. Burke?"

"Only for a couple of days," Burke said easily. "How're the kids, Mike?"

Mike said, "They aren't kids any more. The oldest one can lick me now! What'll you have, Mr. Burke, your usual?" *(Continued on Page 54)*

DESIGN BY GEORG OLDEN

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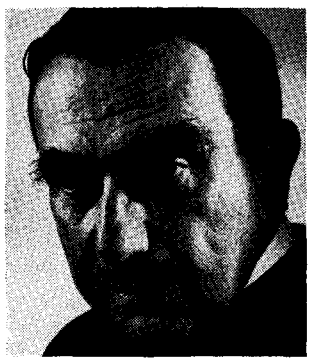
PLAN FOR SURVIVAL



CONCLUSION

WE MUST FACE THE DANGER

By EDWARD TELLER WITH ALLEN BROWN

"...As long as the United States is unprepared to absorb and survive an all-out attack, the Communists have a temptation that might prove irresistible," cautions Doctor Teller.

It is not too late for the United States to save itself and the free world. By taking measures clearly within our reach, we can avert an all-out nuclear war. Having achieved that much, we can build a permanent world peace.

In making these dreams come true, we can discard two present policies: the threat of massive retaliation that would respond to limited aggression by devastating Russia with nuclear missiles, and mutual deterrence under which we and they stand poised like Wild West gunfighters to "shoot it out" at a moment's notice with enormous nuclear arsenals. There are other measures which, in combination, will maintain peace far better.

What I offer here are suggestions that might become stepping-stones to world peace. Four measures are essential. If taken now, these will very nearly guarantee our national safety and future:

1. Develop an adequate passive defense in the form of shelters, civil-defense organizations, and means of rehabilitating the nation after attack. A nuclear attack on the United States would be horrible beyond imagination, but we must not only imagine it—we must prepare for it. An unprepared nation invites attack. Properly prepared, we can survive.

2. Having survived an attack, be able to strike the second blow. We have barely begun to build a strong second-strike nuclear force. This is different from our older concept of massive retaliation. In making certain that we could absorb and return an all-out nuclear attack, we attain a major but limited objective: our survival as an organized society with an organized industrial complex and an advancing civilization. If Russia knows that we can survive and counterattack, she will never directly attack us.

3. Prepare for limited warfare—limited in scope, area, objectives, but not in weapons. Whenever Russia's ambiguous aggression degenerates into an outright attack on our allies, a localized, limited nuclear war should be our answer. It will be the alternative to an all-out, disastrous, nuclear world war. To prepare for a limited war, we must develop new kinds of diplomacy, battle tactics, nuclear weapons and fighting men. Today we are incapable of waging a limited nuclear war. We are unprepared politically, diplomatically, militarily and psychologically.

4. Having fully attained a passive defense, a second-strike nuclear force and a limited-warfare potential, we must realize that these three steps have bought us nothing but time. We must use that time to establish a lawful community of nations to ensure lasting peace. Our goal can be nothing less than a world government based upon the principles of freedom and democracy.

Each of these four points is indispensable to our survival. Because we have refused to think and plan, our preparedness is so lax that this country could not now survive and return an atomic attack. Even if we could, the Russians could seize the world, for we are not prepared to halt them with limited nuclear warfare. Without attacking us directly, Communists could engulf the other free nations either by ambiguous aggression or by open assault, leaving the United States a desolate island in an unfriendly Red ocean.

We have heard much of the threat of absolute destruction by an absolute weapon. The atomic bomb, with the destructive load of a thousand blockbusters, at first was the absolute weapon. Then the hydrogen bomb, carrying the power of a thousand atomic bombs, became the absolute weapon. Now the intercontinental ballistic missile, which can deliver a hydrogen bomb anywhere on earth in twenty minutes, seems to be the absolute among absolutes.

Actually, an absolute weapon does not exist. A method of destroying ICBM's and rockets, a discriminating tactical nuclear weapons system, an adequate network of bomb shelters could upset any calculation based on absolutes.

The only absolute likely to defeat us is fear, the persuasion that we cannot escape. But even fear can be defeated by rational, planned action.

Many of us have yielded to our fears to such an extent in recent years that a single novel had a deep and frightening influence upon the minds of men. This particular novel, *On the Beach*, by Nevil Shute, was built around an old theme: the end of the world and the ways in which men would face universal annihilation. Considered coldly, Shute's story had no relation to any possible future event. The cobalt bombs that he described do not, in fact, exist and would have no military usefulness if they did exist. In many other ways Shute disregarded the facts of life. Radioactive contamination is treated as a contagion. An exposed person—who actually could be decontaminated—is left to perish as though he had the plague. However, this work of fiction has convinced multitudes that defense is nearly useless in the atomic age.

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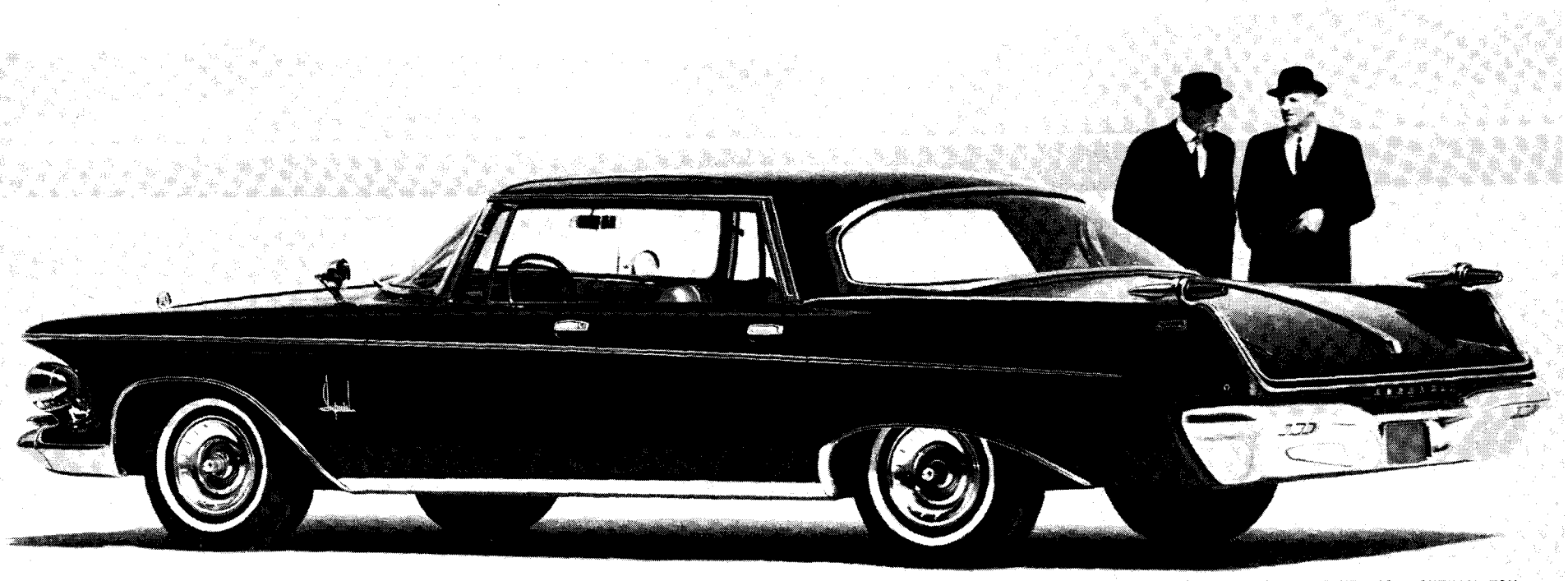

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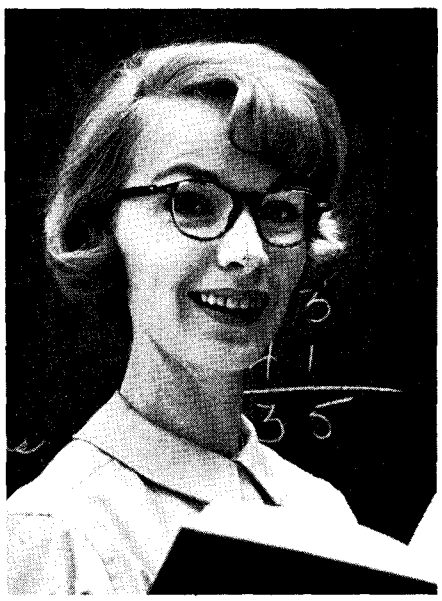

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"Properly defended, we can survive nuclear

Although unrealistic, Shute's rejection of any attempt to survive is alarming because it corresponds with the attitude of most of our people. Yet man's will to survive actually is very strong indeed. I cannot help asking, as Shute's reviewer in the Soviet publication *Pravda* asked: What manner of men will accept the end without resistance?

These conjured-up nightmares about a radioactive doomsday can be safely ignored. If some maniac wanted to put enough radioactivity into the atmosphere to endanger all human life, he would have to explode enough of our present bombs to equal at least 1000 tons of TNT for every human being on the earth. He would have to explode a bomb of more than Hiroshima strength on each square mile of the earth. What man, what nation would carry out a gigantic plan which has for its aim not defense, not victory, not power, but universal suicide?

We can forget about a doomsday war, but we cannot discount the possibility of a nuclear war. Such a war would not mean the end of the human race, but it might be the end of our Western civilization, with its ideals of human dignity and freedom.

The United States today is not properly defended. We invite attack because our potential enemies know that the United States today could not survive a big thermonuclear attack. Instead of trying to save ourselves, we adopt the same fatalistic outlook as the last survivors in Nevil Shute's book.

Two defeatist arguments have convinced the majority of Americans that civilian defense is futile. Even if some of our people managed to survive a sudden attack, according to one argument, the world after a nuclear war would not be fit for humans: The atmosphere would be poisoned for years; food could not be eaten safely; our factories would be destroyed; there would be no creature comforts; survivors of a nuclear attack would die of starvation, loneliness or sorrow.

Another argument, widely accepted because of its simplicity, holds that survival simply is impossible, that rapid development of nuclear weapons will make today's civil-defense preparations inadequate for tomorrow, that our adversaries will devise bombs to destroy any civil-defense shelters that we can build.

No prophecy about a future war can be completely reliable. But this much is certain: Properly defended, we can survive a nuclear attack; we can dig out of the ruins; we can recover from the catastrophe. The shelters we need for our defense, properly constructed, will not be made obsolete by the development of new weapons. The strength of nuclear weapons since Hiroshima has increased a thousandfold. The shelter depth required to withstand a direct hit by these bigger weapons has increased less than tenfold. As a nation, we shall survive, and our democratic ideals and institutions will survive with us, if we are willing to make adequate preparations for survival now.

Mere survival, however, is not the only compelling reason for civil defense. There is another reason that is even more important: peace. If we are adequately prepared, if we cannot be defeated even by the most sudden and savage attack, then the main motivation for a nuclear attack upon our nation will have vanished.

Our Communist enemies are determined and dangerous. But they are not foolish. They are dedicated to the single goal of world domination. They certainly would prefer to achieve this goal without the horrors of an all-out thermonuclear war. There are, I believe, only two circumstances at all likely to prompt the Communists to mount an all-out thermonuclear attack against the United States. They will do it in self-defense. They might do it if firmly convinced that only with these terrible means could they achieve their goal of world domination.

It is our established policy that we never will deliberately provoke a nuclear world war by striking the first blow. Because of this policy, the Communists know they never will need to strike us in self-defense. But as long as the United States is unprepared to absorb and survive an all-out attack, the Communists have a temptation that might prove irresistible: a quick nuclear victory over the nation most effectively thwarting their aspirations for world domination.

A civil-defense system protecting all the people of our nation obviously will be a tremendous undertaking, but it must be undertaken. We literally must start from scratch, because this peaceful, nonaggressive guaranty of peace has been neglected for so long.

What must be done?

An adequate defense demands that we have early warning of attack, shelters, organization, cleanup equipment and a plan of reconstruction.

We must have as much warning as possible because ourchances of survival would be measured in minutes. A rocket's travel time from a launching pad in Russia to a target in the United States would be only about twenty minutes. Fired from a Russian submarine, a rocket could strike a target in the United States even quicker. Without a fast and accurate warning system, an enemy rocket could obliterate a large American city even before we knew we were being attacked.

The United States fortunately has established a complex and effective warning system. We have developed and are refining ways of detecting launchings from any part of the world as soon as the rockets rise into the air. Even earlier warning of an attack would save millions of lives, and more warning might be possible.

In a sudden nuclear attack upon our nation there can be no doubt that millions of Americans would die. But even the brief warning we would have—if such an attack came tomorrow—would be enough to save perhaps 90 percent of our people if they knew what to do in case of attack and had the means to protect themselves. The present warning system would not save the majority of our people because they are uninformed about civil-defense methods and unprepared for survival. If we continue to neglect civilian defense, a nuclear attack on the United States could kill well over 100,000,000 people. And the fate of the survivors would be no better than that of those who had perished in nuclear attack.

Our most urgent need is a nationwide system of public and private shelters. Perhaps two thirds of our people live in uncongested areas. Far from prime targets, people in these areas can be protected most easily. They probably would not be subjected to the devastation of a direct nuclear attack. They very well might, however, be endangered by radioactive fallout of a great intensity.

Survival of people outside our prime-target areas would be favored by two circumstances: There would be more time to seek shelter, and protection against fallout is comparatively simple and easy. Time would be required for fallout to float downwind from the actual point of attack. In addition to the initial twenty-minute warning of an impending attack, these people could count on another half hour, one hour, or even more time after attack before they would be endangered by fallout. This would give most residents time to protect themselves.

Effects of fallout often can be decreased simply by going indoors or taking shelter in a conventional basement. Fallout protection almost always is sufficient in a shelter built with thick but not necessarily strong walls and equipped with a filtered air system or properly designed ventilation. A reasonable measure of protection, in some remote areas, can be offered by simple shelters for individual families. These might resemble the storm cellars already built as tornado protection by many families in our Central Plains

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attack, and our democratic ideals will survive with us."

States. The best protection, however, would be in community shelters. All the people in a small town probably would have time to reach a community shelter specifically designed to protect them against fallout.

Unlike country people who may have up to an hour to take shelter from fallout, city people should be able to reach protection in a five-minute walk. This obviously makes city defense far more difficult. Civilian shelters in cities must withstand nuclear blast and also the resulting fire.

The most effective shelters in the cities will be built underground. People down only ten to twenty feet would have reasonable protection from a thermonuclear bomb exploding only a few miles away.

Immediate changes in our architecture on new structures could prove a boon. Skyscrapers could be built around a windowless, rigid core of concrete sturdy enough to withstand a blast after the shock had been dissipated by outer offices and corridors. Garage cores already have been built into the Redick Tower in Omaha, Nebraska, and the Cafritz Building in Washington, D.C. To serve as shelter cores, such internal structures need only be made stronger in future construction.

Dozens of types of major buildings could be constructed underground to serve dual purposes, housing normal functions in peace and doubling as community shelters in war. We could make mass shelters of underground theaters and auditoriums, supermarkets, parking garages, warehouses, hospitals and other large structures such as post offices and courthouses.

It might even be advisable to contemplate building schools, with modern lighting and air conditioning, underground. They would be equipped as mass shelters, and there would be no problem of getting the children from classroom to shelter after an alert.

The cost of all such functional underground construction would be reduced by the normal cost of such public buildings. Even so, the question will be asked: Who is to pay for it?

I don't know the answer. But an answer must be found soon. The full bill would not come due in any one year. It probably would require three to four years to build the kind of nationwide shelter network that we need. Costs might be divided among Federal, state and local governments. Private individuals and firms could be encouraged by Government subsidies to incorporate shelters in future construction. New warehouses, bowling alleys, theaters, parking garages and supermarkets might find it advantageous to build underground if given real-estate tax exemptions. As shelter needs differ from place to place, details could be settled at local levels in conformity with a nationwide plan.

On a nationwide scale, adequate shelters might cost $20,000,000,000—about half our annual defense cost. By building shelters for more than one purpose, the cost might be cut greatly. Community shelters offering reasonable protection can be constructed for little less than $200 a person.

In case of attack, how long would we occupy our shelters? In areas of heavy radioactive contamination of both air and ground, approximately two weeks at most. But where buildings have been destroyed, shelters might have to serve as homes for months.

The ideal underground shelter should have many things: a filter system to remove radioactivity from contaminated outside air; enough oxygen to last through a possible fire storm; ample food supply; independent sources of power, water and chemicals for hygiene; radio communications; several exits, and dig-out equipment in case debris blocks all exits.

Radioactive contamination of the air is a relatively minor worry. It will pass over a given point in half an hour. Within three days after a nuclear attack all of the radioactive contamination would be blown away from the entire continental United States.

Radioactive poisons, however, can settle into the ground. Much city rubble after a thermonuclear attack might be radioactive. In any case radiation decays within two weeks or so. After one day only 3 percent as much will

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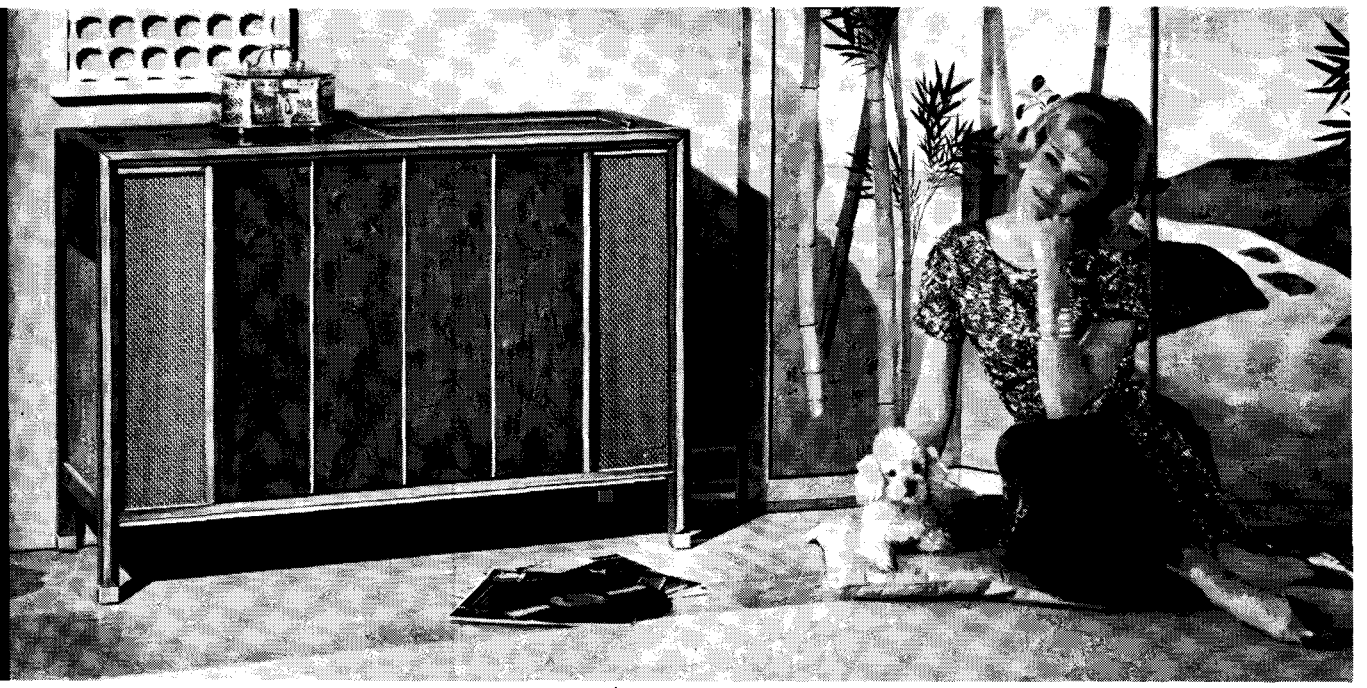

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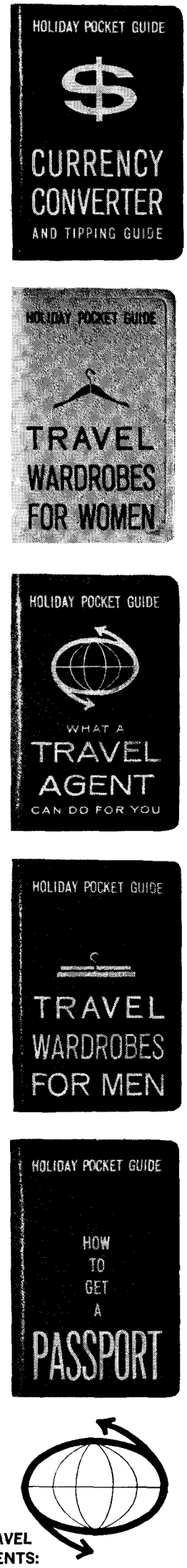
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"Our most urgent need: shelters."

remain on the ground as there was an hour after the explosion.

While the majority of our people can be saved from an all-out nuclear assault, we cannot hope to save most of our industry and possessions. Fortunately much of our industrial strength is in our know-how and our organization. Our gross national product, the value of all we produce, is more than $500,000,000,000 a year. But the total value of all our belongings is more than $1,500,000,000,000. This means that our present industrial complex, if replaced, could reproduce all we have in about three years. Survivors of a nuclear attack, working with dedication, could replace this great industrial complex in five years.

Survivors, however, would need food and machines. Luckily we have a handy solution on food: our agricultural surpluses. The Government is storing enough food to last the survivors perhaps two years. To be effective in a survival program, this food should be distributed in safekeeping locations throughout the United States, and partly processed in advance as much as possible.

Likewise, the Government has stockpiled machine tools and strategic raw materials. It also has mothballed billions of dollars of World War II and Korean War equipment. All of this material should be carefully studied. Whatever can be put to work after a nuclear attack should be dispersed over the nation for safe storage. Machines which private industry replaces with more up-to-date ones should be stockpiled, not junked.

The United States today is fat where Russia is lean. We have surpluses; they do not. Judicious stockpiling during the next few years would make it completely clear to the Communists that we could recover faster and better after an all-out nuclear war than Russia. Thus the United States would remain by far the strongest nation in the world—and every trace of Communist motivation for an attack on the United States would vanish.

To make this plan of passive defense fully effective, survivors would need organizations, above all. They would emerge amid millions of dead into a bleak, cheerless world. Our standard of living, from being the highest in history, certainly would be near zero for a time. In such a world, teamwork would be essential.

We must plan now a postwar organization akin to the Armed Forces in one respect: Those in it submit to rigid discipline, yielding many individual rights; but they do so with the assurance that this is temporary and that their rights will be restored.

Our almost total lack of civil defense is the weakest link in our national security. It is our greatest danger to peace. We have done practically nothing. Russia, on the other hand, has done much. An estimated 50,000,000 Russians participate in some phase of the Soviet's civil-defense program. In the 1950's we spent for civil defense less than a tenth of a cent of every tax dollar. Fortunately our civil-defense effort is no longer completely paralyzed by despair. President Kennedy proposed last May to triple its budget. The will to survive has begun to reassert itself.

If our civil defense were adequate and our retaliatory force were dispersed, mobile and protected, we would never need to fear a direct attack by Russia. We certainly never should strike first. Even if we had excellent evidence that a Communist attack against us was imminent, we should send our people into shelters, put our strategic force into readiness—and then wait. Our preparedness would give our enemies the most potent reason not to attack. If they still did attack, our country would be able to strike back. An all-out war would be dreadful, but in the end we certainly could win.

To follow this policy of never striking first under any circumstance, our strategic retaliatory force must be able to survive and function as a true second-strike force. Today we are negligent in building such a force.

Whatever peace-propaganda advantage we may have obtained from our three-year moratorium on nuclear tests in 1958–61, it was at the sacrifice of developing our second-strike force. Even with full priority, it will not be easy now. Much depends upon future technical developments which cannot be predicted. This much can be said:

Development of lightweight, mobile retaliatory missiles would improve our retaliatory power. Some could be maintained in motion, as in airplanes, small nuclear submarines, trucks and railroad cars, which an enemy could pinpoint and destroy only with great difficulty. Others should be located in solidly built, well-defended bases that are strategically situated.

The Korean War implanted a grave misconception in the minds of most Americans. At a time when we had a clear-cut atomic advantage over the enemy, military men were eager to use their most effective weapons to shorten the war. But President Truman, who had taken full responsibility for the surprise nuclear devastation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, stubbornly forbade the use of nuclear weapons in

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Korea. Mr. Truman's stand gave birth to an idea which, although generally accepted, is invalid: that the moment either side employs nuclear weapons, nothing can prevent a limited war from expanding into a horrible all-out world-wide catastrophe.

This mistaken idea has led us to prepare with large standing armies and fleets for a kind of war that we cannot fight with success. Russia would have three overwhelming advantages in a conventional war: massive, concentrated manpower, a central strategic location and an initiative devoid of moral considerations. In such a non-nuclear war Russia almost certainly has the manpower to win.

If a localized, brush-fire war should break out anywhere in the world, the United States, to overcome Russia's advantages, would have to use every means that technology can give us. Nuclear arms, because of their light weight and unmatched power, would give us the high degree of mobility needed to stop Communist aggression anywhere in the world.

Why then has the United States not planned and prepared to use nuclear weapons in limited warfare?

Four powerful objections have convinced most of our people that they should not be used.

1. OBJECTION: Limited nuclear warfare would provoke all-out Communist nuclear retaliation.

ANSWER: That would be the unlikeliest time for any form of Communist aggression, as the United States would be most alert and least likely to be caught off balance while waging a limited nuclear war.

2. OBJECTION: Nuclear explosions would totally ruin the country we wished to defend.

ANSWER: The type of nuclear weapons used in limited war damage the face of a nation no more than conventional ones, and possibly less. Their size can be adjusted to their purpose and may yield no more than a few tons of TNT equivalent.

3. OBJECTION: With nuclear arms available to both sides, we could not hope to neutralize the Soviet's other advantages with ours.

ANSWER: Our nuclear weapons would enable us to fight limited wars on our terms and to disperse concentrated enemy manpower. Our ultimate success would depend on having the people of the country on our side.

4. OBJECTION: The United States cannot fight a limited nuclear war because we are not prepared for one.

ANSWER: This final objection is valid. As a first step toward preparedness, the United States must develop small, "clean" nuclear arms for limited conflicts and train its forces for that kind of conflict. Until we do so, the Soviet stands a good chance of winning a limited nuclear war and this fact most certainly increases the likelihood of such a war.

All military measures earn us only time in which to work for a permanent peace. People often ask which should have priority, weapons or peace programs? It is like asking whether food or sleep should have priority. We cannot survive unless we have both.

Many thoughtful Americans want a democratic world government—a partnership by mutual consent as equals under a world law. What can we do? Above all, we should aid others and establish understanding between nations.

The Peace Corps is a magnificent demonstration in the right direction. To help it succeed, we should exempt from the draft the high-quality individuals willing to spend their early years in hard, adventurous, dangerous work abroad.

We also should consider sending our children abroad not to lead but to learn. If we could send a million college-age people to other countries and bring a million students from non-Western lands into our universities and colleges each year, we might build a realistic psychological foundation of a future world community.

An economic union of the free democracies might be another step, starting with the European Common Market. We might gradually adopt a common currency, a customs union, disappearing tariffs. These moves could raise the living standard of the free world, even if our own in the United States goes no higher. Most people in the world are starving and have few comforts, but we have increased our own well-being by almost 50 percent in less than two decades.

The choices before us are not easy. We cannot progress toward a stable world without sacrifices. These may have to be national or governmental as well as individual. World stability in the long run demands a supranational authority. For example, if one of our allies is attacked today, the question could arise whether the United States is committed to nuclear retaliation in its defense. There could be no such harassing question if we and our allies were one. An outright union of the free democracies under one higher government would very greatly minimize the chances of war. Then, safeguarded by a strong second-strike force and an ability to wage limited nuclear conflicts, we could work as one free people toward the lofty goal of everlasting world peace. THE END

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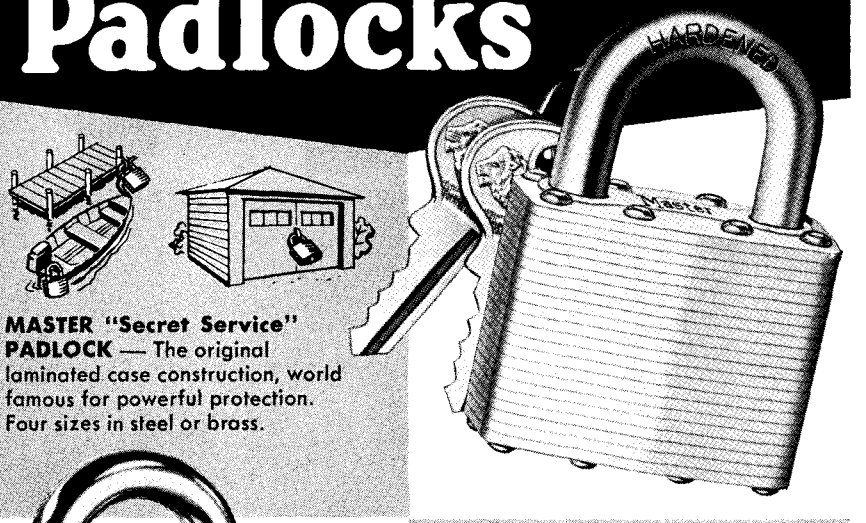

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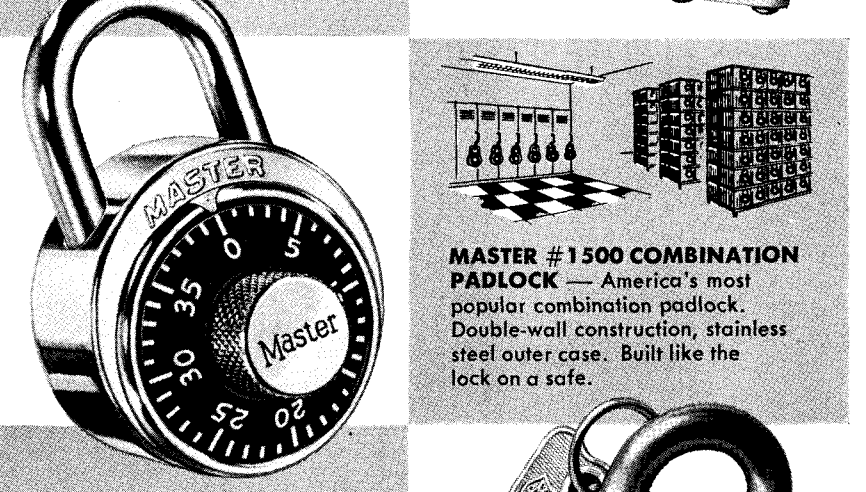

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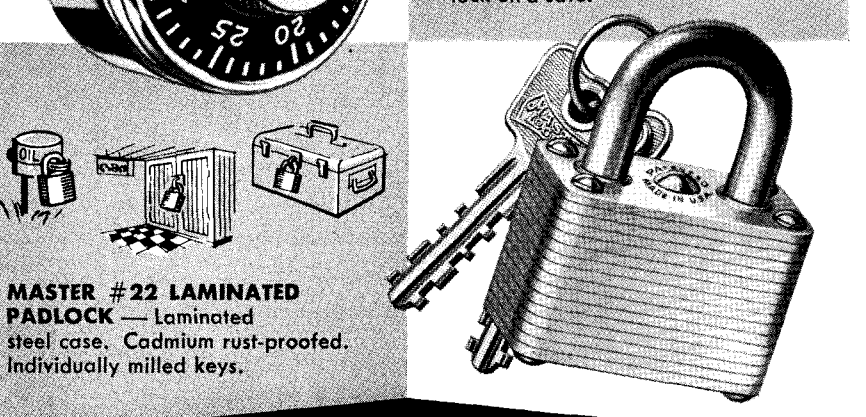

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THINK TWICE

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT JONES

Where will love
lead a girl
who can't make up
her mind?
By Edward Shenton

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Mary was nineteen. Bill was twenty-four. Andrew Falconer was thirty-one, but he wouldn't arrive in Seaport until August.

Mary had a sweet nose with a hint of freckles, blue eyes, hair the color of buckwheat and a deliciously curvy mouth.

Bill had black eyes and brows to match, stiff dark hair and a thin, ferocious nose with nostrils that flared when he was mad. Nobody knew what Andrew Falconer looked like. Mary had long, slender, pretty legs. Bill had muscles.

When Mary walked down the main street of Seaport, the wolves who denned up at the drugstore whistled. No one whistled at Bill.

Mary lived with her papa and mamma in a neat white New England salt-box cottage on Blueberry Road. Bill lived in an attic room on Water Street. Mary was considering a job at Miller's Ladies Store or as a checker in the supermarket. Bill had a job. He was a trouble shooter for the electric company.

Mary got up late and ate melon and cereal and toast for breakfast. Bill got up with the sun and never knew what he ate.

This was in June. The sky was far and blue. The sea was near and blue. The sun was high and gold. The sand was warm and gold and the whole world was wonderful.

Andrew Falconer was buying a new Alfa Romeo so he could drive to Seaport in August. Mary walked from her home to Main Street.

Bill drove his trouble-shooter car around the corner from Water Street onto Main. The traffic light was green. Mary started to cross Main Street. Bill jammed down on the brakes.

Mary looked up dreamily. The bumper was four feet from her new red-cotton sports dress.

"Don't you look where you're going?" she asked.

Bill's nostrils began to flare. "Don't you ever watch the lights?" he asked.

"What lights?"

"The traffic lights."

"You're the one to watch them," Mary said.

"Someday," Bill said, "you'll walk in front of a dumb driver, and that pretty carcass will be scattered all over the concrete."

"What carcass?" asked Mary, showing interest.

"The one you're wearing," said Bill.

"That's a red-cotton sports dress."

"Underneath," said Bill.

Just then Officer McHenry strolled up. "Any trouble?" he inquired.

"I don't know—yet," Bill said.

"He tried to run over me," Mary said pleasantly.

"Oh, he did, did he?" said Officer McHenry.

"That's a barefaced untruth," said Bill, now angry.

"I don't even know his name," said Mary.

"His name is William Applegate," said Officer McHenry. "I've known him since he was knee-high to a sandpiper."

"You mean he lives in Seaport?" asked Mary.

"All my life," said Bill.

"What is the town coming to?" remarked Mary.

She looked up at the traffic light. It was green. She started to cross Main Street. Horns blared! Brakes shrieked! Mary continued.

"You see?" said Bill.

Officer McHenry shook his head. "She's been like that ever since she was a toddler," he said. "She trusts people."

"Who is she?" asked Bill.

"Mary Hightower. She lives on Blueberry Road."

Bill took out his duty book and wrote in it.

"In a town this size," he said, marveling. "Both of us living here all our lives!"

"It's a small world," said Officer McHenry, "but even so some folks get overlooked."

Bill started to drive away.

"Hey," called Officer McHenry, "the light's red."

"Sorry," said Bill, "I'm just waking up."

Miller's Ladies Store needed no salesgirls. The supermarket was cluttered with checkers. Mary ended up as a waitress at Ye Olde Wharf Lobster House. The hours were from eleven A.M. to eleven P.M., but she was off from 2:30 to 4:30 each afternoon.

The blue sea was full of screaming children. The warm golden sand was littered with bikinis and swim shorts. There was just enough space for Mary to tan her pretty legs. Andrew Falconer was preparing to leave Chicago to drive his new Alfa Romeo to Seaport. This was in July.

Whenever possible Bill went wherever he was going by way of Blueberry Road. It was on the edge of Seaport. Beyond were the dunes and the blueberry patches for which the street was named. It was three blocks long and had sixteen houses. Each had a white picket fence and a yard overflowing with roses and asters and zinnias. When Bill drove along Blueberry Road on the way to a short circuit or blown fuses or some more obscure electrical breakdown, he would

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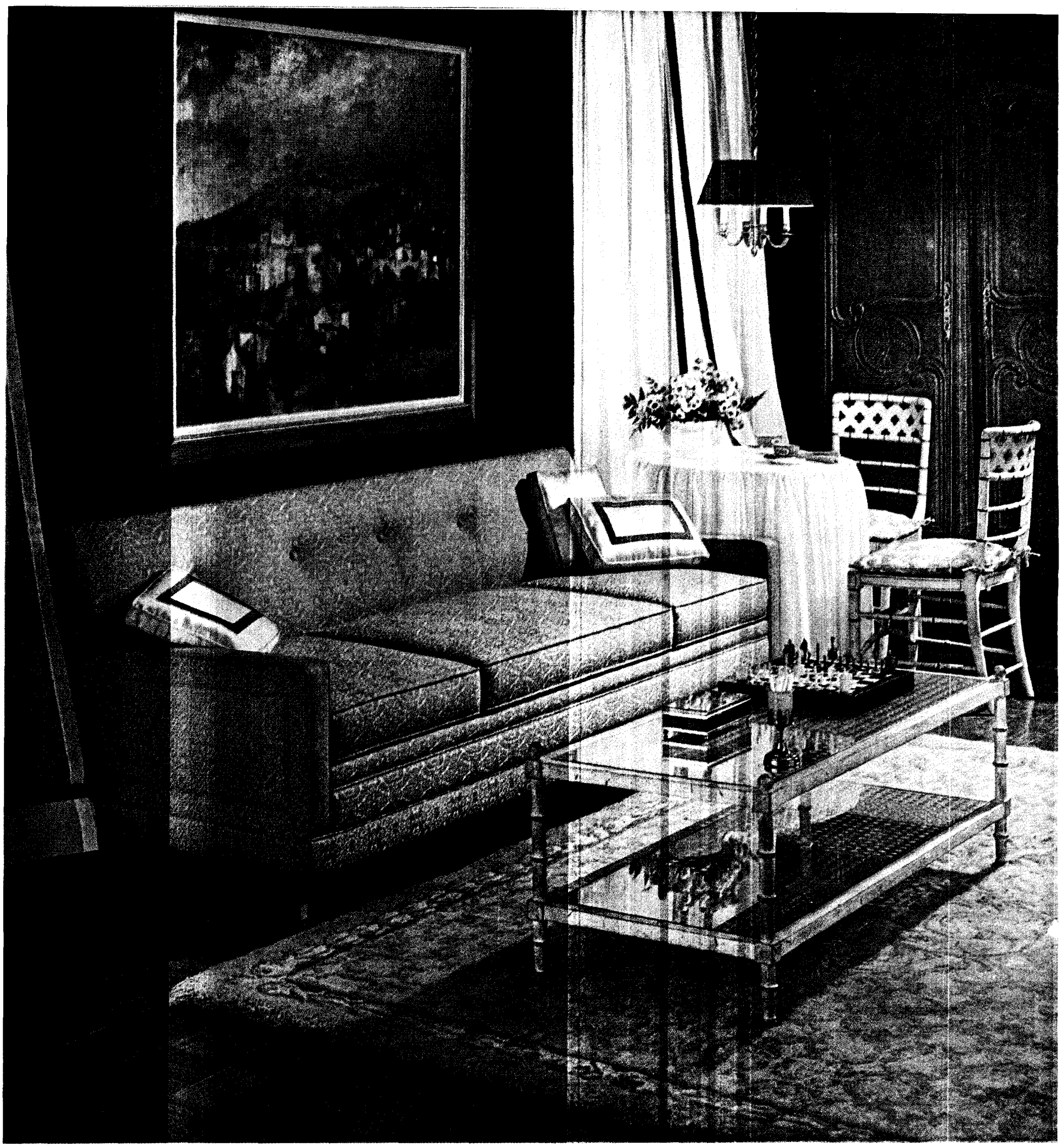

CITATION Beautiful blending of present and past: 88 inch contemporary sofa with traditional upholstery. "18th Century" brocade cover; green, beige, toast, gold. $279.50

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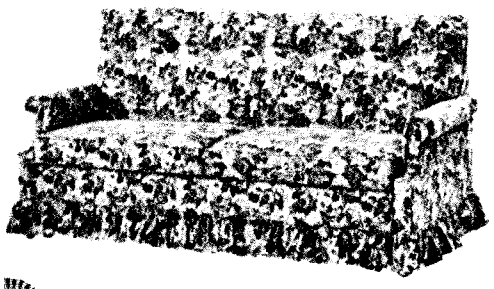
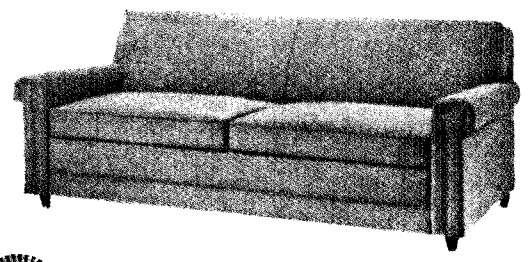
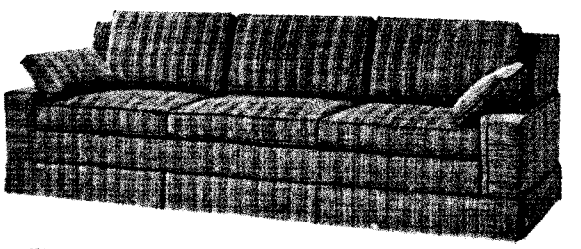


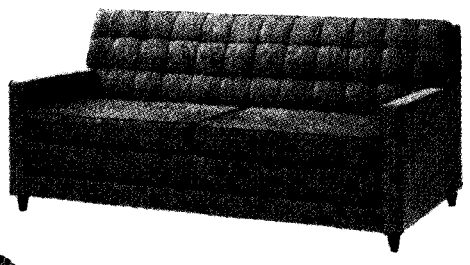
GEORGETOWN Early American sofa with simulated pillow back, shirred flounce. Sophisticated rose print in muted tones of brick, turquoise, coral. $259.50.



KINGSTON Popular classic with modern Lawson arm, brass-ferruled legs, fine custom detailing. Durable, textured upholstery in brown, beige, turquoise. $259.50.



SANTA BARBARA Deep, comfortable Club Sofa made for luxurious lounging; loose pillow back, two extra throw pillows. Multi-tweed cover in olive-turquoise, brown-beige, natural. $399.50.



MANSFIELD An outstanding, popular contemporary style at an incredibly low price! Biscuit-tufted back, polyurethane cushions; sepia, toast, natural, turquoise. $199.95.

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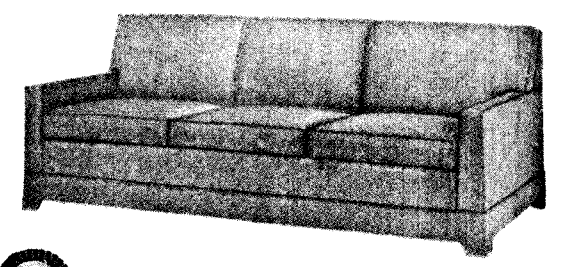

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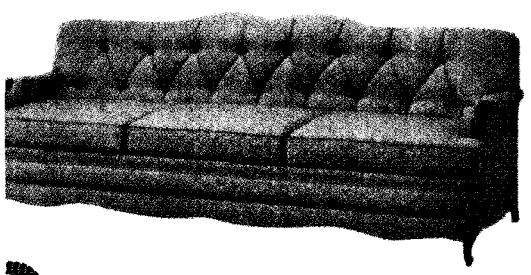
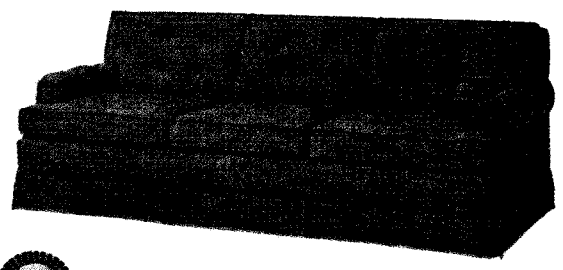
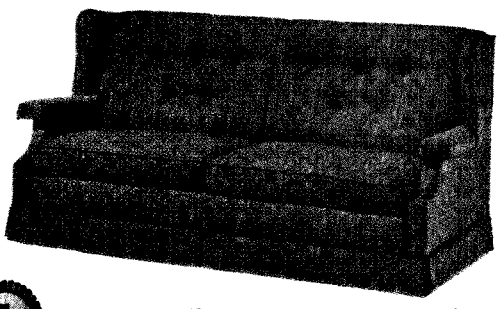


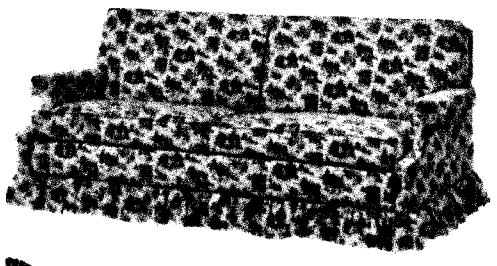
PROVENCE French Provincial with fruitwood finished legs and arm detail; quilted and tufted back. Handsomely upholstered in Jacquard bouclé; beige, eggshell, gold. $379.50.



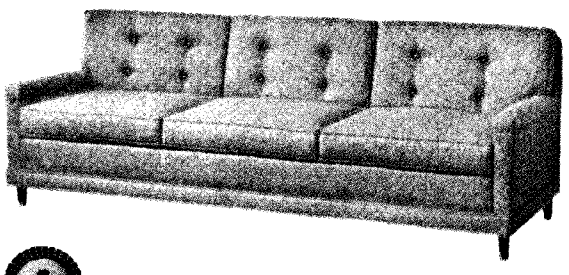
NEWTON Luxury-sofa with channelled arm, simulated pillow back, kick pleat. Covered in a beautiful new textured fabric; olive, cinnamon, natural, beige, gold, chocolate. $349.50.



LEXINGTON Early American model with high wing back, kick pleat. Multi-color tweed upholstery in beige, brown, sandalwood, gold, green, marine. $279.50.



MAYFAIR American Provincial with cutback Lawson arms, cushion-effect back, shirred flounce. Beautifully covered in green, brown or natural Colonial print. $229.50.



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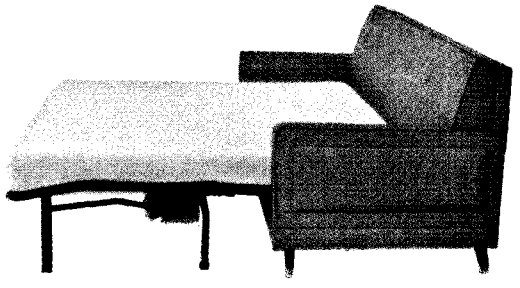

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THINK TWICE

think, *Now she will be standing in the doorway of the Cape Cod cottage with the green shutters*, or *She will be pruning the roses in the garden of the old gray shingled house with the brick chimneys.*

But Mary was usually carrying broiled lobsters to summer trippers at Ye Olde Wharf Lobster House.

Then early one bright morning Bill's telephone rang and the service manager at the electric-company office said, "There's no current on Blueberry Road. It may be that old transformer on pole X-107. Run out and see what's wrong."

Bill got into his trouble-shooting car and drove to Blueberry Road. He wasn't quite awake. Pole X-107 was beside a white clapboard salt-box cottage. The transformer rested on a small platform on a level with the second story. Bill put on his belt with its dangling collection of pliers, screwdrivers and wrenches. It looked like a very large charm bracelet. He buckled on his climbing irons and safety belt and swarmed up the pole. He began testing the transformer. He soon found that he could make a temporary repair, but the transformer would have to be replaced. As he was about to descend, the shade on the window of the salt-box cottage, which was directly opposite him and barely twenty feet away, flew up and there was Mary Hightower!

It was fortunate for Bill that he had not loosened his safety belt. For Mary had just arisen and was clad in a pajama top that ended just below where her slender legs began. Her blue eyes were scarcely opened. Her buckwheat-colored hair was tousled as a wind-blown field. She yawned and patted her deliciously curvy mouth. She began to unbutton the pajama top.

Bill tried to hide behind the transformer. He considered sliding down the pole, but he was trapped by his safety belt. As a last resort he closed his eyes.

At that moment Mary's eyes opened fully, and she saw him. "I thought your name was Bill," she said calmly.

"I'm not looking," said Bill.

"It ought to be Tom," said Mary.

"Why Tom?" asked Bill.

"Did you flunk history?" Mary asked.

"I had a B-plus," said Bill indignantly.

"Then you should know that Tom was the low life who leered at Lady Godiva when she rode through Coventry wearing only her hairdo."

"That's not history," said Bill, "that's gossip. Now pull down the shade so I can open my eyes and descend the pole."

Mary yanked at the curtain pull. The window shade which, like the transformer, had been there a long time, ripped loose from the roller and fell to the floor.

"I said pull *down*," groaned Bill, "not *off*."

"Why do you always appear in such ridiculous circumstances?" asked Mary.

"I'm only doing my job," protested Bill. "So you can have electric current to boil coffee for breakfast."

"I drink instant coffee," said Mary. "It doesn't have to boil."

"The water has to boil."

"I suppose you think you're indispensable," Mary said.

Bill's nostrils began to flare. "Listen," he said, "I want to climb down the pole, but I can't with my eyes closed."

"You must be very inexperienced."

"Aren't there any more rooms in your house?" asked Bill in desperation.

"Certainly."

"Please go into one of them, please."

"I can't turn around," said Mary placidly. "Part of my pajama coat was torn off in the washer."

"Can't you back?" asked Bill.

"I never thought of that," Mary said.

She backed gracefully out of sight.

Bill opened his eyes.

This was early in August.

Ye Olde Wharf Lobster House was having its best season in ten years. Bill was having his worst. He lay awake at night trying to decide whether to send Mary Hightower flowers or candy. He compromised on a new window shade. It would remind her of him and last longer.

Mary was carrying a huge tray with four cold lobsters and fixings when Andrew Falconer's Alfa Romeo slithered into the parking lot. Mary stopped. It was the first Alfa Romeo she had ever seen.

Andrew Falconer swung his long immaculate legs over the low door. He tossed goggles and driving gloves onto the seat and beckoned to Mary. She walked to the edge of the wharf directly above where he stood. She knew it was the wrong thing to do, but she was helpless. He reached up and took the largest lobster from the tray.

"You can't do that!" gasped Mary.

Andrew smiled. It made his thin aristocratic face seem kind and amusing. "What time do you quit work?" he asked.

"Eleven o'clock," replied Mary feebly.

"I shall return," said Andrew. He put a twenty-dollar bill on the tray, placed the lobster on the seat beside him and drove away. Mary walked in a daze to the table where the four trippers, two of each sex, although all wearing pants, sat drooling.

"We ordered four lobsters," they said.

"I'm so sorry," said Mary. "Our chef never got beyond the sixth grade."

She went back for the missing lobster in a kind of trance.

At eleven o'clock the lights were turned off at Ye Olde Wharf Lobster House. Mary shucked her lobster-red uniform and undulated into a sleeveless sheath dress the color of her buckwheat-colored hair. The Alfa Romeo waited at the entrance. Andrew Falconer negligently tossed his cigarette at the sign that read NO LITTERING. "That was an excellent lobster," he said.

"Where is the plate?" asked Mary.

"Threw it into the sea," said Andrew.

"You shouldn't have done that."

"It was empty," said Andrew.

He opened the low door. Mary knew that if she got into the red-leather bucket seat she was a goner. But she was bewitched. She sank luxuriously into the red-leather bucket seat.

"Where would you like to go?" asked Andrew.

"Home," lied Mary.

"Later," said Andrew. "I mean now."

"Just a little way," said Mary. "So I can forget the smell of broiled lobster."

"You can't go just a little way in this car," said Andrew. "It's too fast."

The Alfa Romeo snarled on the straightaways and cornered on the curves. The lobster smell blew away almost at once. Presently a neon sign gleamed on the dark sky. DANCING! LAN LANSING'S ORCHESTRA! "Do you enjoy dancing?" asked Andrew.

"I can't remember," said Mary.

They danced to the sweet muted music. Between dances they sat at a dimly lighted table on the terrace. They could hear the

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sea mumbling in the distance. Overhead was the Big Dipper and the North Star.

Andrew Falconer told Mary Hightower what a wretched life he lived, traveling to London and Paris and Vienna and Rome and Venice, when all he wanted was a simple salt-box cottage in some simple village like Seaport, where the inhabitants didn't care about money or estates or clothes or travel or the status that comes from having money and estates and clothes and travel.

Mary listened and thought dreamily, for by now she had been magicked to far places; how wonderful it would be to have money and lots of clothes and to travel and live on a gorgeous estate where no one could climb a pole and peek at her standing at the window, which was a very strange thing to remember at this enchanted moment.

All this was on the same day in August when Andrew Falconer had driven into the parking lot of Ye Olde Wharf Lobster House, but it didn't seem possible. And it became really unbelievable when they returned to her home on Blueberry Road, where he bent with old-world courtliness and kissed her astonished hand.

"Tomorrow?" he asked.

Mary only nodded. The Alfa Romeo hurtled away. Mary gazed up at pole X-107. For a moment the transformer looked exactly like Bill watching her. She felt sorry for anyone who had to make a living climbing electric poles. She thought, too, that she wouldn't ever have to smell broiled lobster again, unless, of course, she was sitting at a table eating broiled lobster, which smelled quite different indeed from broiled lobster on a tray. When she had put on the top to her pajamas and then, remembering the missing rear section, sat modestly on her bed, she glanced at her hand in awe. Her fingers seemed to have an aura of Paris, Vienna, Rome and Venice.

On each of the following days in August the Alfa Romeo waited at the entrance to Ye Olde Wharf Lobster House at 2:30 in the afternoon. Mary would sink luxuriously into the red-leather bucket seat, and they would go swooping and cornering to some new enchanted place, to return at 4:30, only to begin all over again at eleven P.M.

At dawn on the first day of September Mary was aroused by a great clatter. Having learned from experience, she put on a pale-green robe that very nicely set off her buckwheat-colored hair and went to the window.

Bill was up on the small platform of pole X-107. Several brawny men in yellow-metal helmets were on the ground below, holding ropes and acting industrious. Bill was removing bolts from the base of the diseased transformer with a large wrench.

"Must you make such a racket?" asked Mary.

Bill was so startled that he dropped the wrench. It clanged on the yellow-metal helmet of one of the men below. He burst into a torrent of picturesque language.

"Is that the kind of company you keep?" asked Mary.

"It's better than the kind you're running around with," said Bill.

"Have you ever wanted to see Paris and Vienna and Rome?" asked Mary, dreamily counting on her fingers. "Or Venice or London?"

"What's the matter with Seaport?" Bill asked her.

"You're so provincial," Mary said.

Bill's nostrils began to flare. "If you are insinuating ——" he began.

Mary smiled and pulled down the new window shade Bill had given her.

He realized that he should have sent flowers or candy.

That night Bill was awakened by the telephone's ringing.

"The Mandevilles have no current," the service department said. "Can you skip out and see what's wrong?"

It's going to be a tough decision when the purchasing agent starts negotiating to buy the machine that's to replace him.

Dave Murray

"I don't feel like skipping," said Bill. "Can't they wait until morning?"

"Mrs. Mandeville's mother is an invalid. She's having a spell of some sort on account of no light. She's afraid she'll get lost on the way to the bathroom."

"Can't they move the bathroom under the bed?"

"Tut, tut, my boy. The Mandevilles?"

Bill got into his trouble-shooting car and drove off into the night. The Mandevilles' summer home was on a narrow side road a few miles south of Seaport. Bill found the main fuse blown, replaced it and started back. His headlights picked up the Alfa Romeo, parked in a thicket of scrub pine, and the glint of Mary's buckwheat-colored hair. He stopped, got out and walked over.

"In trouble?" he asked.

"Bill!" Mary said. "How wonderful. Andrew says the motor won't start."

"It starts," said Andrew. "Then it stalls."

"I've heard of that stall before," said Bill. "It can be serious."

"Oh, come now," said Andrew peevishly. "There's nothing to worry about. Probably just overheated."

"The motor?" said Bill.

"Please look at it," Mary said.

Bill took a long flashlight from his belt. He opened the hood of the Alfa Romeo and inspected the engine.

"Try it," he said.

Andrew turned the switch. The motor purred like a large mechanical cat.

"There's nothing wrong," said Bill.

"You mean?" gasped Mary. "After I trusted him?"

"Get out," said Bill.

"I won't stand for this," said Andrew.

"I gather you like to travel," said Bill.

"Now and then," said Andrew airily. "Here and there."

"Get going!"

"You are being insolent," said Andrew.

Bill's muscles began to swell under his work shirt. "I'm provincial," he said. "Shove off!"

Andrew Falconer drove away in his Alfa Romeo.

Bill helped Mary into his trouble-shooting car.

"It was all so silly," said Mary. "He wanted to take me to Atlantic City. Imagine."

"How would you like to go to Niagara Falls?" asked Bill.

"I'd love it," said Mary.

They went in October. THE END

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THE PERFECT KILLER

continued from page 21

certain about him. "I know how you feel," she whispered. "I mean about Red. And I know the kind of people you have to contend with. But you wanted to kill that man a minute ago, didn't you? You didn't want to catch him and punish him, Walter. You wanted to kill him. And that's—don't you see what I'm trying to explain to you?"

He put his arms around her. He tightened them, and touched her hair gently. But was she right about it? Was that what Walter Dempsey really wanted to do now, if the truth was admitted—to shoot down that man, and with the most cold-blooded and brutal callousness, just as Red Hannafin had been shot down last Friday morning? It was a question that afterward persisted in him, and kept persisting. So he slept fitfully that night, still troubled by it. He woke twice, dozed off again, and got up the third time for a cup of coffee and a cigarette. He was finishing a second cup of coffee, with all the lights turned on in his second-floor living room, when the phone rang. The time was exactly twenty minutes past four Tuesday morning.

"Well, hi," a voice said, a tough and rather whispery male voice, and one that might have been just a touch drunkenly boisterous at this hour. "How's it going, Walter? How would you say the world's treating you these days? And how's good old Red Hannafin behaving himself?"

Red Hannafin? Dempsey thought. He sat up rigidly. There was an instant of sick, altogether complete shock in him.

"Now come on," the voice giggled. "Speak up, ha? I ast you a question, pally. What's the diffewkelty? Because you ain't going to tell me that good old Red Hannafin just isn't anywhere around any more, are you? Aw, gee!" And it mimicked regret venomously.

"Who is this?" Dempsey croaked then, his whole face glistening. "And what do you want, mister? Who's talking to me?"

"Well, you ought to know," the voice said. There was another giggle. "Because you're the guy who identified me down at headquarters this afternoon. Remember? Yop. That's right. That's me, Walter—the kid with the gun. And I thought I took care of good old Red Hannafin with it Friday morning—only I didn't, it looks like. And you know that I didn't, mask or no mask. You're the cop with the X-ray eyes, aren't you? And that's why you could pick out who did it to Red Hannafin. Why, of course. That's how you could prove it. Right, pally?"

Talking to him, Walter Dempsey realized that he was within sound of his voice—and yet, for all practical purposes, as remote from him. . . .

"Saw all that stuff in the papers," the voice said, still giggling. "And what a laugh I got! So I looked you up in the book, Walter. Hey! That your apartment up on the second floor, pally, with all the lights on? I bet it is, and I'd almost bet that you're one cop that has a conscience about these things. Well, I hope you are, because I'm going to see that you keep sweating it out, pally. You know who you identified this afternoon, don't you? The wrong guy. Not that it makes too much of a difference to you people. You'll crucify him anyway. That's how you'll cover yourselves." And the voice softened. "Dirty, lying rats," it whispered at him. "Cheap four-flushers. I knew what you were, all of you, when I was ten years old. And if you want me to tell you now what I think of you. . . ."

"He just called me every name that you ever heard about," Walter Dempsey reported early the next morning to Inspector McAfee. "And it was him, all right. I know it! But I suppose you can see the angle, inspector. It just tickled him. Here he was able to call me up on my own phone and make a fool out of me. And what could I do about it? We never figured my phone. We never made any arrangements for trying to cover it."

"We will next time," McAfee grunted. He was a big, grim man with a straight mouth, iron-gray hair and hard, penetrating brown eyes. "As far as is possible, anyway. But now you don't think that he let anything slip while he was talking to you? I mean about where he was calling from; who was with him; and when he'd call again, maybe?"

The younger man leaned forward. "I told you what time he called, didn't I? Twenty minutes past four. Now that's pretty late in the night; so how did he know that all the lights were still on in my apartment? That hit you with anything?"

"I'm afraid not," McAfee grunted.

"Well, all I know," Dempsey said, "is that it hit me—after I sat up all night thinking about him. Look here, inspector. What I figured is that a fellow like him, with about $20,000 in cash as his half of the holdup money, probably went right out and bought a big, fancy new car for himself. Then suppose he sees my identification on television, laughs about it, and feels so good that he has to go out and have a big night on the town for himself? O.K. That makes him feel even better, so he looks me up in the book, when all the gin mills are closing, and drives past my apartment house on the way home. Now he's feeling real swell. He's got to call me. He's got to push the pin, inspector. And we know he went past my apartment house. Because the only way he could know that my apartment lights were still on even at that hour was by direct personal observation! All right. Think it out for a second. Right or wrong, inspector?"

"Right," McAfee snapped, after deliberating for a moment. "Right as rain, Dempsey. And I see what you're getting at. If he drove past your place last night, then he'll drive past it again sometime. He'll have to. He can't stop himself. And if he drives past it in that big, new car you're betting on, and late at night again—well, now. Let's just see about this. What kind of surroundings would we have to contend with up there? What's your address, boy?"

So they got together then and made certain arrangements, foolproof but unelaborate, and again that night over in Bay Ridge, walking home with Meg Hannafin from the neighborhood shopping center, Walter Dempsey began to explain about them. His street over in Manhattan ran one way, he told her—west to east—which meant, naturally, that any car coming into it had to enter from the Lexington Avenue end and drive past a big, new apartment house that was under construction.

"And right there we're going to have the neck of the bottle," he added grimly. "There's a night watchman on duty at that building, and by tomorrow night Jim McAfee is going to have a great big rut in the road, just like the construction people are digging through for the sewer connections. Now, any car that goes by will have to take it pretty easy over that rut, easy enough so that we can jot down the license number.

"We'll leave all the lights on up in my apartment, like they were the first time; we'll have somebody stationed up there all night, waiting for the phone to ring; so the minute this little rat calls up again, we'll be able to check back the next day, through the Motor Vehicle Bureau, on every single license number that we marked down before the phone call came in. We're betting that he'll repeat himself—that he'll drive past first, to see if I'm still up and sweating about everything, and then call me. So what?"

"So you'll catch him," Meg Hannafin said quietly. "I see. And then what will happen? When you do, Walter?"

"Now that's kind of a funny question, isn't it?" he demanded angrily. "Just what do you suppose will happen? Let him move so much as a finger, and I'll blow the whole top of his head off! Sometimes I can't quite figure you out, Meg. Here we got somebody who shot down your own brother, and yet you seem to expect me to hem and haw about picking him up as if—now cut it out. Just cut it out, Meg!"

"I wish I could cut it out," Meg Hannafin said, still quiet with him. "But I understand now that you intend to pay him back for what happened to Red, all right, no matter what he does—which means that this time you're going to shoot him down like a dog in a gutter. Why bother about a judge and a jury? Do it yourself. That's the satisfying emotional thing. Get down to his level. Feed all that black, crazy hate in you. Go on. Shoot him exactly the way he shot Red—in the back. Because that's what you're determined to do, isn't it? Isn't it, Walter?"

"What?" he said. "Why, you must be crazy. You must be out of your mind, Meg. What are you saying to me?"

"And you're not out of yours," Meg Hannafin said. "All right; perhaps so. But if you can do this in cold blood, Walter, if that's the sort of person you are . . . Why can't you listen to me? I don't want you to do this thing. Where's the good? Red wouldn't want it. Or doesn't that make any difference at all to you?"

"I only wish you'd had to talk to him on the phone," he said. "'How's good old Red Hannafin?' he asks me. Sneering about it, mind you; treating it as the biggest joke that he ever—and I heard him. I heard him, Meg. You didn't!"

"He's one kind of man—but I thought you were another. And if you're not——"

On Wednesday, over in Walter Dempsey's side street in mid-town Manhattan, certain procedures were put into effect under Inspector McAfee's supervision. From then on, during the hours of twelve to five every night, Sgt. Marty McDermott and a uniformed patrolman were posted near the Third Avenue corner in a basement areaway, while Dempsey concealed himself in a small watchman's hut diagonally opposite. So every new car was stopped and checked for occupants, for driver's license and for registration, while all the older ones, on the bare off chance, were looked up for names and addresses the next morning.

Then the Saturday night came. At one o'clock there was still a fair amount of vehicular traffic to be observed; at two o'clock there was nothing much save an occasional taxicab that rolled through; but at last three o'clock came, and five minutes past three—and a big, two-tone hardtop, brand-spanking new, that swung in toward them from Lexington Avenue. From the watchman's hut, Walter Dempsey could see the driver glance up at the lighted Dempsey apartment, grin to himself and turn his head to say something to the man sitting beside him. The watchman moved forward, waving his red lantern urgently. The car slowed, bouncing down into the rut and then out of it. Walter Dempsey revealed himself.

"O.K.," Walter Dempsey said, a bit breathless and effortful about it. He flashed his badge. "Just hold it a minute, will you? That's it. Now, where's your registration, and your driver's license?"

Sergeant McDermott, meanwhile, had popped up at the other side of the car with the uniformed patrolman. The driver looked quickly at them, hesitated a moment, as if gauging his chances here, and glanced back to Dempsey. "But what's going on?" he demanded. "They pass a new law, pally? I'm just driving home, see? And I don't think you——"

"Get out of that car!" Dempsey said, deathly pale suddenly, because it was the voice, all right—the voice that he was never going to forget again for as long as he lived. "Maybe I just wanted to tell you how Red Hannafin is doing these days. Because you're still asking around about him, aren't you?"

"About who?" the driver said. He lounged out with an air of negligent insolence—a thin, very dapper man, with a sharp chin, a loose mouth, sullen, but now-wary blue eyes and a pasty complexion. "About who, pally? Now don't get excited, hah? Let's just——"

And it was perfect then, exactly the way Walter Dempsey had wanted it, because the driver ducked back of the night watchman, thrust him forward against Dempsey and darted off. Sergeant McDermott yelled at him, and then fired hurriedly. Now, Dempsey thought. He had his service revolver already positioned and aimed in his right hand—he had had it there from the moment he moved up to the car door—but suddenly the watchman got hold of that hand, babbling something or other in sick fright, and then froze stupidly to it. By the time Dempsey had flung him off, the driver was crouched behind one of those oversized concrete mixers. He fired twice from back there, coming fairly close with his second shot, but not hitting anyone, and then ducked in behind the construction fence. Marty McDermott sprinted around, leaving the other man, who was still sitting frozen on the front seat of the car, for the cop in uniform.

"Let's take him from both sides!" Marty McDermott yelled. "Come on, Walter. We've still got him!"

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So they took him from both sides, separating immediately in the soft, thick shadow behind the construction fence. They knew the layout in here; the driver did not; and so Walter could move forward without making the least sound, edging ahead through a smell of wood dust and of cement powder, and skirting a pile of sand in the way and a pile of lumber beyond it. His heart was beginning to pump frantically; not from fear, however. From something else—from sick, shaking triumph. Anything to hear? Not yet, anyhow. He pushed on.

He came to a hall, eased down it in thick shadow, and found himself at the foot of an open elevator shaft. There he stopped, sheltering himself behind an exposed beam in order to listen once more. And there he heard Marty McDermott, at the other end of the hall, stumble awkwardly—and somebody else heard that too. There was sudden and furtive movement on the other side of the elevator shaft. A man appeared over there—the driver. He had his back to Dempsey. He had a gun in his right hand.

And so it was all perfect again; better than before, even. Three shots, Walter Dempsey decided hurriedly—and from the back; just like Red Hannafin. But no warning, of course. Had Red Hannafin been warned? "So I guess he heard me," Walter Dempsey could say afterward. "He started to turn around, anyway, and I could see him bringing up the gun, inspector. Then I fired at him, of course. I had to. What else could I do? I had the right to protect myself, didn't I?"

But now, still at the other end of the hall, was a stir among shadows. Marty McDermott? The driver hesitated, at any rate, froze rigidly over there and turned his head in profile to Walter Dempsey. He was covered with sweat, even in this weather, and his expression appeared to be one of naked and cringing physical fear. Walter Dempsey, who should have got off those three shots of his seconds ago and who hadn't for some fool reason, hesitated once more. *Fear?* Walter Dempsey thought. That didn't fit in, did it? Hate, yes. Hate was what Walter Dempsey had expected to meet here, and to treat in kind too. But fear. . . .

Marty McDermott crept into view. The driver shifted, rubbed his mouth desperately and raised his gun. "All right," Walter Dempsey heard himself order then, and in a thick, extraordinarily strangled manner, as if forcing himself, "you there; drop it. Drop it, I tell you. Watch out, Marty!"

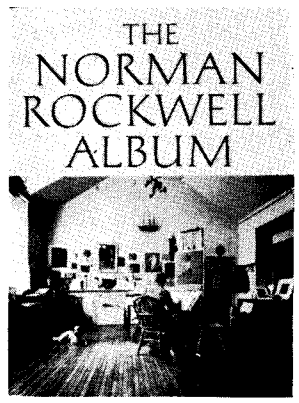
Marty McDermott dived forward; the driver turned quickly; and then at last Walter Dempsey found himself able to use that big service revolver of his. He was a trained marksman, of course, and at this distance he put his bullet exactly where he wanted to put it—the right forearm. The man's gun clattered down. The man himself dropped to both knees, pawing around for it, and he was screaming as Walter Dempsey yanked him erect.

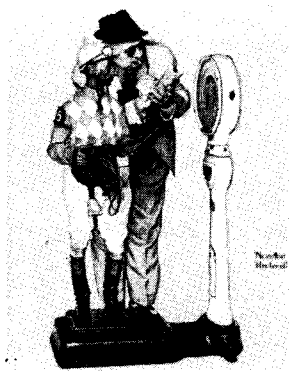
"But I tell you it's a funny thing," Walter Dempsey insisted the next morning, all scrubbed and shining then, and dutifully escorting Meg Hannafin to early church out in Bay Ridge. "I never thought we'd be able to convict him on the evidence we had, because I never imagined that he'd be stupid enough to keep carrying the same gun that he used on Red last Friday. Only that's what he did, Meg, and it's going to hang him, too, because we already checked it out through ballistics this morning. Even his pal's squawking now, about how he never meant to hurt anybody during the holdup, and how it's all the other fellow's fault; so when the trial comes along, we'll have everything we need to prove against him.

"Now that's fine, of course—just swell. But a couple of days ago I couldn't be sure that it was all going to drop into place like that. I had to figure, with nobody at all to identify these fellows, that they'd beat the charge in court even if we did manage to catch them sooner or later. Well, I just made up my mind that it was up to me to square the thing off for Red; so you were right about that part. I wanted to kill that one fellow for what he'd done. I felt I had to, after he talked to me on the phone like that. And then, when I had the chance actually, I couldn't do it to him the way I planned. I just couldn't make myself, Meg; and yet the whole thing had worked out perfect for me. But why couldn't I? Why, Meg? That's kind of peculiar, isn't it?"

She glanced up at him. Then she took hold of his arm firmly. "No," Meg Hannafin said. "I don't think it was peculiar at all. He could have done it like that, of course. He did it to Red like that. But then he had his kind of life behind him. Well, you had yours, didn't you? That's the important thing. So . . ."

Her hand tightened on him, proudly and yet secretly in some way—just for them. They went on together and up the church steps together. It was a fine, crisp February morning. Her face shone. Over them, suddenly and in clear, joyful paean, the bells rang. THE END





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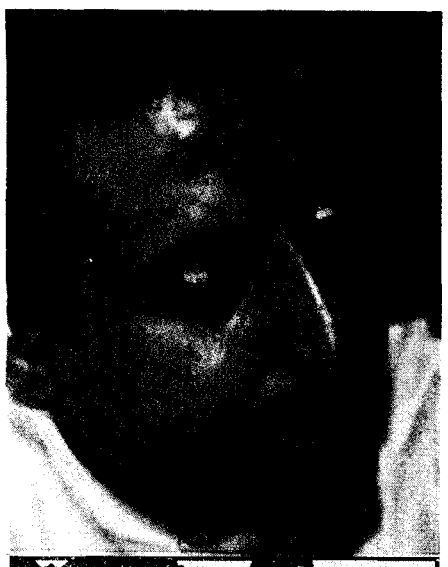
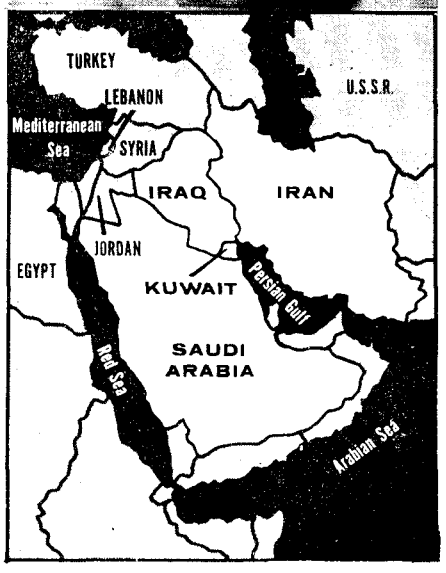
THE OIL OF THE ARAB





Sheik Abdullah H. Tariki, oil chief of Saudi Arabia: "Once we are strong enough to shut down all the wells and shut off the pipelines, the companies will suddenly see a great light. The world cannot live without Mideast oil." This strategically essential region contains two thirds of the world's known oil supply.

The second in a series of reports from The Post *writer-photographer team in the Middle East.*

Sheik Abdullah H. Tariki, Saudi Arabia's general director of petroleum and mineral affairs, is a handsome young Arab with large soft eyes, slim soft hands, a low soft voice—and a mind as hard and cold and abrasive as an oil-well drill bit.

As a director of Aramco, the huge combine of American companies which takes more than a million barrels of crude oil a day from the ancient rocks that lie beneath the sands of the Arabian Desert, it is Mr. Tariki's duty to keep this oil flowing by pipeline and tanker to the markets of the world, making as much money as possible for his company. To this task he brings a vast knowledge of the complex oil business, acquired at the University of Texas and by self-study; and his counsels are listened to with respect.

As a representative of Saudi Arabia on Aramco's board, however, he plays another role. It is his responsibility to insure that His Majesty King Saud and the swarm of sheiks and princes who make up the Saudi royal family get a larger and larger share of the proceeds from Aramco's operations, though their slice is already running at more than $300,000,000 a year. This task he works at constantly, prodding his American confreres with the impatience of a hungry Bedouin roasting a sheep over a slow fire.

His long-range goals are of broader scope. As a dedicated Arab nationalist, he is determined that oil-producing countries of the Arab world shall in time hold full control of their petroleum resources. Only in this way, he feels, can the Arab nations exert the global political and economic power which Allah in his wisdom has destined them to wield.

Mr. Tariki, at first meeting, does not give the impression of being one of those fiercely belligerent Arab patriots who view the Western world with anger and distrust. In his long white *mishla*, buttoned to the neck with gold buttons, with his red-checked headcloth flipped jauntily back over the ears, he looks, instead, like one of the young Arab princelings who joyously squander their oil royalties in the casinos of Beirut. In his quietly luxurious apartment in Cairo, richly decorated with Chinese bronzes, Japanese porcelains, and Indian silver, he welcomes guests politely with the courtly hospitality for which the Arab is famed.

It is only when he starts to talk of oil that an angry impatience begins to glow beneath the surface courtesy. He is obviously a man who sees great power lying almost within his grasp, and he is determined to seize that power when the time seems ripe.

"Allah made nothing without cause," he says. "He made the great deserts that are useless to man. But he buried oil beneath them. It is Arab oil. It must be used for the Arab's benefit. Today others can use our oil to further their interests, which may not coincide with ours."

The oil, buried in a great basin that stretches from the southern slopes of Turkey's Taurus Mountains to the shores of the Arabian Sea, and from Iran's eastern borders to Saudi Arabia's western shore, constitutes what is probably the world's greatest reservoir of mineral wealth. Reserves estimated at 181,000,000,000 barrels, two thirds of the free world's known oil supply, have already been discovered; millions of square miles, on land and in the waters of the Persian Gulf, remain to be explored. Tiny Kuwait, a sun-parched desert little bigger than Connecticut, has proved reserves of 62,000,000,000 barrels, exceeding the total reserves of North and South America combined. Beneath the dunes and bare gravel plains of Saudi Arabia lie 50,000,000,000 barrels more. Iraq has 25,000,000,000 barrels in reserve, Iran 35,000,000,000. The total reserves in the United States are estimated at 33,500,000,000 barrels.

The development of this oil by British, French, Dutch and American companies has brought wealth to one of the poorest, hungriest areas of the world. Each year more than $1,500,000,000—one half the oil companies' profits—are collected by Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Iraq, Iran and the tiny feudal sheikdoms of Bahrain, Qatar and Abu Dhabi. Lebanon, Jordan, Syria and Egypt, which have no oil, or little of it, earn millions more for permitting the oil to transit their lands by pipeline and canal. Kuwait, with fewer than 400,000 people, earns more than $400,000,000 yearly in oil revenues. Saudi Arabia's take is roughly $310,000,000, Iran's $250,000,000; Iraq, where Premier Kassim harasses the oil companies, gets $235,000,000 a year. From 1950 through 1959, the oil companies paid Saudi Arabia, $2,475,000,000, Kuwait $2,032,000,000, Iraq $1,533,000,000, and Iran $1,064,000,000 in oil royalties and taxes.

Much of this money has been squandered on the pleasures of the ruling families, with Mr. Tariki's Saudi princes being particularly flamboyant in this respect. A great many millions, on the other hand, have been wisely spent. With the encouragement of the oil companies, frequently with their financial and technical help, roads and railroads have opened up hinterlands where only camel caravans once traveled. Deserts have been irrigated, mud-walled towns have been transformed into modern cities with electric lights, clean water supplies and sewage systems. Schools by the hundreds have been built along with modern hospitals.

The oil money is beginning to trickle down to those who need it most. King Saud may build a $30,000,000 palace to house his wives and concubines. At the same time many a nomad has improved his lot in what is for him an equally spectacular manner; he has moved *his* wives out of a goat-hair tent into a five-room house.

By keeping pressure on the oil companies, the oil-producing countries over the years have pushed their share of profits up from the roughly 16 percent granted under the old concessions to the more than 50 percent they are demanding, and receiving, today. The sheiks, on the whole, are content with ever-increasing revenues. But the fiercely nationalistic, Western-educated young Arabs, such as Mr. Tariki, are less interested in money. They want the global political power that goes with control of the Mideast's oil.

A simple diagram showing the flow of the oil, from the tanker ports on the Persian Gulf and the pipeline terminals on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, clearly reveals to what degree oil is an instrument of global politics. Every day tankers from the Mideast deliver 2,500,000 barrels of oil to the refineries of Western Europe. These are our allies, the NATO countries. If this oil were cut off, their factories would shut down, the booming economy which supports their armies would collapse, and our defense against the land armies of Mr. Khrushchev would crumble. Our basic interest in the Mideast's oil lies in the fact that it is the foundation on which the free world's strength is built.

The delivery of this oil depends on an industrial complex of tanker fleets and pipelines, refineries and tank farms and gas pumps serving the ultimate consumer. In these operations the oil-producing countries have no share. Until they do, Mr. Tariki points out, the Mideastern countries will never be able to exert the power to which their ownership of the oil entitles them. Therefore, at meetings of the oil-producing and exporting countries, he preaches a doctrine of integration. The producing countries must push, not only for a greater and greater share of royalties, but for a share in the total operation. To achieve this, they must act in concert.

"Some day," he says, "we will unite. Once we are strong enough to shut down all the wells, and close the Suez Canal and shut off the pipelines—even if only for

Photographs by John Bryson

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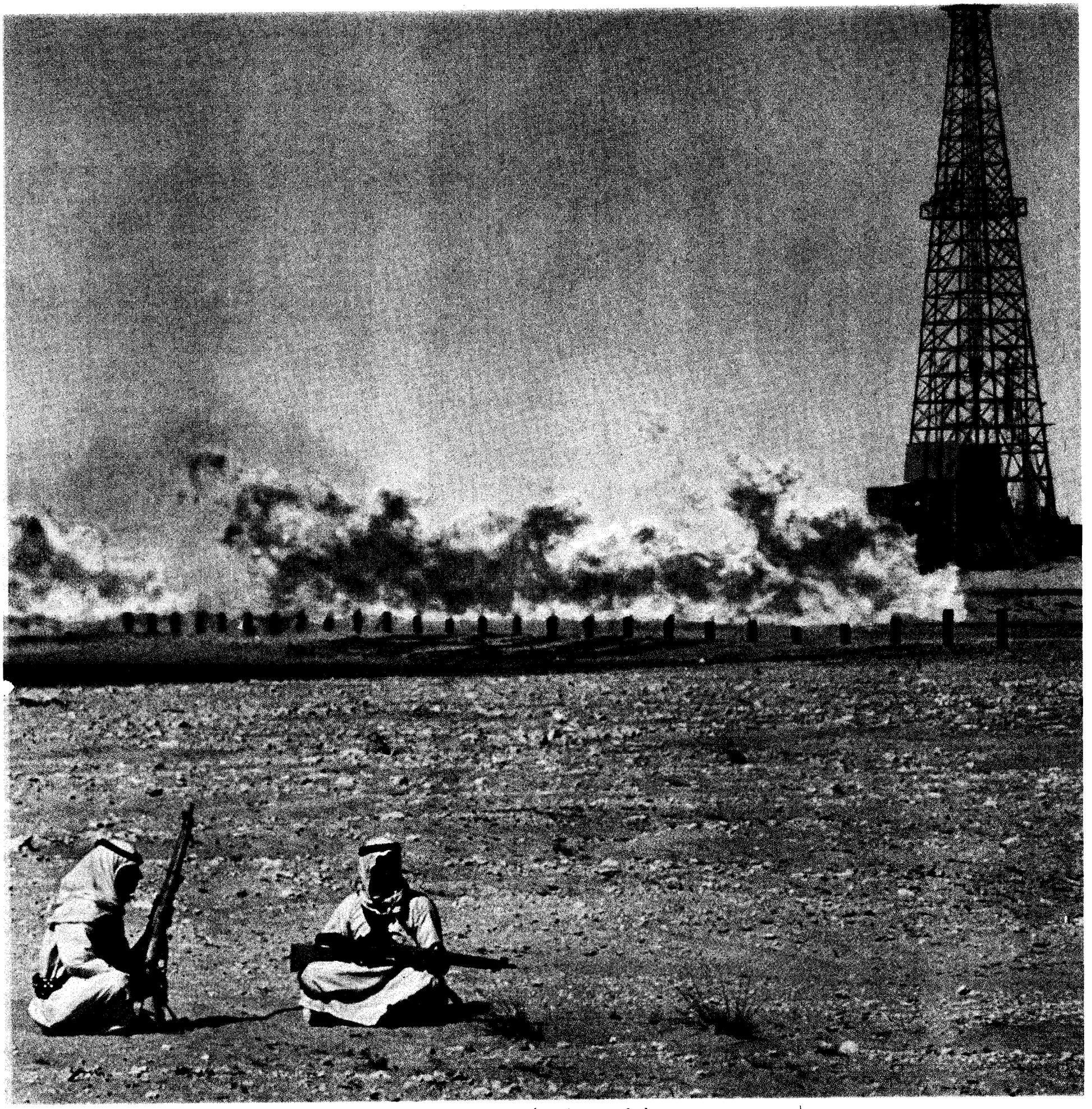
BY HAROLD H. MARTIN

WORLD

FOR THE TURBULENT MIDEAST, OIL IS BOTH A SOURCE OF INCREDIBLE RICHES AND IMMENSE PROBLEMS.



Bedouin guards on the alert in Kuwait's oil-drenched desert. (Background: burning waste gas.)

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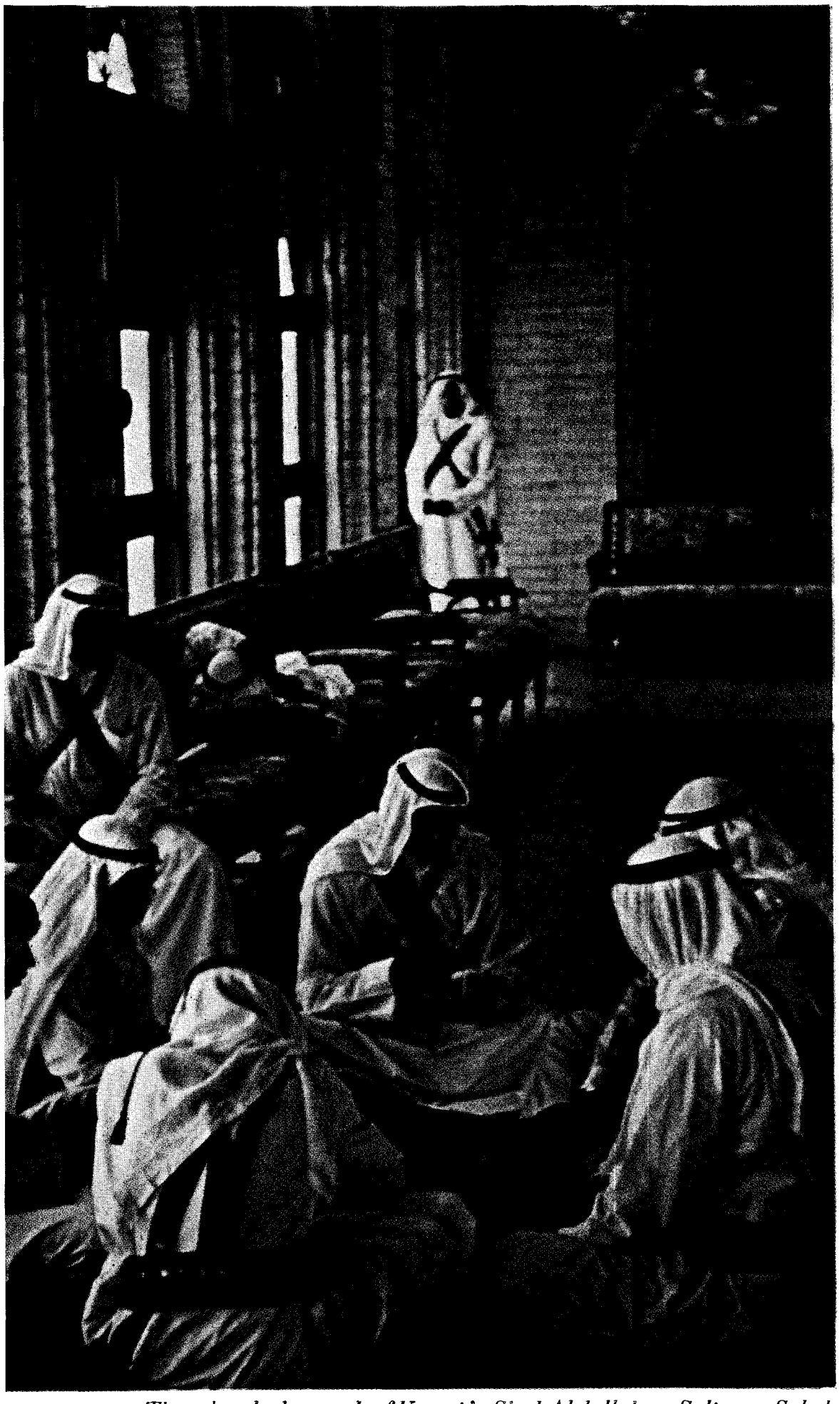
"MUCH MONEY HAS BEEN SQUANDERED ON PLEASURES OF RULING FAMILIES . . ."



The palace bodyguards of Kuwait's Sheik Abdullah as-Salim as-Sabah lounge at cards. Amid peace and wealth they have had little else to do.

a few days—the companies will suddenly see a great light. The world cannot live without the Mideast's oil."

The weakness in Mr. Tariki's position lies in the fact that at the moment there is more oil available than the world can use; and in Algeria and Libya great new fields are coming in. The Arabs of those countries hunger for some of the wealth their brethren to the East have been enjoying, and it is unlikely that their spirit of brotherhood could overcome their avarice if Europe were desperate for oil.

Nonetheless, Mr. Tariki's soft-voiced threats cause leaders of the international oil companies to sweat with anxiety. They know that throughout the Mideast the threat of nationalization hangs over their heads.

The struggle for control of the Mideast's oil goes back a long way. When, shortly after World War I, it became clear that we must find oil reserves beyond our shores, the Mideast was the logical place to look. The British had preceded us, however, by nearly twenty years, and they guarded their rights in the area fiercely. In 1908 they had brought in the Mideast's first great oil field at a place in Persia called Masjid-i-Sulaiman; and at Abadan, on the Persian Gulf, they had built what was to become the world's biggest petroleum refinery. Ignoring the promises they had made during World War I to the Arabs—or that the Arabs *thought* they had made—to create a great Arab nation out of the wreckage of the old Ottoman Empire, they began to divide the rest of the Mideast between themselves and the French. Part of this division involved German oil concessions in Iraq, which were seized by the British as spoils of World War I.

We had fought a pretty good war against the Germans too, our diplomats pointed out; if there was loot to be passed around, we wanted our share. The diplomatic infighting continued until 1928. When the dust cleared away, the Near East Development Company, jointly owned by Standard of New Jersey, Standard of New York, Gulf, Atlantic Refining and Pan American Petroleum and Transport Company, owned a 23.75 percent interest in Iraq's oil. The rest belonged to the British, French, Dutch and a crafty old Armenian named Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian.

Americans at last had elbowed their way into the world's richest oil-producing area. Once in, they moved fast. In 1928 Gulf discovered that a British syndicate had obtained a concession to drill for oil on the tiny island of Bahrain, in the Persian Gulf. Gulf bought an option on these rights, which it offered to share with its partners in the Iraqi operation. They were not interested. Geologists said that the presence of oil in Bahrain was doubtful. Nor could Gulf be permitted to exploit this area on its own. In 1927 the British, French and Dutch, who did not trust one another, had marked a red line around the old Ottoman Empire in the Mideast. Each had agreed that none, individually, would develop oil production within this area. Gulf, as a shareholder with them in Iraq, was bound by this agreement.

Thus forestalled, Gulf sold its option to Standard Oil Company of California, which as a newcomer to the Mideast was not restricted by the Red Line agreement. Gulf then switched its sights to the little sheikdom of Kuwait, an independent kingdom outside the Red Line. Out of these maneuvers came the discovery of the world's richest oil field: the great reservoir beneath the shorelines and shallow waters of the Persian Gulf.

The British in Iran were not happy about these new enterprises. By making proposals and counterproposals, they kept the Americans out of Kuwait for five years. The battle was a draw. When the contract finally was signed, Gulf and British Petroleum, in which the British Government held a 56 percent share, each owned half of the Kuwait Oil Company. Last year Kuwait's wells,

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"ON THE OTHER HAND, A GREAT MANY MILLIONS HAVE BEEN WISELY SPENT."

flowing at an average of 5000 barrels per well per day, produced 594,000,000 barrels of oil.

Meanwhile, as Standard of California moved to exploit its concession in Bahrain, the British lion began to roar in protest. Years before, it seemed, the rulers of Bahrain had promised to have no dealings with business firms not owned and managed by British subjects. Socal got around this by incorporating its Bahrain Petroleum Company, called Bapco, in Canada. The first wells, drilled in 1932, struck oil.

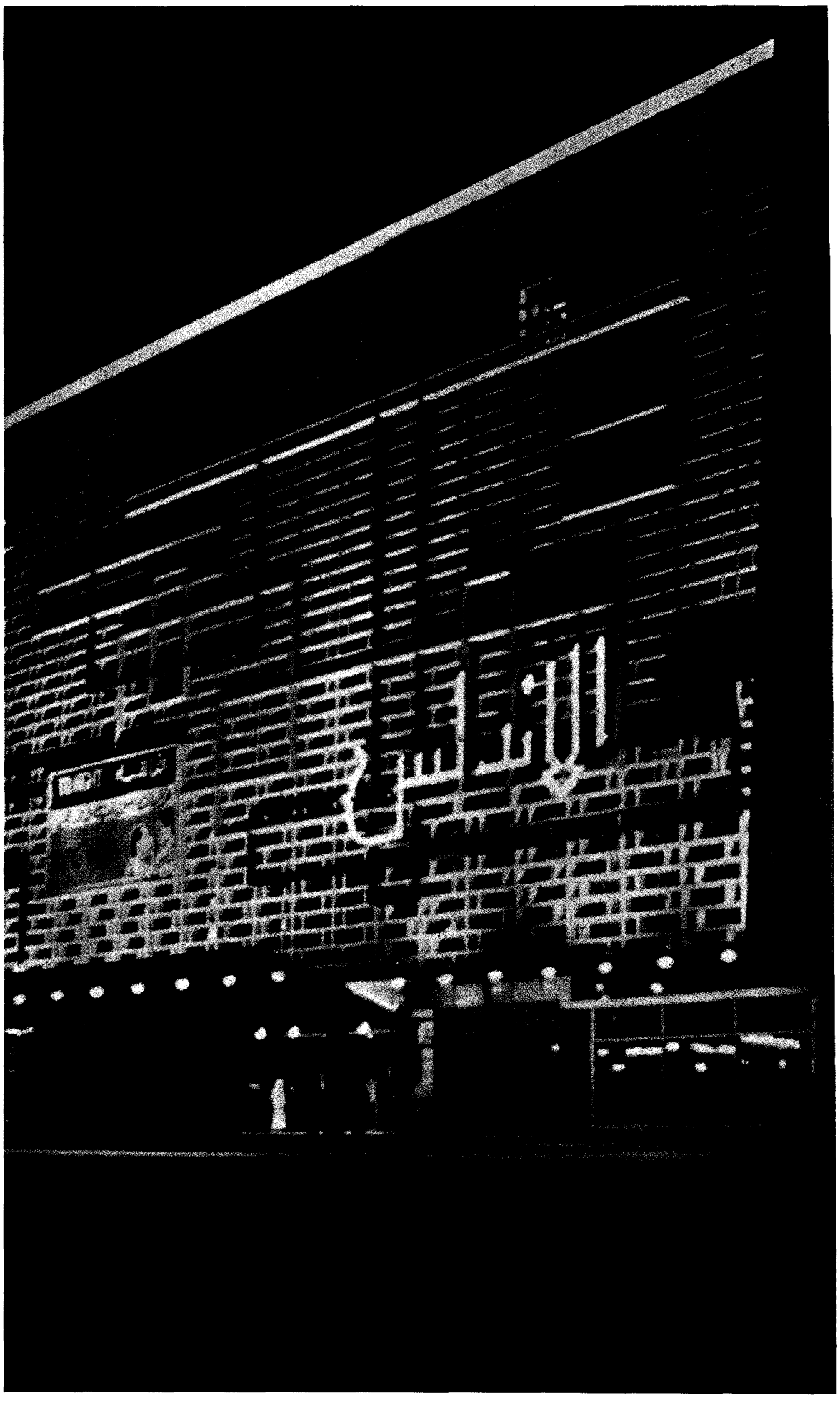
The news alerted oilmen all over the world. If there was oil here, there should be oil beneath the mainland of Saudi Arabia, twenty-five miles away. Standard of California jumped across the inlet to find out. The British moved in to block them, and for more than a year, British and American representatives poured their arguments into the ears of old Ibn Saud, the feudal ruler of Saudi Arabia.

Finally the old king made up his mind. The Americans, he said, lived far away. They seemed interested only in oil. They would not be likely to interfere in Saudi Arabia's internal affairs. The British, he implied, always mixed politics with their oil. In November of 1933 Saudi Arabia granted a concession to the California Arabian Standard Oil Company which covered 440,000 square miles, an area as big as Texas and California combined. Four months later two geologists, R.P. (Bert) Miller, and S.B. (Krug) Henry, wearing beards and Arab dress to avoid startling the Saudis, who had never seen a Westerner, pulled in by launch from Bahrain to survey the new domain. In March of 1938 the great reservoir was tapped at 4727 feet. By then Socal and Texaco, Inc., which had come in as a partner, had spent more than $25,000,000. Before the companies had time fully to explore the rich find, World War II began. Drilling was stopped, flowing wells were plugged, and the Americans went home.

Exploration after the war proved that the field was so huge and rich that vast additional resources would be needed to develop it. The old Red Line Agreement had been scrapped, and Standard of New Jersey and Socony Mobil now were free to come in as partners. Thus, after more than 30 years of diplomatic and financial eye gouging, five huge American companies, including Gulf in Kuwait, owned a 40-percent interest in the Mideast's oil. Finally, in 1954, the five American companies broke into Britain's last stronghold, Iran. In 1951, a lachrymose old premier named Mossadegh had nationalized the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and chased the British out. For three years, with no markets in which to sell her oil, Iran lost revenues that had been running at roughly $100,000,000 a year. Mossadegh's government fell and his successor signed a new agreement. The oil remained nationalized, but its production and marketing was turned over to a consortium of British, American, French and Dutch interests. Later, eight small American independents were brought in to divide a 5-percent share. Profits were split fifty-fifty with the government.

For several years after the war the great oil oligarchy was the world's biggest and smoothest-running industrial enterprise. Wherever oil was needed oil flowed. Production was carefully controlled to avoid gluts. Markets were allocated to those companies which could serve them most economically. Prices were "stabilized" to avoid cutthroat competition, and great emergencies were taken in stride. When Nasser closed the Suez Canal, tanker fleets were pooled, tankers were rerouted around Cape Horn, and pipeline flows were stepped up to keep the oil moving to Europe.

Today the operation is less smooth. The big companies are being harassed by oil-hungry newcomers, as the Americans once harassed the British. The Japanese



A new public theater in Kuwait: it symbolizes the way in which Arabian oil can turn "medieval towns into modern cities with electric lights."

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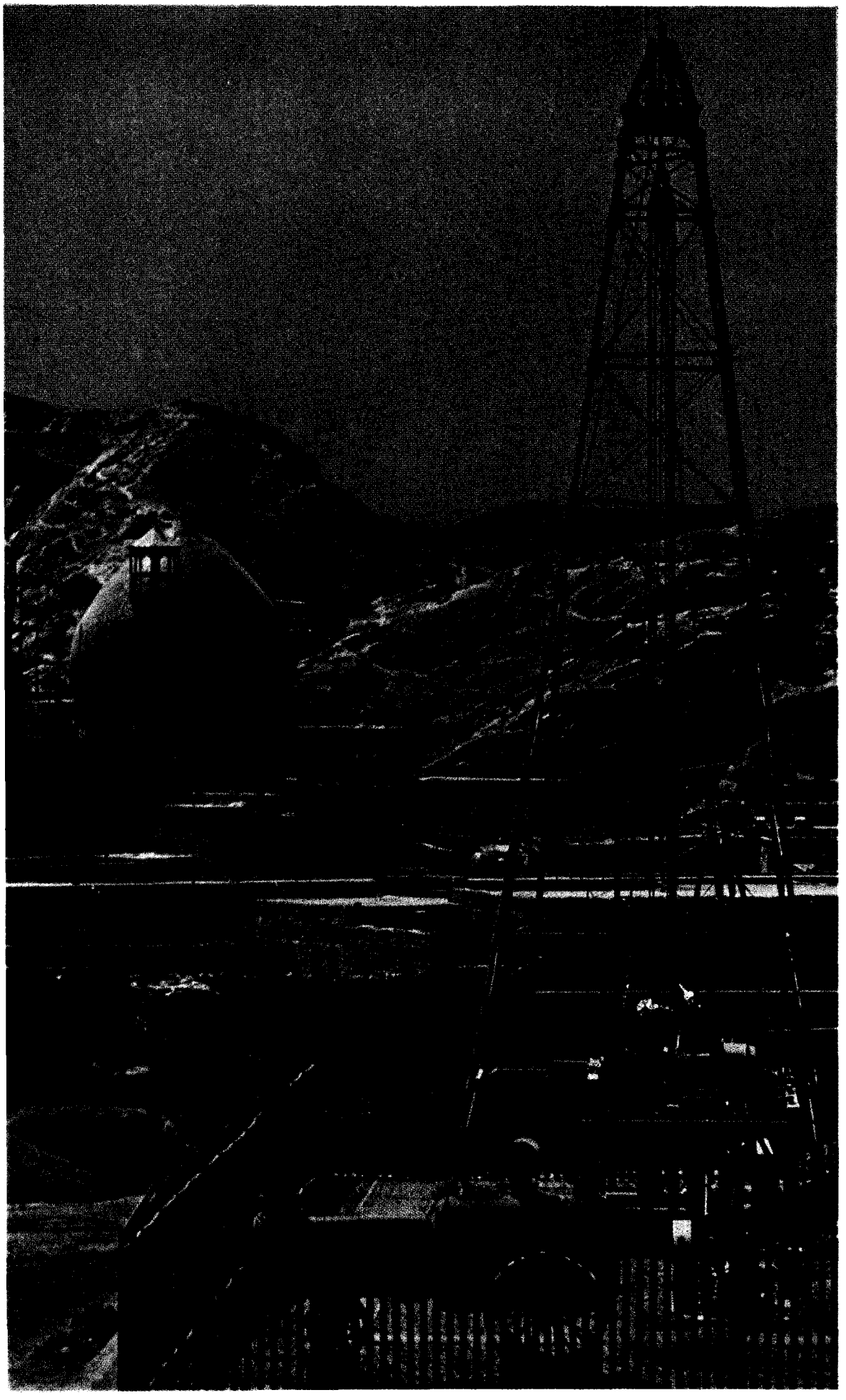
"ALLAH MADE THE DESERT—AND HE BURIED THE OIL BENEATH IT."



Masjid-i-Sulaiman, Iran: The well that opened the Mideast oil fields in 1908. Over 115,000,000 tons of oil have poured from this field alone.

have moved in, offering producing countries a share in the profits not only of production but of refining and marketing, a step toward the integration which Mr. Tariki demands. The Italians, in order to obtain a new concession, are willing to accept only 25 percent as their share. A dozen American independents are now on the scene, offering huge cash bonuses, plus a greater-than-50-percent share of profits. As an added harassment, the Russians are upsetting world price patterns by dumping cheap oil on the market.

Countries whose lands are still bound by old concessions are struggling to break them, so that the freed lands can be leased again on more generous terms.

"These contracts were made when the Arab countries were too poor and ignorant to know the value of what they were selling," says Mr. Tariki. "No concession is any good if the people are dissatisfied with it."

Bound by no marketing agreements, the newcomers, like the Russians, sell oil at whatever price they can get. The big companies, to compete, must cut their prices well below the posted Persian Gulf prices, which range for the various grades from $1.42 to $2.19 a barrel. To keep the sheiks happy, however, they have kept on paying royalties based on the posted price.

In time, the maneuvering of the Russians may prove a greater threat to the stability of the free world's oil supplies than the price cutting of newcomers. Russia is bartering oil around the world—for Iceland's fish, Cuba's sugar, Guinea's cocoa, Ceylon's tea. She is also selling oil for seventy-five cents a barrel, which is about what the international companies must pay in tax and royalties for the cheapest grade of Mideastern crude. Russia is obviously using her oil as a political weapon, for in countries under her economic control she sells her oil at double the world price.

"It's easy to see what she's up to," one troubled oilman said. "Once she gets a country dependent on her cut-rate oil, she can wreck its economy any time she wants to by turning off the tap. She can wreck NATO without firing a shot."

West Europe's statesmen are aware of the threat implicit in Russia's cheap oil, which is coming into free-world markets at the rate of 450,000 barrels a day. As a protective measure, the European Economic Community has attempted to restrict Russia's imports to 10 percent of any individual country's needs. Italy has refused; she receives about 15 percent of her oil requirements from Russia and is refining cheap Russian crude and marketing it throughout Europe.

From our standpoint there is one political advantage to be gained from Russia's efforts to invade the free world's markets: It is making the Arabs angry. Mr. Emile Bustani, of Lebanon, father of the idea of an Arab Development Bank through which the oil-producing Arab nations would finance worthy projects for poorer neighbors, puts the Arab's bitterness into words. In a speech before a recent meeting of Mideastern oil producers, to which Soviet observers listened with angry scowls, he said:

"Our hopes lie with the West. Our onetime worst enemies are now our best customers. The Russians, by dumping their cheap oil on the markets of the world, are proving themselves to be the enemies of the Arabs.

"The West now understands that the only way it can insure supplies of Arab oil is to respect the independence of the Arab states and the struggle for a liberal way of life being waged within them. Therefore," he concluded, "the time has come to repay the West in positive coin for its attempts, fumbling though they may be at times, to adopt a policy of understanding toward us. It is the time not to harass them, but to help them."

The oilmen hope that Mr. Tariki was listening.

THE END

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Sid Abel, pictured above at Olympia Stadium, has been a *Red Wing* for 17 years—13 years as a player, 4 years as coach. "And I've been a tea drinker a lot longer than that," Abel says. "I like the boost it gives me."

Why Sid Abel's Detroit Red Wings drink tea, the hot refresher

"After a 20-minute hockey period, our guys are really ready for a couple of cups of hot tea," says Sid Abel, "and after a couple of cups of hot tea they're really ready for another 20 minutes of hockey, too. That's the beautiful thing about this drink. It helps refresh a man back into top form, helps keep him playing that way. It's a real refresher."

Sid Abel and his *Detroit Red Wings* are only a few of the thousands of coaches and athletes who swear by tea, the hot refresher.

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"Tea jugs, a heating rod and quart-size tea bags are standard equipment with the *Red Wings* when we hit the road," says Abel, shown at left with Gordie Howe. "No matter where we're playing, we have ourselves a cup or two of hot tea before the game, and tea's always the first thing on the list between periods."

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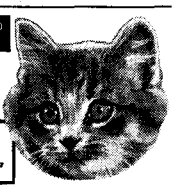

LOWE'S, INC., Dept. 279, Cassopolis, Michigan

A COMEBACK OFFSTAGE

continued from page 31

"What else?" Burke asked. "It's too late for an old dog to change now."

Mike brought out a very expensive bottle of Scotch, poured a double into a small highball glass, added one cube of ice and a little water. Burke savored the first sip, comparing the taste to that of the rotgut he and his VA friends sometimes drank out at the joints in Santa Monica. Then Bernard, the headwaiter, approached him, saying, "Your table's ready any time you want it, Mr. Burke."

"I think I'll have a couple here at the bar, Bernard," Burke said. "I don't get much of a chance to visit with Mike."

"That's right, Mr. Burke," Mike said heartily. "I never thought you'd have abandoned this town."

Burke wondered if it were possible for anyone, let alone a bartender, not to know that the town had given *him* up.

The bar suddenly filled up and Mike was busy. Burke looked up and down the bar, and he was amused, as he always had been, by the look of pinched, nervous anxiety on both the male and female faces—the Hollywood look. *Was the last picture any good? Will there be a next one? Will we get that Christmas booking at the Music Hall? Manuel looked funny at me at lunch today. Did it mean anything? Is anyone important seeing me here at the bar? Or is anyone unimportant seeing me? Out here two drinks in public and you're a lush. Three drinks in public and you're ready for the sanitarium.*

And the relatively new set of worriers, who mostly had been flunked out by motion pictures and retreated into television. *If the Trendex isn't up next Thursday, we'll never go past thirteen weeks. Can you imagine—the old ham had three full days to memorize his part and fluffed at least twenty lines; almost threw us into golden time. The trouble is, the actors and the agents own the business; you don't tell them what to do—they tell you!*

Burke got a second drink and sat there, listening to the frightened talk, watching the panic-stricken faces without seeming to. These were different people than he had dealt with, but still they were the same. His enjoyment was interrupted by a deep contralto voice saying, "Well, Gavin Burke! Where have *you* been?"

Burke looked quickly to his left and saw a tall woman, nearing forty. If you didn't care for high-fashion models—which Burke didn't—her figure was still good; the complexion had survived most of the ravages of time, and her eyes were dark and arresting.

"Nora!" Burke said with pleasure.

He started to get off the stool but she restrained him, saying, "Watch the bad gam, kid. How is it?"

"Better," Burke said, adding as an afterthought. "The surgeons at Harkness Pavilion are very pleased."

The woman called Nora, who was now on the stool beside him, said, "Harkness Pavilion, yet! If anything happened to me, I'd be lucky to get into Los Angeles General—although it's just come to me I might be able to sneak my way into the Motion Picture Country Hospital, and that wouldn't be a bad deal. I could sit around all day explaining how big I was to people who were just as stupid as I'd been." She looked around her and said, *sotto voce*, "Order me a drink, will you? I'm beginning to get the unaccompanied-woman look from both the help and the management." Mike delivered her a drink, whereupon she looked at Bernard, the headwaiter; at Robb, the owner; and at the bartender, saying, "These creeps. Not so long ago, it was 'Yes, Miss Brahms; no Miss Brahms; that will be all right, Miss Brahms—fourteen for dinner instead of twelve.' And now I have to sponge a drink at the bar!"

Amused, Burke asked, "How did you happen to get in this spot?"

"That dope, Jerry Mattern. Through some mistake, I got invited to a cocktail party last week—I guess maybe Roberta Wills grabbed one of her old address books—and Jerry was there and asked me to dinner here tonight. The bum isn't here and hasn't got a reservation. How drunk can you get? I'll give him ten more minutes; then I get on my bus. Cripes, can you imagine me in a bus?"

"No," Burke said gravely, "I can't."

"I even know all the routes," Nora Brahms said. "I give directions. 'You want to go to Hollywood and Vine,' I say, 'you take 91W.' And so on. I know how to get to Burbank or Culver City on a bus." She looked at Burke more closely. "You don't look like a bus rider."

in next week's POST:
THEY THINK WE HAVE THE "EVIL EYE"
Intimate Revelations of a Crippled Person's Viewpoint
BY BENTZ PLAGEMANN

"Well," Burke said gallantly, "neither do you look like one."

Nora glanced down impersonally at the quite suitable black dress she was wearing. "That was one thing," she said. "When the troops fell back, I still had clothes I hadn't taken out of the box. I later sold most of them. Thank goodness I kept a few. This one I think I've remade about four times."

"You'd never guess it."

"Yeah, I know," Nora sighed. "It looks like I'd never touched it." She looked down at the dress again. "Wouldn't it kill you? This one, as I remember, cost me six hundred bucks."

"Women," Burke said severely, "are rooked on their clothes."

"Don't give me that stuff, kid!" Nora said, eying Burke's suit more carefully. "Those threads you're wearing didn't cost any less than two hundred fifty. How do you do it? I'd have sworn you spent and gave away money even faster than I."

"Well," Burke said modestly, "I had a business manager who invested part of my income in things that weren't immediately negotiable."

"Mine tried the same thing," Nora sighed. "The only thing, he did too good. They *never* became negotiable. Where's your principal pad?"

"Nowhere in particular," Burke said, waving his hand carelessly. "The Bahamas, Jamaica or somewhere like that in winter; Maine or Long Island in the summer; New York, sometimes."

Burke ordered another round, then asked, "Well, how are you getting along?" He sensed that this might have been along the wrong line of questioning.

Nora grinned and said, "You can wipe that here-comes-the-touch look off your face." Burke flushed and Nora quickly said, "I'm sorry, Gavin—that was a low blow. You were never like that. But there are plenty who are. You say hello to them, and they grab for their wallets and hold on tight. Anyway, you remember Tippy Andrews?"

Burke did. Tippy Andrews had been an assistant director who had been blacklisted from the industry because he had shown the poor judgment to fall in love with the daughter of the great Joe B. Nation, the head of Peerless Studios.

"So," Nora went on, "Tippy came to me selling uranium stock, and I bought some just to help him along. At that time I thought uranium was something you put on the lawn. Well, a long time afterward I was cleaning out a desk I was selling, and there it was—all those shares of Wonder Uranium, Limited. I checked on it just for laughs, and I'm still laughing. It brings me a little more than four hundred bucks a month."

"Wonder Uranium," Burke murmured. With hideous clarity a picture came to his mind of Tippy Andrews selling *him* some of the stock—only his wasn't in an old desk. To help Tippy out, he had paid him the asking price for the shares and then had told Tippy to keep the stock and sell it to some other sucker. "Whatever happened to Tippy?"

"Well," she said, "the company couldn't pay him cash for what they owed him, so he had to take it out in stock. Right now, Tippy owns about half of Beverly Hills, Bel Air and Brentwood."

Burke murmured weakly, "It seems to me that I still have some of that stock."

"Good for you!" Nora said heartily. Then she looked at her watch and sighed. "Well, Jerry Mattern isn't going to make it. Thanks for the drinks, Gavin. Maybe I'll see you the next time I get stood up."

She started to get down from her stool, but Burke held her arm and said, "Wait a minute. As long as you don't have anything else to do, have dinner with me."

"I surely will," Nora said.

Their dinner was very good, quite different from what came out of the VA kitchens. When Burke ordered a bottle of fine red wine, he hardly gave a thought to the picayune little economies he would have to practice for the next month.

They were having liqueur and coffee when Mr. Joe B. Nation, their mutual former employer, saw Burke and Nora together. He stopped.

"Gavin!" he said. "How are you?"

"Fine, Joe," Burke said easily. "You remember Nora Brahms, don't you?"

"Are you kiddin'?" Nation demanded. "Boy, do I remember Nora! How come I never see you anywhere, honey?"

"Because," Nora said clearly, "you and the other melonheads decided at the same time that I was too old."

"Now, Nora," Nation protested, "it wasn't exactly that." He turned quickly to Burke. "What's with you, Gavin?"

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Burke shrugged. "Retired. Traveling mostly."

"Nonsense! You're too young to retire. What's the matter with you?"

"Just lazy, I guess. And as I said, I like to travel."

"Boy, do I remember! That time when you were shooting *Blue Eden* and you went to Hawaii right in the middle of the picture—and took half the cast yet! That cost me a hundred thousand bucks."

"Yeah," Nora said. "So what happened? It grossed bigger than any picture up to that time."

Nation said, "At that time, any big picture made money."

"Ha!" Nora cried scornfully. "Like that four-million-dollar bomb your fatheaded son directed."

Paying no attention to Nora, Joe Nation said to Burke, "Where can I get in touch with you?"

Carelessly Burke answered, "I'm leaving town tomorrow and won't be back for about a month. However, I keep a post-office box out at the Village Station. If you ever want to get in touch with me there, someone drops by a couple of times a week and forwards my mail."

Nation took out a small notebook and a gold pencil and put down the box number as Nora said, "What is it? You want to sell him the studio?"

Nation looked up, startled. Burke smiled indulgently, saying, "You know Nora, Joe. Always exaggerating a little."

"I'll be in touch with you, Gavin," Nation said. He favored Nora with only the slightest nod, then went to his table. Nora sighed and said, "They can always smell it when you don't need it."

"Yeah," Burke answered. He was looking at his liqueur, successfully hiding his elation. It was something like this that he'd been building up to. Even though nothing in particular came of it, just a mere visit to Nation's office could set off events somewhere else.

Nora lived in a small stucco bungalow in Westwood, just south of Wilshire. As she put her key into the front door, she said to Burke, "After the sale of the house and the auction of the effects, I had just enough to buy this dump. Managed to save out a few pieces too."

The pieces she'd saved looked quite spectacular in the cramped living room, including as they did an Aubusson rug and some furniture which, as she explained, "had been knocked together by an old carpenter named Sheraton." The effect was that of a nice warm clutter.

She went out to the kitchen and eventually came back with glasses, ice and a whisky bottle which she looked at distastefully. She said, "I wouldn't feed this stuff to the help, if I had any help. But it's all I've got."

Naturally Burke didn't tell Nora that, while her whisky wasn't the highest achievement of the distiller's art, it still was superior to the mislabeled liniment that he drank throughout the month.

They sat and drank and talked for a long time, recalling personalities, places and pranks from the past.

"I thought for sure you were in love with me once," Nora said wistfully. "But that was the year that Ingrid Davanny came on the lot."

"Yes," Burke said, grimacing, "that was the year." Ingrid Davanny had become Mrs. Gavin Burke, and the subsequent settlement and alimony would have driven Bing Crosby into bankruptcy—as, in fact, it had Gavin Burke.

"Just for curiosity's sake," Nora asked, "what did Joe Nation pay you a week?"

"Six thousand," Burke answered.

"Yah!" Nora jeered triumphantly. "I always knew I made more than you. The last couple of years of my deal, I drew *ten* thousand!"

"Well," Burke said apologetically, "I was never a very good businessman. That is," he added hastily, "until after I got out of pictures."

"I'm afraid," Nora said, "I've been a very grave disappointment to the Internal Revenue Service."

Burke asked, "Don't you do *any* work?"

She shrugged. "A little TV. I'm usually the poor little widow woman what's having her ranch stole from her by the mean, scheming foreman, which she trusts. But Steve McQueen or Chuck Connors or someone like that always gets around in time to fix things up."

And so it went until it finally was two o'clock in the morning. Burke stood up reluctantly, took his hat and cane, and said, "Nora, I can't tell you how swell it's been."

"My pleasure," Nora said. "Don't you want a cab?"

"There's a stand over on Westwood Boulevard," Burke said hastily. "Just enough of a walk to do me good." He kissed her gently on the lips. "I'll call you the next time I'm in town, in about a month. Or maybe," he added thoughtfully, "even sooner."

On the bus back to Sawtelle, he tried to apply himself to thinking of his exact strategy if Joe Nation should get in touch with him, instead of basking in the

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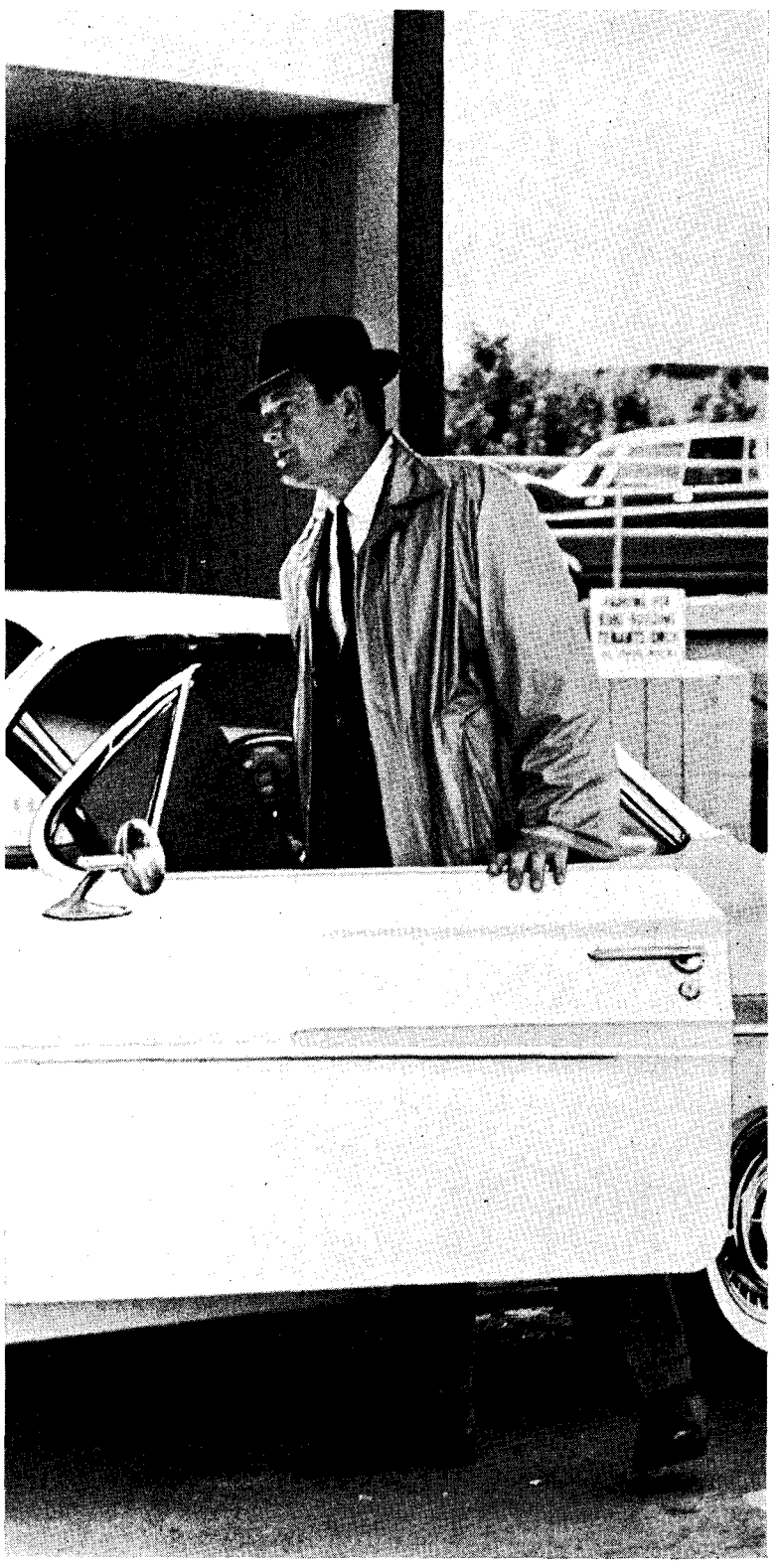

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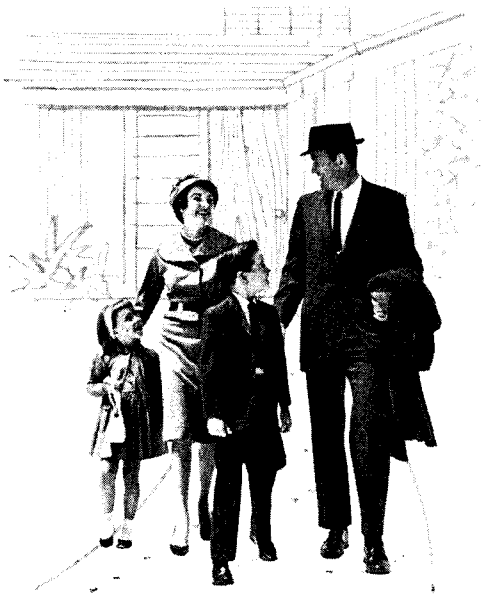

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COMEBACK

warmth of his meeting with an old half flame. But even back in his quarters, as he hung up his lovely suit so very carefully and put his handsome shoes in trees, he found himself thinking not of Joe Nation, but of Nora Brahms.

Two days after this, Nora was walking along Westwood Boulevard, idly wondering how she could best bug the butcher in the supermarket for which she was headed. At first she barely noticed the shabby man walking just in front of her, except that there was something reminiscent about his slight limp. The man's shoes were scuffed and unshined; his trousers were frayed at the cuffs, unpressed, and they didn't match the worn jacket. The stained felt hat looked as though it had weathered many a winter rain, and the cane, far from being ebony with a gold top, was of a cheap yellow wood with a rubber suction cup on the tip. Certainly, she thought, that forlorn figure could not be Gavin Burke, former director of cinema super epics and present man of affairs and *bon vivant!* But just then he turned to cross the street, and it was perfectly clear to Nora that Gavin Burke was not in New York or Miami or Montego Bay or Cannes.

This, she thought, *is the first time I've ever made the private-eye scene.*

She didn't find the bit at all hard to play. She followed Burke into the post office, watched him get a thick, nine-by-twelve Manila envelope from a box, then followed him back to Wilshire Boulevard, where he got on a westbound bus. There was a good crowd boarding the bus, so she got on, too, without being observed by Burke.

A couple of hours later Burke was called to the telephone. A deep, throaty voice said, "All right, Gotrocks. How about dinner at my house tonight?"

"Fine," Burke said weakly, after a slight pause. "What time?"

"Seven," Nora answered.

Before dinner Nora served a bourbon slightly superior to what she had put out that other evening. The dinner itself, considering that Burke hadn't even known that Nora could so much as boil an egg, was nothing short of miraculous. "I always liked to eat well," she explained. "So, when the clutch came, I learned to cook well."

After dinner, she brought out an old dusty bottle of cognac, saying, "I've been saving this for a special occasion. I guess this is it." Then, over the brandy and coffee, she said, "First of all, what gives with those clothes?"

Burke told her, "A nephew I'd forgotten all about left me seven hundred and fifty dollars last year. I guess I once got him a studio pass or something—maybe even took him to lunch in the commissary. Anyway, I spent it all on clothes."

"Which you wear once a month."

"That's right. When I get my pension check." He grinned. "I have a daytime ensemble too. Not the one I was wearing when you saw me today."

"That one," Nora said, "is liable to get you arrested for vagrancy." She took a sip from her snifter glass. "Well, what gave with the United States mail today?"

Burke said, "A script—from Joe Nation. Will I get in touch with him as soon as possible, and so on."

"How's the script?"

"Terrible. But, as the man said, give me two good writers and I can fix it myself."

She was silent for a while, puffing moodily on a cigarette. Then she said, "Gavin, are you sure you want to get back in that rat race again?"

Burke looked at her with astonishment, then exclaimed, "Wouldn't you?"

"No," she said decisively. "I've been there. And even if it were possible, which it isn't, I know I couldn't stand a second time around."

"But, with a chance like this Nation thing, what would you want me to do?" Burke asked, bewildered. "Just go right on living out at the VA?"

"That wasn't exactly what I had in mind," Nora answered slowly. "I was thinking of here. This house isn't much, but it's free and clear. You say you have a pension and I have my four hundred. We could get along very well."

"Miss Brahms!" Burke cried sternly.

"Oh," she said, "I'd still insist on the ring-and-preacher bit. I'm a very old-fashioned girl at heart. However, forget it. It was just a passing thought."

"But I won't forget it!" Burke said. "It's a wonderful idea! After a few pay checks, we could move to my old house up Benedict Canyon, and ——"

"Sure," Nora said, "and any time we got bored, we could arrange a basketball game in the living room. And then, when everything came apart we'd be up to our ears in debt again, and maybe they'd let us get by with another bankruptcy. Also, I wouldn't be too patient about all those little on-the-make gals snapping at your heels for what they thought they could get out of it." She shook her head firmly.

"Well," Burke said, "looking at it from my side, marriage would be a little late, wouldn't it? Don't you think I'm just a little too old?"

"You're never too old to get lonely," Nora said. "Remember that some time when you're rattling around in that old abandoned ruin up Benedict Canyon, overlooking a sea of creditors."

Burke's "daytime ensemble" consisted of a tan cashmere jacket, some fine doeskin slacks, a pair of richly gleaming brown loafers, and a sporty-looking snap-brim hat. The girl at the reception desk in the lobby of Peerless Studios didn't know him, but how could she, being only about twenty-five years old?

She dialed Joe Nation's office, announced Burke, smiled very nicely, and said, "Do you know where the office is, Mr. Burke?"

Burke wanted to say, "Yes, I was once thrown out of there by the studio police." However, he had no reason to cause the collapse of the young woman's pretty features, so he merely said, "I think I can find it, thank you."

The door buzzed, releasing the lock, and Burke walked into the richly carpeted first-floor corridor of the administration building. He turned to his right and walked along the well-remembered hall, noticing that the names on the office doors were all new, although he had seen some of them in the newspaper.

As he approached an L turn in the corridor, he came upon two harassed-looking men, worriedly discussing something or other. Burke nodded a pleasant hello, and one of the men, who could have been

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forty, looked somewhat surprised and said, "Hi, there!"

Burke turned the corner for a few feet, then stopped and waited. He heard the voice of one of the men ask, "Who was that?" The man who had greeted him answered, "I think it was Gavin Burke. He used to direct here on the lot."

"Silents?" the first voice asked.

"No, he did some after sound came in. But it may not be him at all. I heard somewhere that he was dead."

Sic transit gloria, Burke thought, wondering for the first time in years what he'd ever done with his two Oscars. He limped on down the hall, feeling a little older than when he had come onto the lot.

Joe Nation had a male secretary, and the male secretary in turn had a female secretary. There was a second girl in the outer offices who, presumably, was everyone else's slavey. Burke was passed politely through the suite from one to the other of them and eventually found himself in the outsize sanctum of the great man himself. In the office with Joe Nation were a handsome young couple who, from the way they sat, were obviously actors. There was another young man, very tall and thin, and much too ugly to be an actor, even a heavy. These three were all staring at Burke with looks of cold, unfriendly appraisal.

"Well, Gavin!" Joe Nation cried. "I want you to meet your stars and your executive producer." He indicated the young woman. "This is Moira Dell. . . ."

Moira Dell nodded distantly and said, "I've heard about your work, Mr. Burke." It was quite obvious to Burke that Miss Dell had heard no more about his work than whatever Joe Nation might have just told her.

"And," Nation went on jovially, "would you ever guess why we decided to call him Tib Mason?"

"Would I ever guess," Burke inquired politely, "why you ever decided to call *whom* Tib Mason?"

Tib Mason, who only three years ago had been caterwauling guitar-accompanied noises to Arkansas teen-agers, looked properly affronted, and Moira Dell giggled slightly. (It had been rumored that Tib was going to get 10 percent off the top of the picture's gross, and Moira didn't like this very well.)

Tib Mason's identity having been established, Joe Nation now introduced the tall, ugly young man, the executive producer, as James Franhausen, adding, "He used to produce on TV those shows, *Video '60*, and before that, *Video '59*, and so forth." Burke's face remained blank. "You do watch television, don't you?"

"Well," Burke said thoughtfully, "it does seem to me that I saw General MacArthur when he got back." All the others in the room exchanged glances. "You see, Joe, I've remained loyal to motion pictures."

"Loyal to motion pictures!" the young actor snorted. "And he didn't even know the name of Tib Mason!"

When this had been straightened out again, Moira Dell said, "What I'm worried about, Mr. Burke, and I'll be frank with you, have you been keeping up—like with modern techniques?"

"As I remember it," Burke said soberly, ticking off the procedures on his fingers, "I had the electricians light the set; then someone tested the sound; then the second cameraman pointed the camera in the general direction of the actors, and we hoped that they'd remember their lines." He looked around and asked, "Are they doing it any differently now?"

Joe Nation bellowed with forced mirth and said, "That was one thing about Gavin's sets, always a laugh. Sometimes they'd laugh for two hours on end." As bitter memory smote him, he added savagely, "At a thousand dollars a minute!" He glared at Burke. "What do you think about the script?"

Burke tossed it onto Nation's desk and said, "It's awful. But maybe," he added patiently, "it suffered in translation."

"Translation!" Franhausen roared. "Translation from what?"

"English," Burke replied.

"I'll have you know," Franhausen almost screamed, "that I wrote over half that script myself."

"Well," Burke said with a smile, "you just keep at it and you're bound to do better." To Joe Nation, he said, "I'll get hold of Will Landon and Frank Enright. They might be able to fix it up."

"Will Landon and Frank Enright!" Nation cried, aghast. "You must be crazy! Landon and Enright ain't worked for ten years, not even in television!"

Franhausen arose and said with great dignity to Joe Nation, "I quit."

NEXT WEEK

The story of a father and son divided by

THE LIE

By KURT VONNEGUT Jr.

"You can't quit!" Nation screamed to his back. "You owe me two pictures. And you" —pointing to Tib Mason, who was also leaving the room—"you also owe me two pictures. And *you*" —to the retreating Moira Dell—"you owe me five!" The door closed after them, and Nation shouted to Burke, "What are you trying to do, ruin me?"

"Why no, Joe," Burke said. "I just got mixed up. I thought it was like the old days, when you ran the studio. I guess I'll have to quit also."

"You ain't got nothin' to quit!" Nation grated. "Also, I looked up your credit rating and you ain't got none."

Burke said airily, "Swiss banks, old boy. I'm just a number."

Once outside of the studio, Burke limped jauntily to the nearest bus stop.

Parked at the curb outside the stucco bungalow in Westwood Village was an elegant chauffeured European limousine, about as long as a streamliner and about as unsuitable for that street, Burke thought, as gold-plated lampposts.

He mounted to the stoop and pushed the doorbell, hoping that Nora would be home. The door opened and his gamble had paid off. Nora stood there.

"Well," she said, "what are you doing here with the peasants?"

He said humbly, "I have elected to stay one myself."

"In that case, peasant," she said, "step in." He stepped across the doorsill and she closed the door. "Was it hard?"

"No," Burke admitted. "In fact," he added, leering unattractively, "when I thought of my pension check plus your four hundred, it was remarkably easy."

"Nothing has changed," she complained sadly. "Guys still chasing me for my money." He followed her into the small boxlike living room. A tall blond man in his early thirties rose from the sofa as Burke and Nora entered.

"Gavin," Nora said, "you remember Tippy Andrews."

"Why, sure!" Burke said.

Tippy said, "Mr. Burke, I've been trying to locate you. Thanks to Miss Brahms, I've finally made it."

"Yes," Burke said uncertainly.

"You remember that uranium stock that I sold you?"

"Yes," Burke said, inwardly wincing.

"Well," Tippy went on, "I knew that you and Miss Brahms and a couple of more like you just bought them to give me a hand at a very difficult time. You, Mr. Burke, didn't even take the stock."

"No," Burke murmured sadly.

"Well, sir, I couldn't have that, so I registered the stock in your name and held it for you. The trouble was, by the time anything ever happened to it, I couldn't find you, so I went on holding it for you. And, of course, you have a great many accumulated dividends."

"Fine, fine!" Burke said. "Where is the stock now?"

"Right here!" said Tippy. He opened an attaché case and produced a thick pile of certificates, which he handed to Burke. Nora cried, "Gad! That's ten times the amount I have!"

"It is?" Burke asked comfortably. He was multiplying four hundred dollars a month by ten, and while the result didn't approach past financial splendors, he found it quite satisfactory.

"I'll arrange to get your back dividends to you, Mr. Burke," Tippy said. "The way things turned out, I'm an officer of the company."

"That'll be fine," Nora said. "His address will be right here. Thanks a lot, Tippy, from both of us."

Tippy left, and Burke went to the window to watch him drive away. He looked covetously at the gleaming limousine and said, "That's a fine car Tippy's got there. I think I could get Herman, my old chauffeur back, and ——"

"Chauffeur my foot!" Nora said. "We may get an automobile, but it will be so compact you'll be able to lift it into a parking slot."

"We'll get married at Las Vegas and ——"

"No Las Vegas!" Nora said firmly. "We'll do it right here in L.A."

"That's right, dear," Burke said. "I always was a little careless with the dice!" A look of avarice came to his eyes, and he explained, "We'll live in Switzerland."

"No Switzerland!" Nora was definite. "Too many movie people there. We'll stay right here and pay our taxes, just like we used to."

"Yes, I suppose so," Burke said, frowning and wondering how he had got into this situation. THE END

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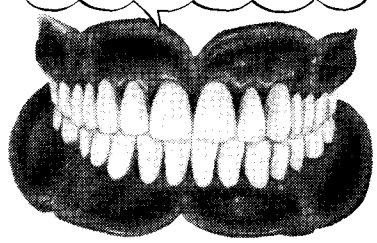

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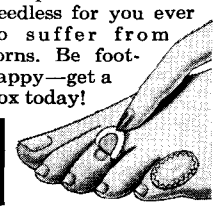

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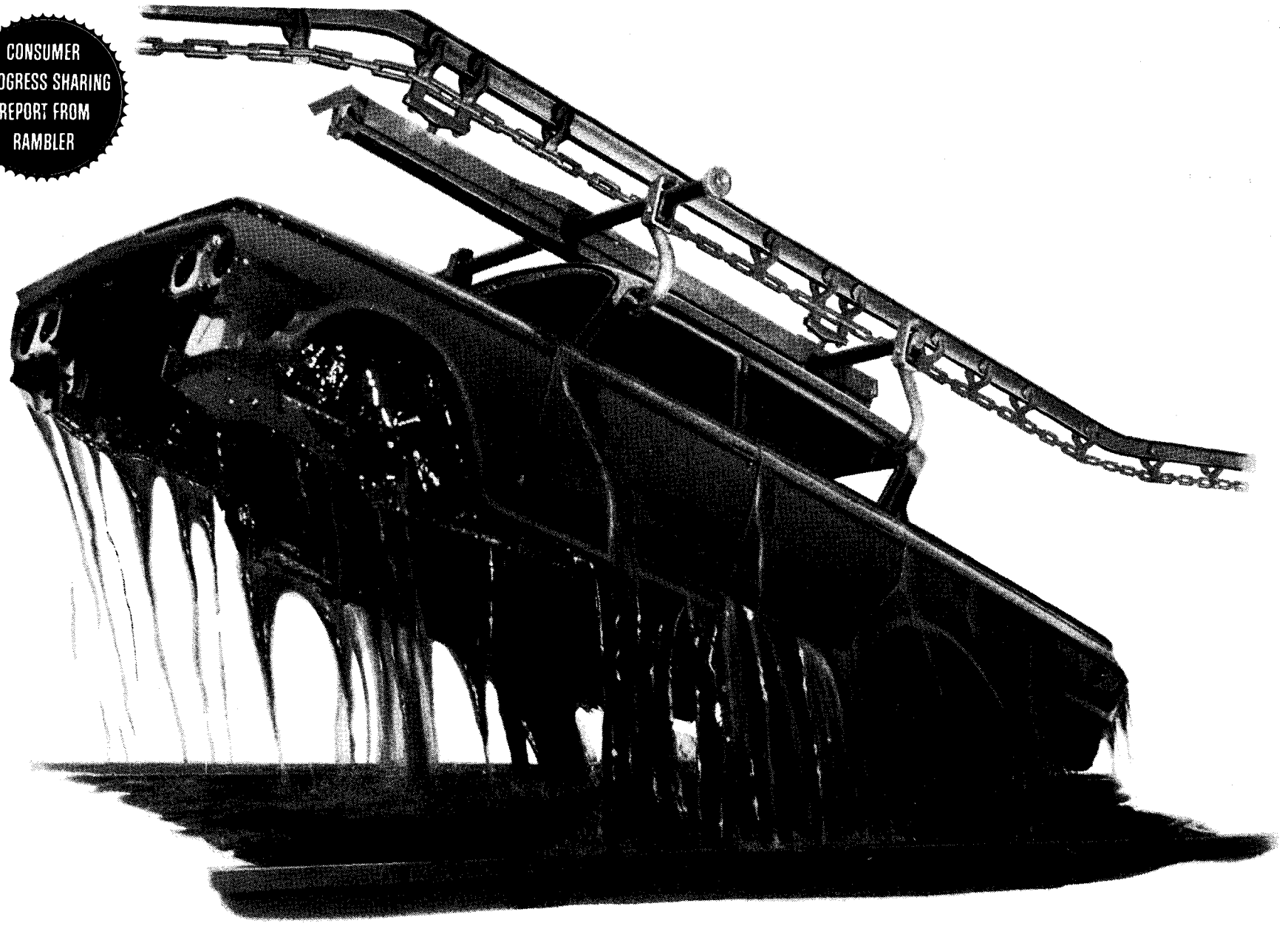

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Yet, important as it is, Deep-Dip rustproofing is just part of Rambler's all-out fight against rust. The body alone goes through a 9-step procedure which reveals, just by a listing, how fighting rust is practically an obsession with Rambler.

9-step rustproofing

1) Side body panels below the doors are *zinc-clad* . . . 2) Zinc-rich primer is used on critical metal surfaces *before* welding . . . 3) The entire body is spray-rustproofed with phosphate paint-bonding chemical . . . 4) The body gets the Deep-Dip primer bath, right up to the roof . . . 5) The body then is spray-coated again, this time with a primer-surfacer that is *baked on* . . . 6) A corrosion-inhibiting wax compound is then sprayed *inside* girders, rocker panels, fenders, with yard-long spray guns . . . 7) Next, *two* coats of chip-resistant, salt-resistant super enamel are baked on . . . 8) On vital body areas, a combination sound-deadening and rustproofing material is sprayed on . . . 9) Finally, an abrasion-resistant sealer compound is sprayed on critical underbody areas to protect them against any stones and gravel kicked up by the wheels.

Is it any wonder that Rambler is the world's most rustproofed car?

High trade-in value is a natural result of this. But rustproofing alone, of course, does not account for Rambler's high resale value over the years. Rambler's reputation for trouble-free, repair-free operation—for record gasoline mileage—for styling continuity—for rattle-free Single-Unit Construction—for extra measures of safety, comfort, convenience—all of these put Rambler on the "most-wanted" list among used-car buyers as well as new-car buyers.

When you visit your Rambler dealer you will see why Rambler's 1962 sales have set new records. And you can sum up the reasons in one sentence: Rambler is an obviously better value in both product and price.

Rambler

World Standard of Compact Car Excellence

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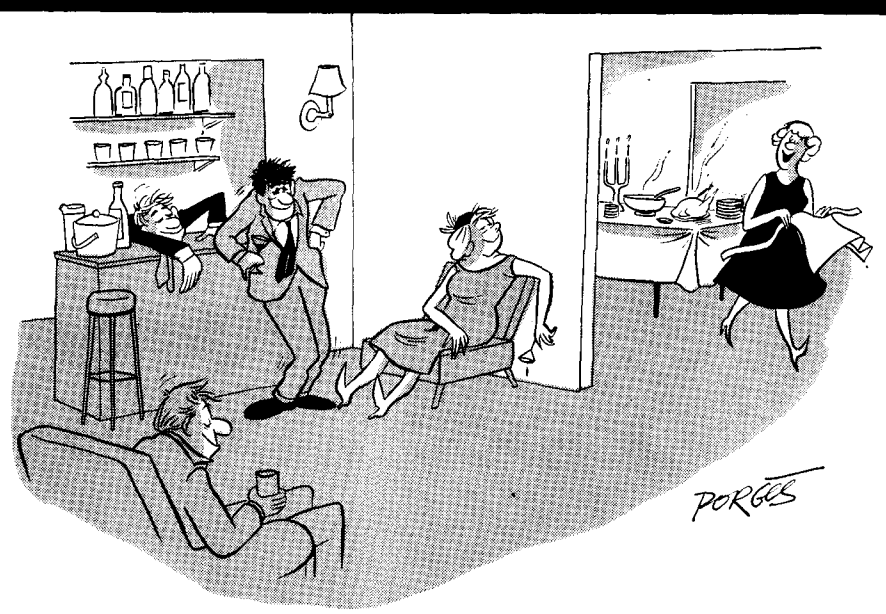
post scripts

"If they can hardly wait to have us come again, why did they hustle us out at nine-thirty?"

"Mr. Follansbee may or may not be in. Who is calling, please?"

"Since we're going to be fellow passengers, may I introduce myself?"



"I hope everybody is good and hungry."

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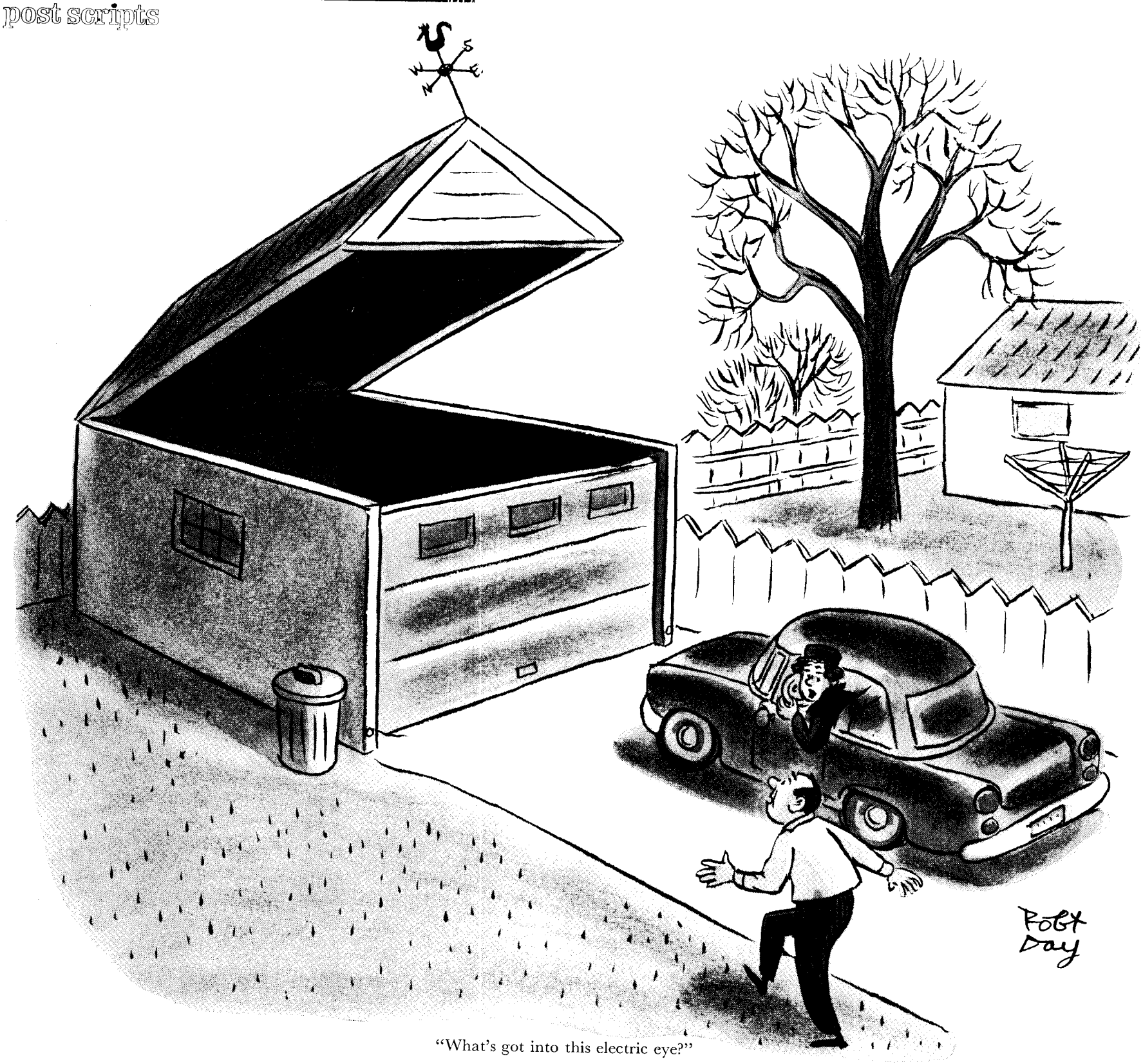
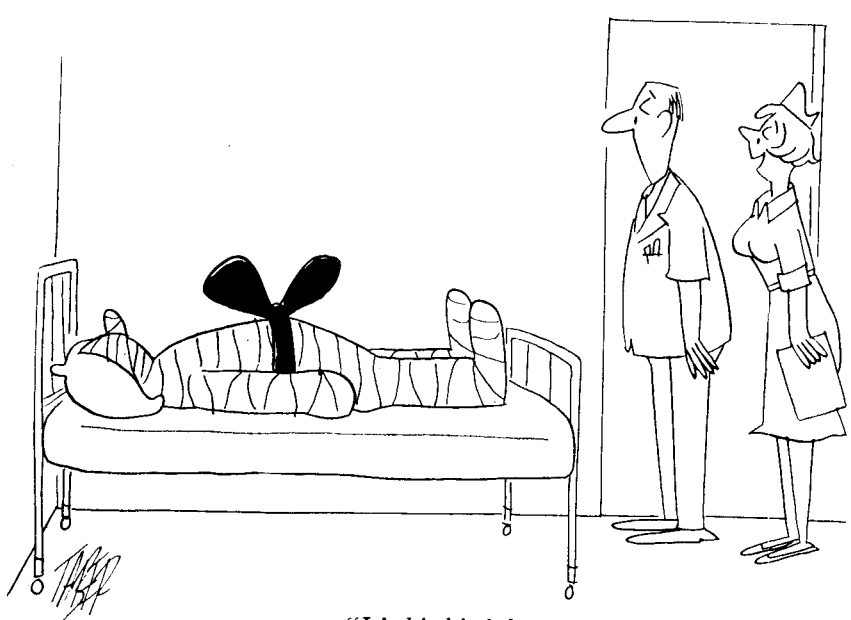


"What's got into this electric eye?"



"It's his birthday."

"Of course, it loses something in Oscar's translation."

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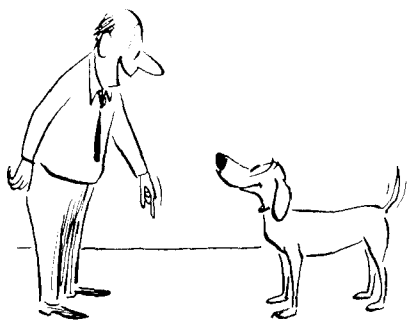
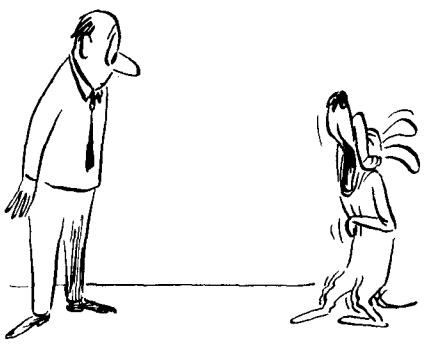


1. "C'mon, Rover—play dead."

2.



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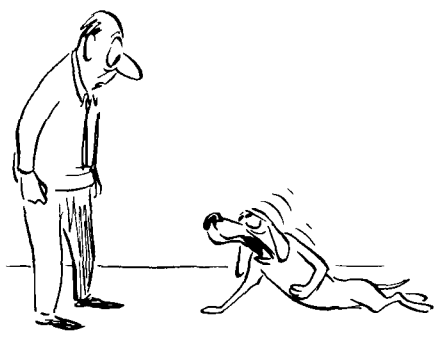

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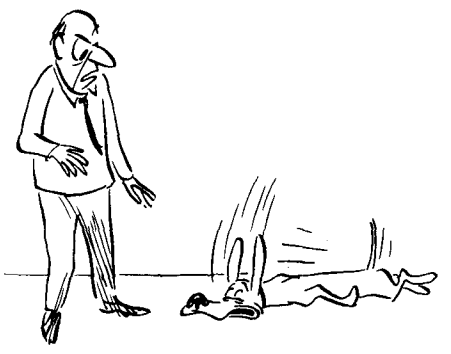

5.

6. "What a ham!"

"All I said was that she looks like the kind of woman who would be easy on the budget."

Bill Shelly

"Mr. Winslow, I'd like to talk to your son here about a basketball scholarship."

WE CAN'T ALL BE TRANQUIL

The wife who feels depressed and low
Goes out and buys a new chapeau:
This fills her soul with cheer and zest—
It's now her husband who's depressed.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

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"If she could only cook."

"It's only fair to tell you that in real life I wear glasses."

"My big mistake in the campaign was when I said, 'Let's take a look at the record.'"

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PLAY SAFE—*Before* a child goes exploring . . . *before* an adult misreads a blurred label . . . *before* you yourself take a dose of a prescription which may have deteriorated—dangerously: clean out your medicine chest! Clutter can lead to calamity . . . tragically documented by thousands of cases of poisoning every year. Hundreds fatal. One-third of the fatalities, children under the age of 4.

Ask your retailer for a free pamphlet, "Is Your Medicine Chest Safe?"

SAVE MONEY. To encourage you to clean out your medicine chest and keep it safely stocked with fresh supplies, your retailer is featuring these Curity® specials.

THE **KENDALL** COMPANY
BAUER & BLACK DIVISION

SAVE 29¢—Large size, assorted Curad® plastic bandages plus regular size transparent bandages. $1.18 value for 89¢.

50¢ VALUE ONLY 39¢—Two 5 yd. rolls of ½" Curity® Adhesive Tape.

FREE FIRST AID KIT—Pocket size, when you mail flap from Telfa® Sterile Pads—the bandage that won't stick to the wound!

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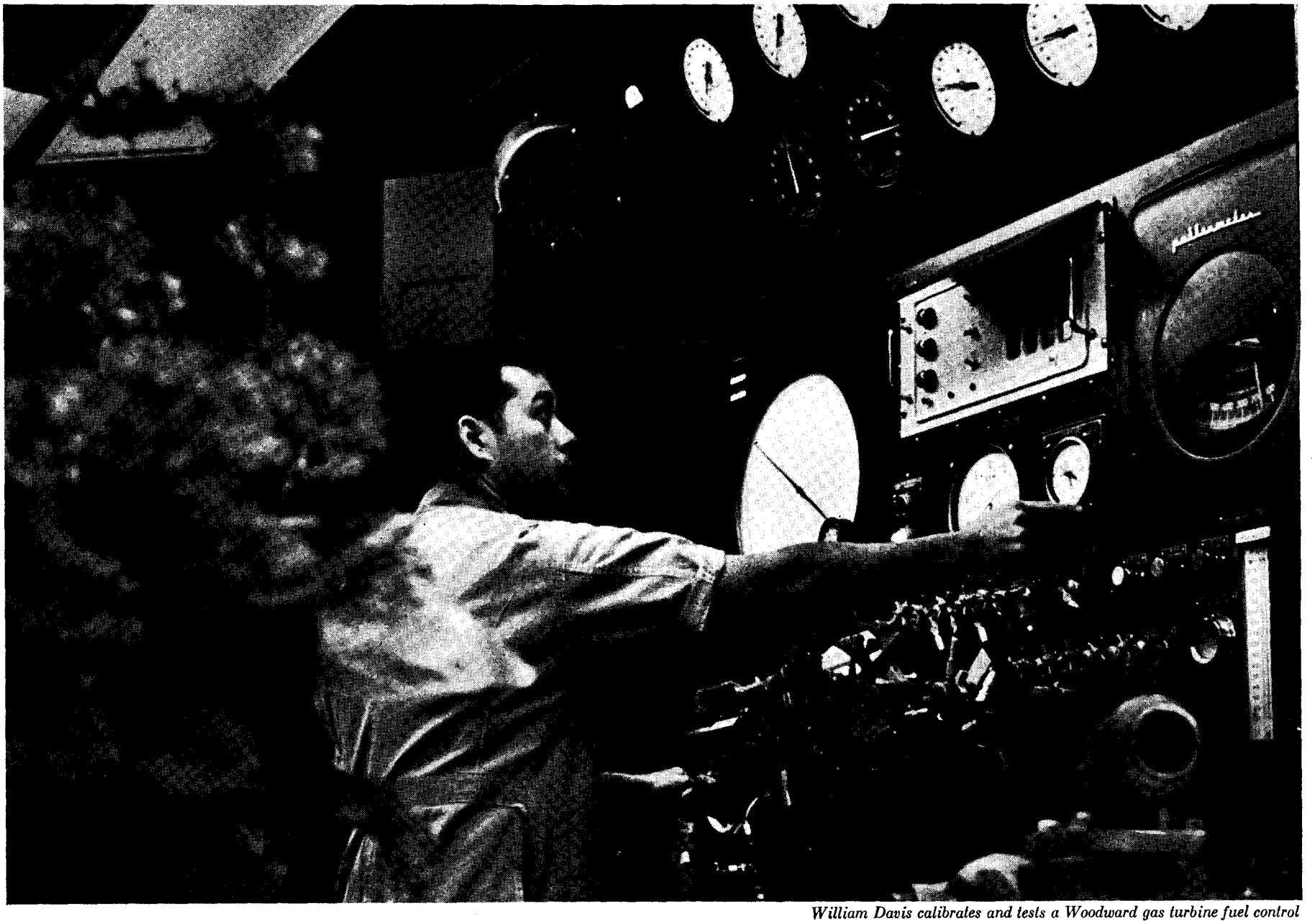
Wausau Story

Another report about "GOOD PEOPLE TO DO BUSINESS WITH"



William Davis calibrates and tests a Woodward gas turbine fuel control

"This is the same kind of test Employers Mutuals had to pass"

reports **BILLY M. BITTLE, JR.**
President, Woodward Governor Company
Rockford, Illinois

"What you see in the photograph is a performance test for one of our products, a Woodward gas turbine fuel control used in the engines of jet aircraft. The test bank simulates all the conditions under which the control will actually operate and assures us it will perform perfectly

"Many a businessman wishes he could run a similar test to be sure his insurance carrier will perform perfectly under all conditions and demands

"Here at Woodward we've always known it takes quality people to make a quality product or perform a quality service. And that's why we are policyholders of Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

"The special quality of Employers Mutuals' people is shown in the way they work with us. They value loyalty. They respect integrity. They're as interested in the safety of our people as we are. They're truly our representatives in the fair and prompt way they handle claims.

"They're good people to do business with . . . and that explains why we never have to wonder or worry about the performance of Employers Mutuals of Wausau."

★ ★ ★

Employers Mutuals of Wausau writes all forms of fire and casualty insurance and is one of the largest and most experienced underwriters of workmen's compensation insurance. Offices in 138 cities. Consult your telephone directory or write us at Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

FOR OVER 50 YEARS THE PIONEER UNDERWRITER OF WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION INSURANCE IN AMERICA

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Pets Can Be Dangerous

"Harmless" animals harbor 22 known diseases. Here is what you should know about the prevention and treatment of illness carried by pets.

By FRANCES ALLEN and JOHN E. ALLEN, M.D.

For one week Gayle J., a normally energetic ten-year-old, had not been feeling well. She had no fever, but she refused to go to her ballet lesson because she was "just too tired." She was not interested in eating. Homework suddenly became an impossible chore. "Just leave me alone," she told her family.

Then she complained of pain in her groin, where her mother noticed a firm, grape-sized lump. When she took Gayle's temperature again, it was 103.

Her pediatrician discovered enlarged lymph glands, especially noticeable in her right groin. He also detected an enlarged spleen and a fine rash scattered over her legs and arms.

Gayle was hospitalized. "This bears all the signs of leukemia," her doctor told the pediatric resident. "We must get some lab studies done at once."

These studies tended to support the suspicion of leukemia, a fatal disease of blood-forming organs. Gayle had a very low white-blood count and a decreased number of platelets (blood elements essential for clotting), but neither count was conclusive enough for definite diagnosis. Finally a bone-marrow examination, to search for leukemic cells, was ordered. It showed *none* of these cells. The relief of the parents was enormous after their days of terrible anxiety. The doctors were relieved too—but also confused. After all, the child was still very sick, and her illness was still a mystery.

Gayle herself was frightened about being in the hospital. The resident in trying to calm her asked, "What do you like to do when you aren't in school?"

"Millions of things."

"Are you a Girl Scout?"

"Yes, I'm supposed to get my animal badge at the next meeting, and here I am in the hospital."

"What's an animal badge?"

"I had to take complete care of my mother cat and her four kittens, and then make a report. It was easy. I love cats."

Cats—this added a new dimension to the whole picture! Then Gayle's mother recalled scratches she had seen on her daughter's leg three weeks before. A skin test established that Gayle had cat scratch fever, with unusual symptoms that copied leukemia's. But the outcome was much different, although the glands in her groin continued to enlarge and had to be drained. She was given transfusions of fresh blood, containing precious platelets so necessary for clotting. To prevent secondary infection, antibiotics were prescribed. After a month Gale regained her usual good health.

Cat scratch fever is only one of twenty-two known diseases carried by household pets, and its symptoms vary widely. Five-year-old Johnny B., admitted to the pediatric service of an Air Force hospital in Texas, was just as sick as Gayle; but he had symptoms of encephalitis, an inflammation of the brain. After several days of fever, he lapsed into generalized convulsions. He was unconscious for twenty-four hours and in a stupor for three days before he began to improve. The cause of his illness was a mystery until doctors discovered that, weeks before, his birthday kitten had scratched him.

Fortunately most symptoms are not so severe. Ordinarily cat scratch fever unveils itself as a painful lump at the site of the scratch, with swollen lymph glands close by, and proceeds no further.

What really is cat scratch fever? It is a curious ailment that was not recognized until 1950. At that time, French physician Dr. R. Debre described the first proven case in a paper, *La Maladie des Griffes de Chat*, published in Paris. Dr. Debre worked closely with Dr. Lee Foshay, late professor of microbiology at the University of Cincinnati, who in 1947 developed the skin test by taking abscess material from infected lymph glands, then purifying and diluting it. This skin test, however, has been generally available to doctors for only the last few years.

The exact cause of the disease is undetermined, for bacteria have not been consistently isolated from active cases. Therefore an elusive virus is the assumed causative agent. Blood tests have suggested that this virus is closely related to the virus of psittacosis. One fact is absolute: A scratch or bite is the *only* proven means of passing the disease from cat to man. Cats as a rule do not have the illness themselves but rather are healthy carriers. The cute kitten is usually the culprit, probably because it is more likely to scratch than the mature cat. The disease occurs chiefly in fall and winter months, when cats are more likely to be indoors playing with the family.

Now that we know what the disease really is, more and more cases each year are being described. Dr. Walter A. Murray of Ohio State University and Columbus Children's Hospital, who has made a study of cat scratch fever, states that in all the years before 1960, only two cases were diagnosed at that hospital. Yet in 1960 alone, with consistent use of the skin test in the hospital, twenty-one patients were proven victims. Undoubtedly, considerable numbers were present in previous years but were undiagnosed. In a 1955–56 survey of the population of St. Paul and Minneapolis by Drs. Warren J. Warwick and Robert A. Good, 5.8 percent of those given diagnostic skin tests had had cat scratch fever at some time. In some families there had been epidemics involving nearly half of the members.

Obviously, in cases of mysterious illness, the doctor should be informed if there is a cat in the patient's household. Thus alerted, he can make use of the conclusive skin test. If the test is positive, the area at the site of the injection becomes red and swollen within a day or two. As for treatment, no specific drug affects the virus. Draining suppurating lymph glands and administering antibacterial medicines to prevent secondary infection, as in the cases of Gayle and Johnny, are the chief methods of therapy.

There is no foolproof prevention, but common sense can reduce the risk. Youngsters should not be given kittens until the kittens are at least six months old. All children should be taught respect for their cats, as well as for all pets. They should be warned against teasing pets and "smothering" them with love. Every animal instinctively fears being trapped and devoured by larger animals. He feels the same reaction in the tight grip of a young admirer and instinctively scratches and bites. Immediate cleansing of a scratch with soap and water, followed by application of an antiseptic, may be of value in reducing the chance of ordinary skin infection as well as cat scratch fever.

Every pet owner should be aware of the diseases that pets may transmit. Until a few years ago animal lovers, veterinarians and physicians were unaware of most of the dangers in bites, scratches and allergens. Except for rabies, few illnesses were recognized as pet-transmittable. Now we know that dogs, cats, canaries, parakeets, white mice, hamsters and even seemingly benign turtles can pass along an array of ailments.

This endearing kitten can infect its overaffectionate mistress with cat scratch fever, an illness which may require long hospital treatment.

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"Delay in diagnosing pet-conveyed diseases can be serious, but without a full family history—including pets—a doctor is helpless."

The pet population, incidentally, is growing rapidly, making it even more necessary for everyone to be on the alert. A Gallup poll in 1956 indicated that even then there were nearly 25,000,000 dogs, 21,000,000 cats, and 12,000,000 birds in American homes. There are more now.

Delay in medical diagnosis of pet-conveyed diseases can be serious, as was true in the case of Gayle. Yet a doctor is helpless unless he is given a full family history, including the presence of pets. This is what also happened in a case involving a different kind of disease carried by pets: psittacosis. Eight-year-old Fritz G., admitted to Cincinnati General Hospital with apparent virus pneumonia, did not respond to routine treatment. Knowing that allergies as well as certain diseases carried by birds and animals sometimes manifest pneumonialike symptoms, resident physicians asked the parents if they owned any pets. The answer was no.

Later, however, when his grandmother came to visit Fritz, she tried anxiously to cheer him. "Polly misses you," she said. "She wants you to hurry up and get well, so that you can come over to my house and feed her again." Polly happened to be grandmother's parrot.

With this information, relayed by an alert nurse, doctors immediately ran a complement-fixation test that proved Fritz had psittacosis. Treatment was begun with an antibiotic, tetracycline, effective against psittacosis. But Fritz had a long convalescence. His fever persisted for four weeks, although the result was complete recovery.

Another potentially dangerous disease, carried by dogs and cats, is visceral larva migrans, unrecognized before 1952. Symptoms of this disease had been previously described in medical journals, but they could not be explained. At Tulane University Dr. Paul Beaver, of the department of parasitology, and Dr. C. Harrison Snyder, of the department of pediatrics, proved that these symptoms were caused by dog and cat roundworms. It was a remarkable discovery, and since then many cases have been reported.

At least one third of all puppies and mature male dogs, and a slightly fewer number of mature females, are infested with the common roundworm, *Toxocara canis*. Many cats harbor a similar parasite, *Toxocara cati*. The roundworms produce vast numbers of microscopic eggs, which are passed from the infected animal's intestinal tract. The eggs contaminate food, water and soil, which healthy dogs and cats swallow. If these animals in turn become infected, the eggs mature into mobile larvae, which migrate through their bodies, finally settling in their intestinal tracts as roundworms. More eggs are produced, and the vicious cycle continues.

If a human being swallows the eggs, the same migration begins. The route is through blood and lymph streams to the liver, heart and lungs—and even on occasion to the brain or eye. But man is not a normal host for the larvae, so they become encysted in any organ of the body, with severe symptomatic results.

Most likely to come into contact with the ova of visceral larva migrans is the youngster who loves to roll on the grass and play in dirt and sand, who is careless about what he puts into his mouth—leftovers from his dog's dinner dish, for example.

Recently, in consultation at Doctors Hospital in Cleveland, we saw just such a child. Sarah, who was three, had high fever, rapid breathing and a grossly enlarged liver. She showed signs of pneumonia and heart failure. She was placed in an oxygen tent, given digitalis for her heart condition and antibiotics for her pneumonia. We were in the dark as to the cause of her illness. Her mother tried to help us by searching for some reason.

"Would cigarette butts cause anything like this?" she asked hesitantly, with some embarrassment. "I mean . . . not long ago she ate an ashtrayful. She'll put anything in her mouth. Even dirt!"

This was clue No. 1 in tracking down visceral larva migrans—the fact that she ate dirt. The cigarette butts were of no consequence. A white-blood count provided clue No. 2, for it showed a marked increase in eosinophile cells, which appear in parasitic diseases. We asked Sarah's mother if they had any pets.

"Why, yes, a cocker spaniel puppy. We're having the worst time trying to house-train him."

"You've noticed worms?"

"Several times. I've been meaning to take him to the vet."

A positive skin test offered additional evidence that Sarah had the disease. This test, however, is not as absolute as the cat-scratch-fever test. Final diagnosis requires a liver biopsy; a small incision is made over the liver to remove a particle for microscopic examination. Larvae can be seen embedded in the liver tissue, thus climaxing the detective work.

After many weeks in the hospital, Sarah recovered completely. But before she went home, her puppy was sent to an uncle in the country. Sarah will have to do without dogs until she is older, and has given up the habit of eating dirt.

Sarah had the most common type of infestation. In other cases larvae invade the brain, producing convulsions and comas, or involve the lungs, giving symptoms of tuberculosis. They may invade skin and bone with resulting lesions. Deaths have occurred from overwhelming infestation by the parasites. Unusual but not rare is invasion of the eye with symptoms that resemble retinoblastoma, a malignant eye tumor. Because there is no effective treatment, the affected eye must be removed.

As in cat scratch fever, there is no specific therapy, other than supportive measures used in Sarah's case. Prevention is the most important factor. We should discourage youngsters from putting dirt into their mouths. We should also have our dogs and cats periodically dewormed and regularly examined by a veterinarian.

The diseases described are newly discovered, but one of the worst ills that flesh has ever been heir to—rabies—was recognized as far back as 500 B.C.

Rabies was uncontrollable until more than seventy years ago, when Louis Pasteur developed a preventive treatment that still bears his name. It is a series of twenty-one injections of killed rabies virus, given when a rabid bite is suspected, not only by dogs but also by cats, foxes, bats and skunks. The injections must be given early. Once a single symptom of the disease appears, it is too late.

Dr. H. N. Johnson of the Rockefeller Foundation found in 1945 that dogs themselves could be kept immune by a shot of rabies vaccine. Further refined techniques in the production of dog antirabies vaccine have resulted in a living attenuated vaccine which provides a three-year immunity.

Although fear of hydrophobic death has diminished, human fatalities still occur—about twenty-five a year in the United States. Fifty thousand people annually must have antirabies shots. So the problem, although curbed, is not completely solved. At any rate, we can follow these precautions:

1. Antirabies injections every three years for all dogs.
2. Reports to public-health officials of a possibly rabid animal.
3. Reports to police of *all* dog bites.
4. Use of the modified Pasteur treatment when needed.
5. Strict avoidance of contact with wild animals and bats. (There are large numbers of rabid bats.)

Rodents represent further hazards to family health. Some invade our homes; others are brought in as pets. Our own son, for a school project, is studying environmental influences on white mice. One cage contains the "Fifth Avenue" mice, who live in luxury. The second cage houses the "skid row" mice. Many other families adopt not only white mice but also white rats, guinea pigs and hamsters.

In both wild and pet rodents the danger lies in a bite which could produce rat-bite fever. Two distinctly different organisms cause two different forms of the disease: soduka, first described in Japan, and Haverhill fever, named for a Massachusetts town where an epidemic occurred. Soduka is manifested by a painful ulcer developing at the site of the bite in one to four weeks. Swollen lymph glands nearby accompany a measlelike rash, high fever, vomiting, delirium and convulsions. If untreated, the disease may continue for many months with periods of remission and relapse. Haverhill fever, in contrast, develops in a few days and produces severe arthritis in arms, hands, legs and feet.

Both forms respond to penicillin, but the acute stage is violent. Therefore every means should be taken to ratproof our homes. Pet rodents should be properly caged and handled with care. Sick pets should be promptly destroyed. Rat-bite fever can be prevented altogether if, immediately after the bite, penicillin is taken, either by mouth or by injection.

As we have said, pet-transmitted diseases often are disguised as something else. Several years ago a Cincinnati pediatrician became his own patient. His symptoms were a stiff neck, hemorrhagic rash and high fever. When he was admitted in delirium to a hospital, the initial diagnosis was meningococcic meningitis, an inflammation of the lining of the brain and spinal cord, caused by meningococcus bacteria. But examination of the spinal fluid failed to show the expected meningococci. Blood samples were sent to the Ohio State Laboratory in Columbus for special studies. There the diagnosis was *Leptospira canicola*, also known as leptospirosis. Blood tests of the doctor's two Boxers uncovered evidence of leptospiral infection in the dogs themselves. The patient's recovery was painfully slow, taking three months.

Not all leptospiral infections are quite so severe. The disease may take on many masquerades. It may appear as flu or pneumonia. Then again it may produce a rash on the lower abdomen to mask itself as typhoid fever. Some 15 to 40 percent of tested dogs show evidence of having once had *Leptospira canicola*. The dog may be obviously sick, or he may be only a carrier, shedding the organism in his body wastes.

Another form of leptospirosis is Weil's disease. The organism causing it may be carried by dogs, but more often by rats and mice. Jaundice and kidney inflammation are chief symptoms, but it may also simulate meningitis.

A large genus of germs known as Salmonella infect man and animal alike. In fact, these organisms are among the few which can freely pass from man to animal, as well as the usual one-way track of animal to man. Many of these organisms are equally at home in cold-blooded animals, mammals and birds, and thus may be found in such varied pets as turtles, donkeys, and Easter chicks. There are three main groups of Salmonella organisms, each of which causes a specific illness. The illnesses are typhoid fever, paratyphoid fever and an acute disturbance of stomach and intestinal tract, commonly called food poisoning. All are spread by contaminated food and water.

Prevention is through sanitary preparation and storage of food. Fresh fruits should be thoroughly washed, leftovers properly refrigerated. The germs will not grow in cold conditions. Drinking water should not be allowed to stand in open containers. Well water should be checked periodically for purity. Pets kept healthy and clean are less likely to be carriers.

While not an infection, allergies to hairy animals must be mentioned. Some children have harsh reactions, and unless they outgrow their allergies they should not be allowed to have pets that cause those reactions. Those with minor allergies—hay fever, mild eczema, food sensitivities—may have a short-haired pet if it is washed frequently to remove dust and dandruff. Attempts to desensitize individuals to animal hair or dandruff by a series of shots are generally ineffective.

In conclusion, however, we wish to make it quite clear that we are not crusading against pets. Our own household includes two Dalmatians, a long-haired dachshund, a cat, a cage full of white mice and a scattering of turtles. We love our pets dearly, as do millions of other people. In spite of the array of diseases that may be carried by domestic animals, they are still a priceless asset. Nothing in a child's life can stir his emotions more deeply than the well-being and idiosyncracies of his favorite pets. They can give him a sense of responsibility, an awareness of the value of discipline and an insight into the value of patience.

Yet it is only common sense to guard against the diseases which may be given to us by these animals. It is highly important to our own health that we use sensible precautions in handling our pets and that we protect their health as well as our own by taking them to a veterinarian at the first sign of illness. THE END

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Money-wise families have found a modern way to keep budgets healthier

Guess who signs the checks in this family?

The answer may surprise you. You see, they *both* do, because each has a separate checking account.

Why *two* accounts? Like many families, they've found this is not only a wonderful convenience, but a money-saver as well. As family treasurer, she uses *her* account for regular operating expenses. *His* account takes care of the larger and less-frequent payments. There is far less chance for misunderstandings, more harmony all around.

Perhaps this idea is worth trying in *your* family. It's one of the exclusive advantages offered by your *full-service* bank. And because you can save and make all kinds of loans at the same bank, this full range of services adds up to easier one-stop banking.

There are important extras, too. One is the sound financial standing you can build by doing all your banking at one place. Another is the helpful counsel you can get on financial decisions, big or small. Why not discover how all these advantages can benefit *you*?

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WAS THE AMERICAN A COWARD? THEY WOULD KNOW WHEN HE LEAPED FROM

THE DIVING TREE

BY EDWARD LINDALL

Watching the tower going up, already spearing past the trimmed sixty-foot tree that formed its core, Scott Farrant began to feel the beginnings of compulsion and of fear. The crazy tower of poles, alone in the jungle clearing, beckoned him with a strange insistence. He stood bareheaded, dark eyes squinting, watching the brown-skinned men of Pentecost clambering about it like so many ants. They were preparing for the morrow's ceremony when the young men, with pliant vines tied to their ankles, would leap headfirst from its top, to be jerked from death only feet from the receiving, fatal earth.

"It's not done quite like this anywhere else," Matt Clingley was announcing from where he stood about ten feet away, broad-shouldered and craggy, like a great block of stone beside the dry leanness of Clement Hazel.

"I'm not surprised," Clement Hazel said.

"Don't even know how it started," Matt Clingley said. "No one does. There's theories. Legends. But none of 'em stand up."

Clement Hazel tapped a shredded-palm fly whisk against the impeccable, lightweight pants he wore, creased to a knife edge and no wrinkles showing. "You're sure it'll be O.K. to make some films?" His voice was a slow, quiet drawl, and yet incisive. "It's not religious? I don't want to rile these folk."

"Sure, it's O.K.," Matt Clingley's Australian accent was as bluff and rough-edged as his physique. "I've talked with old Miro, the headman. He's a pal of mine. He says O.K. It's only to find out who's got guts and who hasn't."

Scott kept his eyes on the rearing tower, feeling the clench of frustration deep within him and Matt Clingley's words pounding like a drum. "It's only to find out who's got guts and who hasn't." He squared his wide shoulders a little more beneath the white cotton T shirt, imperiling its seams, and squared his young jaw too, setting up small ridges of tension along the planes of his fine-boned face.

He kept his eyes fixed on the tower, because he didn't want to look at Matt Clingley or Clement Hazel. He was sure what Clingley had said so casually had been intended for his ears, a casual brutality such as men inflicted on another who they thought had let them down. And, in particular, he did not want to look at Margaret Clingley, standing slimly beside him now with a waft of perfume to insist on his awareness.

"Do any of them fail?" she asked.

Scott slid a quick glance at her then, fair-haired, her face clean-cut and delicate, sun-kissed to a golden brown. Her voice was clear and liquid; her words pointed, almost. And Scott wondered if she had asked the question as a little barb for him. He didn't want to believe it, but found denial hard. Everything came back to what had happened in the shoreside waters of the yacht that morning.

"Of course some of 'em fail," Matt Clingley said, turning to his daughter, his voice softer, but no change in his lined and heavy face, or in the infinite assurance that looked out from his shrewd blue eyes. "Some of 'em have to be forced to jump. I've seen it. Now and then a man scares so bad he climbs right down again. But not many. They've got too much pride."

"And the ones who jump?" Scott said, hearing his own voice rough and dry with the effort of intruding. "Just what do they prove—that is, apart from not being scared of heights?"

"That they'll do what they're supposed to do," Matt Clingley said flatly. "That they behave according to the rules."

"I'll try to remember that," Scott said, dryly, bitterly, stung by the tone of Clingley's voice and the condemnation

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that he still saw on Clement Hazel's thin parchment face.

He turned and moved away as Clement Hazel brought out his camera, tramping his rope-soled shoes among the construction debris of the tower, scanning it from new angles, hating its leaning, crazy height, knowing now beyond all doubt the meaning of his feelings of compulsion and fear. He knew he had to climb up there tomorrow and dive with the rest of them. It was the only way he could escape from the dreadful mess of accusation and self-bitterness that was scarring him.

He had to prove the courage that Matt Clingley and Clement Hazel, the yacht's crew and Margaret Clingley thought he lacked. But not only for them. The villagers of Pentecost must know it also. He was an American and proud of it. He could not sail away leaving them to think he was a coward, a young American who had abandoned one of their men without trying to give help.

Clement Hazel's cruise yacht *Columbine* had anchored off Pentecost Island last night, brought in with expert dog-bark navigation by Matt Clingley, the Australian planter and old friend whom Hazel had picked up as guide and companion in Fiji. Clement Hazel, who was Hazel Incorporated of San Francisco, had friends all around the world. He was also a friend and client of Scott's father, Lindsay Farrant, and had given Scott a token crew berth for this Pacific cruise to let him glimpse the world before settling down to a career in his father's advertising firm.

The reactions of Clingley and Hazel to his apparent cowardice that morning had been disparate yet the same, Scott thought, watching an old man in torn khaki shorts split lianas for tower lashings. Clingley had bawled him out the moment he had climbed over the rail, with the yacht's crew looking on; Hazel had just stared a long, deliberate stare of condemnation. And when Scott had protested that he had not seen the man, both of them had turned and walked, stiff-backed, away. And Scott knew then that it was no use persisting with his story that he had known nothing of the drama in the water until he was halfway up the yacht's ladder and it was all over. They did not believe him. They knew they had seen him run away.

But it had not been like that. He had been lounging back from shore in the launch, enjoying the hot sun and the smooth mutter of the outboard motor, watching with careless interest the native trade boats clustered about the yacht's stern. Men offering to trade bananas and papaw, woven baskets and taro, coconuts and shells. He hadn't seen the man swimming up near the bow. He could have seen him by a slight shift of the eyes, but he hadn't looked and he hadn't seen.

And when the shark raced past the launch, within inches of his projecting elbow, he had been rudely startled, had swung the rudder hard and accelerated flat out for the yacht. He didn't think of anything but to get out of there.

A ragged yelling from the traders had been his first indication of something untoward. And he had looked around to see that one of their boats had shot up along side the yacht to drag a lone swimmer from the sea, his right leg pouring blood and the water below him swirling with the thwarted lungings of the shark.

In the split second of that vision Scott had felt premonition and the stab of blame. He cursed himself. He had succumbed to fright and made straight for safety while a man had been in danger of his life. In that instant it had made no difference to him that he had not seen the man. He should have seen him, but had not. So there had been no real surprise when Matt Clingley had dressed him down and Clement Hazel stared accusingly. But there had been shock when they had disbelieved his explanation. And bitterness, although that came gradually, with the searing, frustrating knowledge that he was enmeshed in something that he knew he was utterly powerless to fight.

"Don't pay too much attention to father," Margaret Clingley said.

Her voice drifted into Scott's thoughts like music heard through the tumult of a coral reef blocking the ocean from a quiet lagoon. He turned slowly, ordering his emotions, and she was looking at him with a slight upward quirk at one corner of her mouth. Her blue eyes were smiling.

Scott rubbed a hand over the crisp crew cut of his hair, dark like his eyes. "Your father's a hard man to ignore," he said.

"He makes a lot of noise."

"His pal Clem Hazel is a hard man to ignore too," Scott said slowly. "He doesn't make any noise at all."

Margaret Clingley tilted her head to look up at the tower, the sculptured line of throat and profile, the blond hair falling back, making her look like the classic figurehead of a sailing ship. Or so Scott thought, and he was no longer thinking clearly. She disturbed him now far more than she had on the days and nights of their ocean crossing from Fiji. She was wearing a dark-green skirt and a cream-colored blouse, short-sleeved, and of a severity that emphasized her loveliness. She was the first Australian girl he had known, and she was different from those at home because she was Margaret Clingley. If she had been an American girl, she would have been different too.

"The man is all right, you know," she said at last. "A deep cut and a few abrasions."

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DIVING "Does that change anything?"

She turned to face him. "You think no one has ever panicked before? You think you're the first boatman who got out quick when a killer shark turned up?"

Scott knew she was trying to help, but it didn't work. Her frank expression of doubt abraded him, although he realized he should have expected it. He looked away, watching the old experts who were carefully measuring the lengths of the jumping vines, wondering if it would do any good to restate that he had not seen the man. But no. The statement had been made and disbelieved. Anything added was to beg. Better to wait until next day. For although the dive would not disprove anything, it would prove his courage and enable him to say again to all of them, "I did not see the man," and expect to be believed.

"So I got out quick," he said harshly. "Let's leave it there."

"Margaret." Matt Clingley's voice came roaring across the clearing, through the open framework of the tower. "Margaret, we're going back now. Come along."

And as they walked back through the trees and jungle vines toward the little beach, Matt Clingley and Clement Hazel stayed in the rear. Scott could feel their eyes on him. They hadn't liked him standing so close to their girl.

It hadn't always been like that. Before the shark they had been friends. On the journey across the Pacific from the States, Scott had taken his meals with Clement Hazel. On the crossing from Fiji, they had been four, with Matt Clingley booming his island anecdotes, Clement Hazel chuckling his delight in them, and Margaret Clingley sharing a secret, admiring amusement with Scott. And after the evening meals, with the two older men happy and relaxed in front of Scotch and behind cigars, Margaret and Scott would go on deck and watch fish tracks outlined in phosphorus, talking softly under the witness of the cold, bright stars.

But now, with the shark between them, Scott ate quickly in the galley and retired to his cabin to pretend interest in a book. But he couldn't read. The words kept dissolving and building up into towers that swayed alarmingly against drifting clouds. When he tried to sleep, the towers formed up again, men leaped from them, and the vines broke every time. It was his all-night dream.

Next day was fair, with a cool breeze lifting off the sea, and the yacht abustle with anticipation of the diving ceremony. First, Scott ran the crew ashore, and they were distantly silent. They, too, had made their judgment. He then went back to the yacht for the others.

Margaret Clingley walked ahead of him along the track, behind her father and Clement Hazel, and all about them buzzed a tense magnetic field. They were all thinking of what they were about to see. Scott was aware of their tension, but only absently. He had his own preoccupation, and it was filling every corner of his mind, spreading down through every nerve right to his fingers and his toes. He was not afraid, but tense, like an athlete about to make a great prestige debut. The fear would come later.

It came later, but not much so. It came almost as soon as they burst out on the clearing and were confronted with the tower—tall, untidy and deserted, with the vines piled on its diving platforms like the ribbons of some grotesque Maypole. But it was not the tower alone that sliced through Scott's tension to bare his nerves to the stinging air. The distant chanting did more. It came suddenly, quietly and insistently through the jungle. The villagers of Pentecost were on their way.

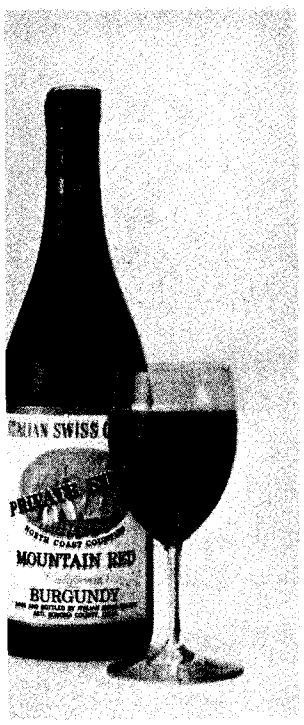
Margaret Clingley laid a hand on Scott's arm. "It won't be long now."

He covered her hand with one of his own, surprised at her gesture, stiffening a little. It was almost as though she had guessed his intention. "Yes," he said evenly. "It won't be long."

"I feel scared," she said. "I don't want to watch them, now."

"You've got no choice, daughter," Matt Clingley said, his deep voice rough-edged. "I've told Miro we'd all be here. You can't back out."

Margaret Clingley took her hand back gently from Scott's arm. She flushed a little as she met her father's



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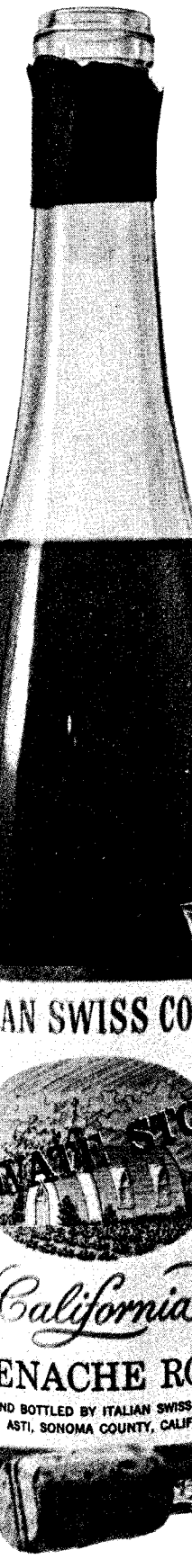

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gaze. "I didn't mean it," she said quietly. "I'm scared to watch, but I will."

"Good," Matt Clingley grunted. "We have had enough backing down in front of these islanders already."

"*Touché*, with an ax," Scott rasped. He paused, choosing his quietest and most factual words, wanting to clear his mind once and for all before the jump. "What would you say if I told you again that I didn't see that man in the water?"

Matt Clingley gave him a long, hard stare. "I'd say you've got poor eyes."

"That figures," Scott snapped. "At least you run true to form."

"I think," Clement Hazel said, "the sooner we forget about that incident, the better it will be for everyone."

"I don't agree," Scott said curtly. "I want everyone to remember."

"Scott," Clement Hazel said, his tone cool and his voice controlled, proclaiming that young men were not in the habit of arguing with him. "Scott, I don't want any discussion. The incident is closed. Let's say you made a mistake. It was unfortunate that it had to happen when everyone was looking."

"In front of these people, you mean," Scott said. "These men of Pentecost. These men of guts."

Clement Hazel nodded. "Don't sneer at courage. Other people's courage."

Scott clamped his mouth tight shut against the implication that he was sneering at something he did not possess himself and moved nearer to the tower, where four men stood on guard around the newly dug, stone-sifted ground of the landing area. He was going to dive, he was going to demonstrate his courage, and there was nothing to be said until that was done. The chanting they had heard faintly in the distance was almost deafening now. He could even hear the stamp of feet beneath the clamor.

Margaret Clingley came around the tower, her sweet face grave, lacking a little of its color. "Scott," she said. "I'm sorry about that."

"About my being a coward, you mean?" Scott said tersely.

"About father and Mr. Hazel," she said. "The way they act." She swallowed. "Scott, listen. . . ."

Then her voice was lost as the chanting broke on them as a tidal wave, and the dancers burst from the trees in long, pulsating lines. The young men were decked with palm leaves and wore, incongruously, shorts. The women were in two fashions. The older ones wore shapeless Mother Hubbards covering them from bobbing neck to bare, stamping feet. The younger, firm-bodied ones were in skirts of grass and leaves and bare down to the waist. The dancing was barbaric, druglike almost in its effect, as the men and women stamped their feet, clapped their hands and sang in ordered pandemonium around the rearing tower.

Miro, the old headman, stood a little distance away, barefooted, dressed in khaki shorts and a clean white shirt—a thin, stooped old man, with a face almost grotesquely lined. He looked across to the sightseers near the tower and raised a hand gravely in salute.

Then a young boy broke away from the dancers, and everyone was still. He climbed halfway up the tower, flanked by two attendants, and climbed out on a solitary diving platform. He stood motionless, arms crossed over his thin chest, while the attendants deftly knotted vines about his ankles. He lifted his hands and began clapping them in an insistent offbeat rhythm. There was no other sound.

Scott felt Margaret Clingley's hand gripping his left forearm, and he needed it. He didn't look at her. All his attention was centered on the boy. The boy folded his arms again, appeared to shut his eyes and fell forward in a great, swooping dive, with the thick vines snaking out like black contrails. He was hurtling straight downward. Faster. Faster. Until he was almost on the ground. Then the diving platform broke designedly, the vines sprang back from the limit of their elasticity and whipped him up with his young head only feet from the death-dealing earth. Men grabbed him as he swung toward the tower, cutting the vines away and setting him on his feet. A great cheer thundered out, and the dancing and the singing burst once more. The boy ran, head up and grinning hugely, to a big fat woman who held out her arms like breakwaters for him to harbor in.

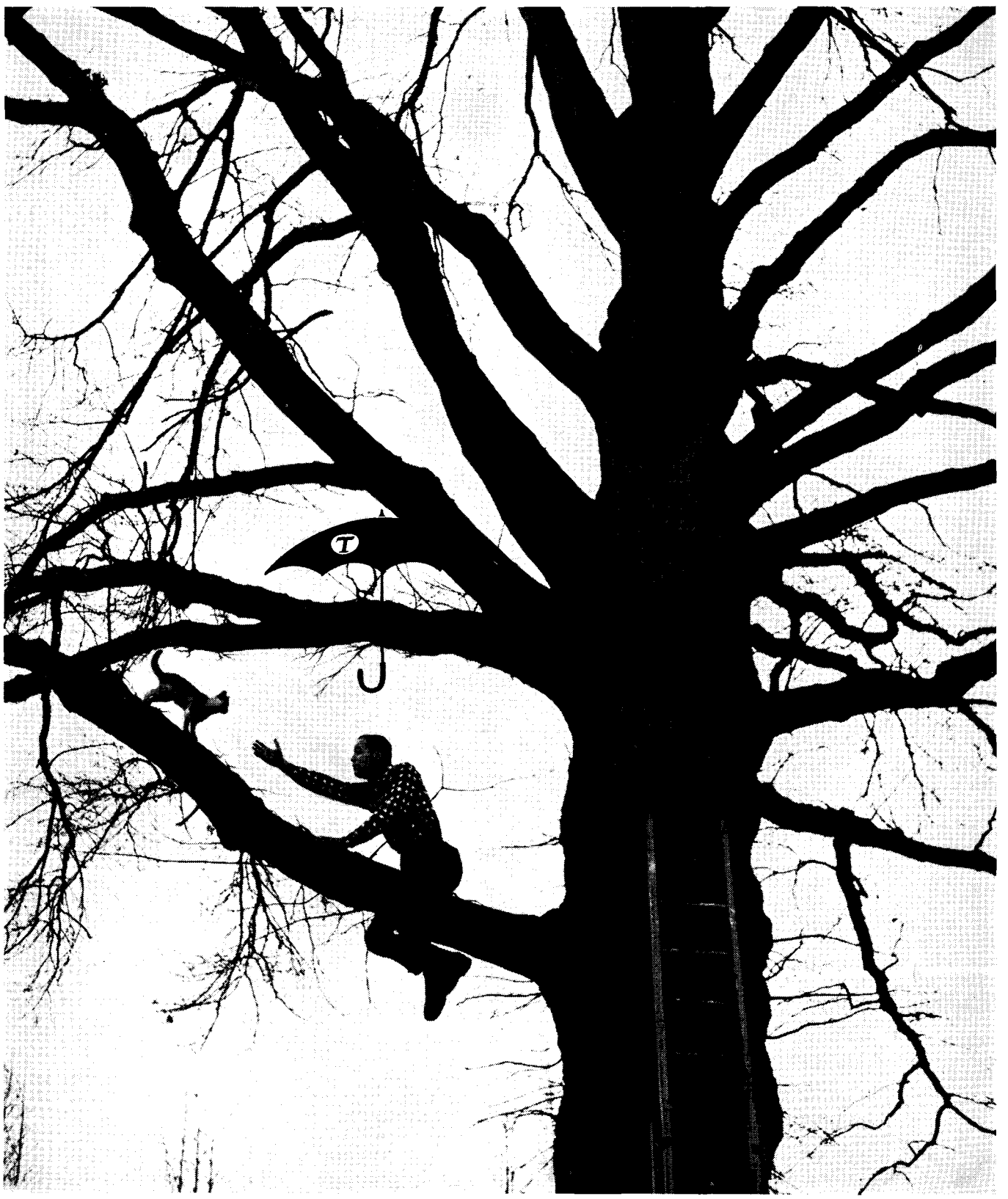
"Magnificent," Clement Hazel said. "Absolutely magnificent."

And that was the first time Scott knew the others had moved in. Miro, the headman, was now with them. Scott felt Margaret Clingley take her hand from his arm, and it was like loosening a vise. He hadn't realized she had so much strength; and neither, probably, had she.

"That young boy has opened the ceremony," Miro said in surprisingly precise English. "Have your camera ready, Mr. Hazel. The men will now dive from the high platforms."

"It's awful," Margaret Clingley said, "and yet wonderful."

"Magnificent," Hazel said again.



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DIVING

"It's crazy," Matt Clingley grunted.

"It is our way of showing courage," Miro said. He shrugged his thin old shoulders. "Foolish perhaps, like so many customs. But we do it."

"Tell me, Miro," Clement Hazel said, "how is it they don't break their legs?"

"Ah, always that question," Miro said and smiled. "The vines are like our people, Mr. Hazel. They have great powers to stretch when strong forces are applied—but they do not break. They spring back to their first shape as soon as the forces are removed." He paused to look up at the tower. "The smashing of the platforms slows the divers first, before the vines take up the strain." He smiled again. "Our simple engineers worked that out long years ago."

"Look," Margaret cried. "Another one is ready to go."

Scott snapped back his head and saw a man standing balanced like an Olympic diver, arms out and body straight, poised against the sky eighty feet from the ground. Lower down, he could see other men climbing up the inside of the tower. Now everything was warming up. The singing was ecstatic, the dancers were stamping up and down in disordered rhythmic lines, laughing and beckoning the divers to leap among them. Scott was gripped by the fever of excitement.

And it was then that the fear came back again. Momentarily he had forgotten, but now he remembered that he was not just an onlooker, thrilling to the acts like a customer at some fantastic circus. He was a participant. He tried to tell himself that he was being stupid. But only for a moment. He knew there was too much at stake. Even if he could have conditioned himself to ride out the Clingley and Hazel censures, the unspoken contempt of the crew, he knew he could not withstand the quiet, abrasive sympathy of Margaret Clingley. He had to prove himself to her. And, as if that were not enough, there were old Miro and the villagers of Pentecost. Clement Hazel's words stirred savagely in his mind. "Don't sneer at courage—other people's courage." He stopped quickly and took off his shoes.

"What are you doing?" Margaret Clingley was staring at him, puzzle-faced and puzzle-eyed. Lovely.

"Wait for me here," Scott said tautly.

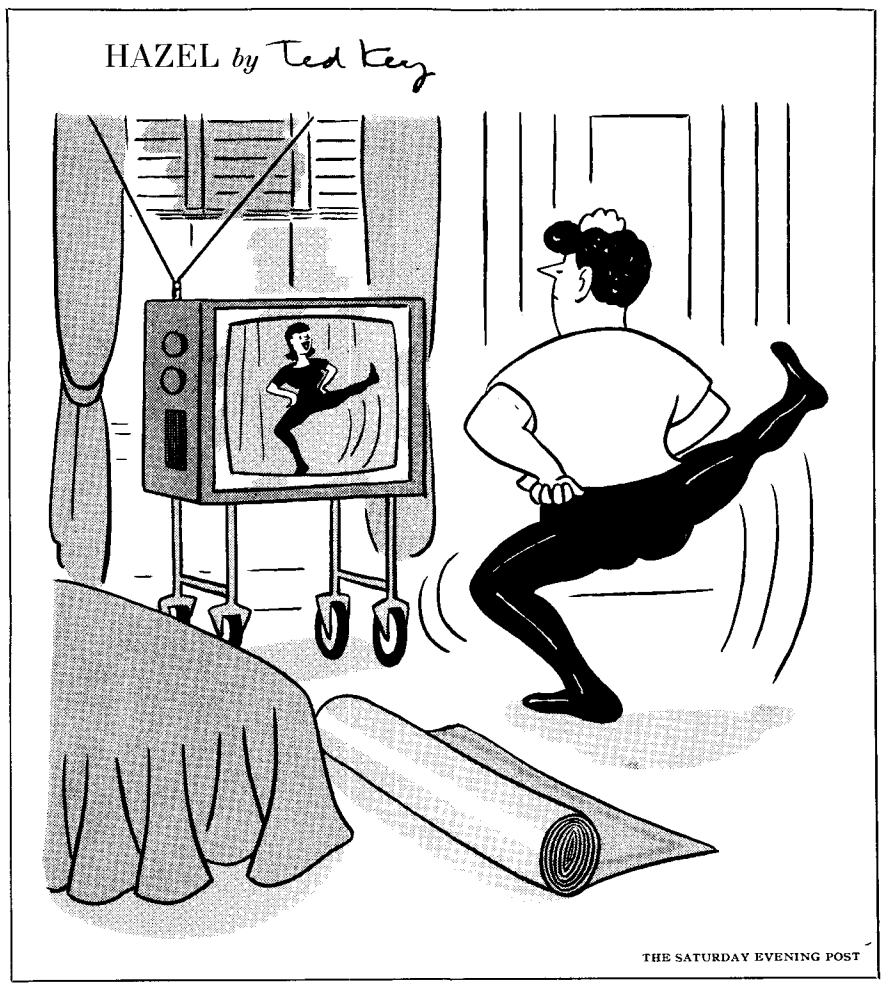
Twenty, thirty feet up the tower, climbing fast, he heard Matt Clingley roar something, but he ignored it. Then he heard Margaret Clingley call "Scott . . . Scott." Her voice was high and thin. Piercing. He looked down for an instant, and she was near the tower. But she was quite still, her head flung back and her white face outlined starkly against the dark brown of the earth. He was touched by the rawness in her voice, recognizing it as fear for him. But it didn't spark any emotion in him then. He had no room. All his attention, all his thoughts, his hopes, perceptions were on the task in hand.

He was conscious, as in a dream, of a chattering among the brown men perched around the tower. At intervals Scott heard clapping, singing and the sharp crack of breaking platforms as the divers flung themselves downward. He didn't stop to watch. He knew that the men of Pentecost started as youngsters on the lower platforms and worked up. But he had no time to spare. He had this one jump, and he had to make it good. He had to go right from the top first up.

He had no doubts that he could persuade the attendants to tie his ankles and let him jump. How could they refuse? He climbed faster. Then he was aware of a wailing. He paused to look around and realized it was coming from above. He climbed again and, where the tower met the sky, found a big, strong fellow clinging to the structure, his face contorted with the fear of what he had been about to do and now refused, no matter how many pigs, or how much shell, it would cost for expiation. Behind him, urging him, two other men were beating themselves on bare chests and legs with branches from a stinging tree, entreating him to dive and so end their pain.

Scott recognized them and what they were doing, because he had heard Matt Clingley talking about this strange, inverted rite. The men were the diver's friends, his attendants and his sponsors.

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT



Scott watched them until it was obvious that nothing they could do would shame their man into jumping. He knew this was his chance, knew it with a swift exhilaration, because taking the man's place would give his own jump even greater force. He clambered forward along a horizontal pole.

"Right," he told the wailing men. "I'll take his place."

Two pairs of brown eyes stared, and two foreheads corrugated up to their fuzzy hair. Then Scott remembered that he spoke no pidgin. He pointed to his chest, to his ankles and the vines, and then down toward the ground. The brown eyes followed him, opening a little wider with each gesture, then furrowing into laughter wrinkles as comprehension came, for these were a laughing people. "Ah . . . mastah 'e jump," they said incredulously, husky voices bright with a new excitement.

They threw their self-torturing stinging leaves away and burst into shrill cackles of derision as their man slithered quickly around the pole and began retreating down the tower.

"Please," Scott said. "I jump."

He stepped straight out onto the diving platform, a flimsy affair of four poles bound with split-liana vine, purposely flimsy so that it would snap on schedule with the first strain of the fall and so apply a brake. He steadied himself with one hand on a projecting pole, bare toes gripping the lianas. He looked out straight ahead, keeping his chin up and his eyes wide to show everyone on the tower that he was not afraid. And he was acting out a lie. He was afraid.

He felt the two attendants knotting the heavy vines about his ankles, chattering in a stream of pidgin that he could not understand. He was terribly afraid, alone out there on the platform. Then he heard the sounds of singing and dancing rising like smoke. He forced himself to look down, and it seemed that everyone on Pentecost was down there jigging, as small as insects. He picked out the six crewmen from the yacht, then Miro in his white shirt, dazzling in the sun. And, nearby, the pale faces of Matt and Margaret Clingley and Clement Hazel. He imagined he could see Margaret Clingley's lips moving, then she dropped her head into her hands, and he was sure.

"You jump now, mastah?"

Scott glanced at his ankles, and the vines were tied and the knots trimmed off by knife. Now was the time, the moment of justification, and he was as cold as ice. The sound of singing no longer drifted up to him. The world, his little world, was watching silently. The coldness took him in a paralyzing grip, chilling his resolve, his thoughts, his everything. He knew he had to jump quickly, or he would lose his nerve. But how to jump when he was frozen stiff? He forced his hand to loosen itself from the steadying pole, forced both arms up to cross over his chest, the way he had seen the others do it. He knew he could not lift them above his head to clap. Then he looked down again, and the tower seemed twice as high. Sweat sprang out and began trickling down his face, and he was still ice cold.

"You jump now, mastah?"

He heard the soft voice once again. He lifted his eyes from the ground and fixed them on the trees. Then he closed them.

"I jump now, friend," he said.

The fall was swift and fearful, headfirst, rocketing down with his stomach left behind. Somehow his eyes came open. The ground leaped up to meet him, and the people became huge. He was going to crash right into them. He flung out his arms above his head, knowing they couldn't save him, but instinctively trying to cushion this fall. Then he felt a slight tug on his ankles, heard a crack as the diving platform broke. Then, almost at the same time, a dreadful jerk pulled his legs almost from their sockets. His body was flung up, then sideways, crashing into the soft banked earth of the landing area. Hands gripped him, hauling him erect, and he could feel hands about his feet, cutting away the vines.

Then the singing and dancing broke out again—higher, louder and wilder than before, confusing him. He pushed the supporting hands away, but his legs were jellied and he did not dare to walk. He stood there, erect and disbelieving, until he saw Margaret Clingley come breaking through the chanting, dancing crowd. He believed then it was all over. Her face was ashen, her wide eyes and her parted lips were calling him.

"Scott! Oh, Scott!"

"Margaret." His left arm was around her, his right hand stroked her hair. Her face was buried on his chest. "Margaret, I had to do it."

Then she looked up, and Scott saw everything he wanted in the softness, the deep radiance, of her eyes. He moved his lips to speak, but big Matt Clingley and tall Clement Hazel broke clear of the crowd, with Miro shepherding them. Matt Clingley began talking on the move. "You damn young fool. You ——"

Scott cut him short. "I didn't see that man in the water yesterday. Do you believe me now? Or am I still a coward?"

Matt Clingley's face suddenly regained more than its normal color, and even Clement Hazel's parchment skin promoted a dull flush. Both men looked up to the tower, kept their eyes there a moment, and then brought them back again. Matt Clingley cleared his throat, fumbled at his chin, then swung awkwardly on Miro. "Tell him, Miro," he said. "Tell him what you told us a while ago."

Miro shuffled his feet and grinned. "Of course you did not see the man," he said in his slow, modulated English. "He told me that he waved to you, but you were watching the traders at the stern."

Scott felt the ice come back, cold in his stomach and against his spine. "You knew all the time? And you didn't say?"

Miro's face was grave. "I did not know it was important. But I should have known, for the strangest things are important to the white men." Then he bowed, deeply and sincerely. "The young American is a brave, brave man."

Scott's left arm tightened around Margaret Clingley. His right hand left her hair and slid around to link up with the other. He needed her soft warmth, her living warmth, to melt the ice within him. Above her head his eyes made pilgrimage from top to bottom of the tower, tracing the course of his unnecessary dive. He moved his sore-jointed, aching legs.

"Thank you, Miro," he said at last, steadily. "Thank you very much."

THE END

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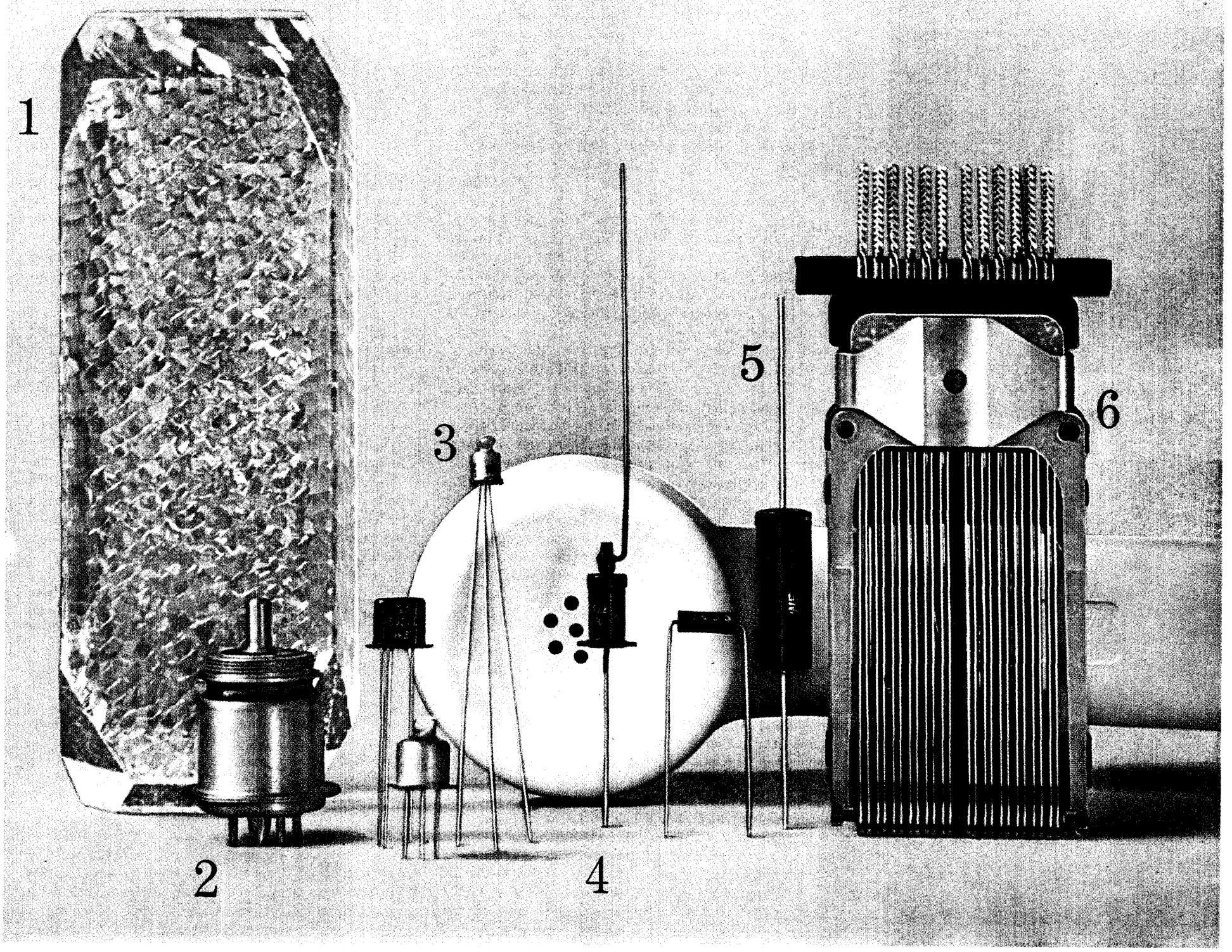

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FATHER HOA'S LITTLE WAR

The *Post* revisits the indomitable priest who leads Vietnam's fightingest anti-Communists.

By DON SCHANCHE
Photographs by JOHN BRYSON

Father Hoa escorts author Schanche past some of the 500 troops turned out to greet the monthly helicopter.

Tiny Binh Hung, a haven from Red terrorism for 2000 villagers, is a cluster of huts raised above the swamp.

Last year an American Air Force officer visited Binh Hung village, near the southernmost tip of Vietnam. There an ill-equipped band of village soldiers, led by a Chinese Catholic priest, was courageously battling Communist guerrillas. The American was so impressed by the villagers' spirit that he wrote about them in an official report, which found its way to the desk of President Kennedy. The President sent it to The Saturday Evening Post, *and* THE REPORT THE PRESIDENT WANTED PUBLISHED *appeared in the issue of May 20, 1961. Recently* Post *editor Don Schanche and photographer John Bryson, touring Vietnam, flew to Binh Hung to see what had become of the village. Their report follows.*
The Editors

As our Vietnamese Air Force helicopter fluttered down toward the dried-mud landing pad on the edge of Binh Hung village, I could not help recalling the cheerful fatalism of its soldiers recounted by the officer who wrote THE REPORT THE PRESIDENT WANTED PUBLISHED. Before the American departed, a smiling trooper turned to him. "Next year," he said, "you will see someone else here. Two hundred of us will be dead then." The soldiers popped a three-fingered Boy Scout salute—the only military gesture they knew—and he left, marveling at their courage.

Now, from the open door of the descending chopper, I could see the village where men had smilingly forecast their own deaths. It was a small community, perhaps a quarter of a mile square, surrounded by chest-high walls of dried mud interrupted here and there by little palm-thatched watchtowers for the village guards. Outside the walls were acres of rice fields, knee-deep in mud and water; and beyond them, tangled forests of mangrove grew out of swamps deep enough in places to cover a man to his shoulders. Some of these forests camouflaged encampments of Viet Cong (Communist) guerrillas.

A few remote farmhouses protruded from the swampland in the distance, and another small village was visible far away. Binh Hung appeared to be completely isolated. Within its flimsy walls were about 200 mud-and-thatch huts. They looked wretchedly exposed, as vulnerable as the huts in dozens of other villages I had seen while traveling around Vietnam. Most of those villages had been overrun by Communist guerrillas many times. Some of them were occupied by guerrilla forces. Binh Hung looked no different.

But I knew that the Binh Hung villagers were stoutly anti-Communist. Many of them were refugees from Communist tyranny in China. Unlike some of their Vietnamese neighbors, the people of Binh Hung had the spirit and the courage to fight back.

From a fellow hitchhiker I learned more about the much-oppressed villagers and their bitter history. Our companion, a rotund Chinese who squeezed into the helicopter with John Bryson and me, was Bernard Yoh. With him was Paul Rusby, a CARE representative who wanted to list the village's relief needs.

Bernie Yoh, a Catholic lay worker in Saigon, had made the physical salvation of Binh Hung village a personal crusade. In a sense, he created the village.

Yoh's longtime friend, a graying Chinese Catholic priest named Nguyen Loc Hoa, had shepherded 2000 Christian refugees out of Communist China in 1950. First the homeless band settled in North Vietnam, where the French were fighting a losing war against Ho Chi Minh's Communist guerrillas. The discouraged wanderers saw the Communists winning and moved on to Cambodia. There they settled for seven years. But when Cambodia recognized Red China in 1958, the group feared renewed Communist pressure. Those who could afford it left for Formosa. Father Hoa, with the remaining 375 refugees, had no place to go.

Aware of his plight, Yoh intervened with President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam. At first Diem was not enthusiastic about welcoming Chinese residents. But parts of his country were underpopulated and needed settlers. He consented in 1959 to let Father Hoa's band settle in a remote area of Vietnam's southernmost Camau Peninsula. The swampy area in many ways resembles the Florida Everglades. It is one of the least habitable sections of Vietnam.

To make the homesteaders' plight more dreary, the territory for years had gone by default to the Communist guerrillas, who held most of it long before the French left Vietnam. When the Geneva Accord of 1954 divided the country into a Communist north and a free south, Camau served as the embarkation point for the Communist armies. They left strong guerrilla forces which continued to dominate the area.

The settlers were dismayed when they saw their new home, but knew this was the end of the line. There was no other place in Asia, except faraway Formosa, which would have them. Under the priest's leadership they laboriously dug mud from the swamp to make rows of barge-shaped platforms for their huts, and created a square village bisected by a brackish canal.

For three months they worked peacefully, building the village, planting rice and caring for the chickens and pigs they had brought with them from Cambodia. Then the Communists struck. The unarmed villagers fought back with staves and knives. They beat off the first assault and even captured a few weapons. But it was obvious they could not hold out for long.

An alarmed Bernie Yoh called on the president again. This time he emerged with an assortment of obsolete French Lebel rifles, Springfields and Enfields with which to arm some of the villagers. But Binh Hung quickly exhausted its scant supply of ammunition driving off increasingly frequent guerrilla attacks.

Again Bernie Yoh came to the rescue. Unable to find more ammunition in Saigon, he collected empty brass cartridges. Working night and day at home, he

Father Hoa, grateful for American-donated medical supplies, has an apologetic plea: "Send more."

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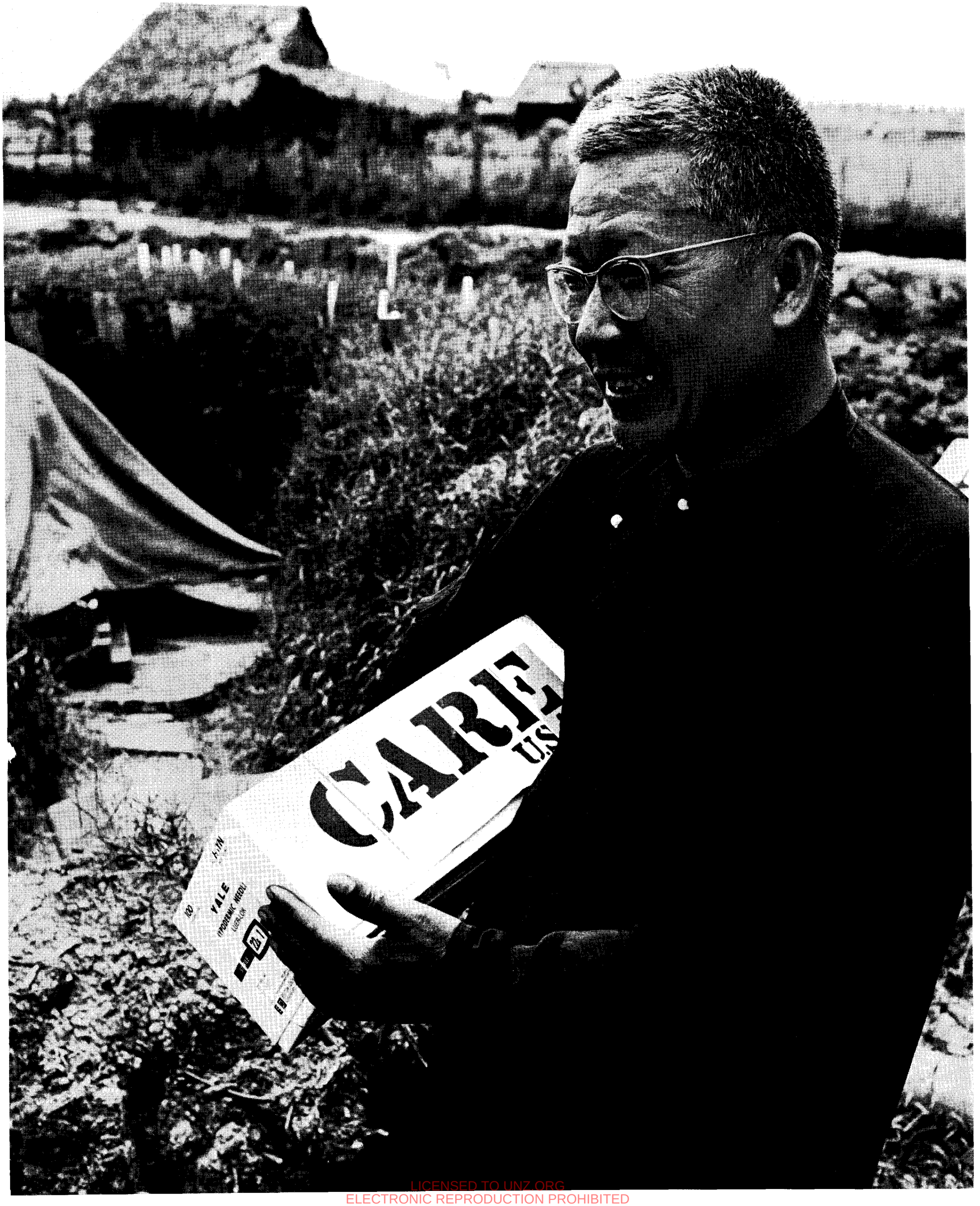

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The priest pays a visit to one of his wounded soldiers in the ill-equipped one-room village hospital.

Given a school holiday, Binh Hung children get together, flags waving, to cheer their American visitors.

FATHER HOA

reloaded the cartridges on an old bullet press he had used as a sports rifleman. "Somehow I mixed the lead for the bullets too soft," Yoh said. "But the villagers told me they liked them. Those soft-nosed bullets would take the head right off an enemy soldier. So I kept on making them that way."

Meanwhile the village's priest-leader began organizing a miniature army. As a nucleus he had a score of former Chinese Nationalist soldiers, veterans of the wars against Japan and the Communists. In addition, most of the other villagers had engaged in some kind of guerrilla activity against the Communists and Japanese. Father Hoa himself had been both a guerrilla and a soldier fighting against guerrillas.

When Japan invaded China, the young priest joined the army as a private. He fought as a guerrilla against the Japanese, then as an antiguerrilla against the Communists. Finally he was a guerrilla again, leading a battalion of irregulars against the Chinese Reds.

Without his experience Binh Hung would never have survived. For two years after building their village, the refugees, joined by a few hundred Vietnamese settlers, fought an uphill battle against the Viet Cong. The Communists conducted frequent hit-and-run raids against the village and set ambushes on the canals and pathways leading to it. But it was far from a one-sided battle. Wiser in the ways of guerrilla warfare than the Viet Cong guerrillas themselves, Father Hoa personally led his pitifully small force into the swamps almost nightly to strike the enemy on its own ground.

Gradually the priest built up his defense force. With Yoh's help he toured Vietnam recruiting new soldiers for Binh Hung. Many of the new recruits were Chinese refugees. Like the priest, most of them had fought with the Nationalist army. A large contingent were primitive mountain tribesmen who had grown up wandering the jungle-covered highlands of central Vietnam with spears and crossbows.

To pay them, equip them and keep the village alive and reasonably well-clothed, Father Hoa and Bernie Yoh ran up personal debts which now total $100,000. "We'll pay it back someday," said Yoh, "but if we don't, I doubt if anyone will try to foreclose on us. There isn't much to foreclose at Binh Hung."

As the village grew and his defense force gained strength, the fifty-three-year-old priest became a prominent man in the Camau area. Impressed by his efforts, the provincial governor in Camau City appointed Father Hoa district chief and military commander of the Hai Yen Special Area, a territory of 15,000 people which includes twenty-one other villages and hamlets. At the time Binh Hung was settled, Father Hoa estimated that 90 percent of the people of the Hai Yen area were either pro-Communist or had been so thoroughly intimidated by the Viet Cong that they supported the guerrillas. Now his little village defense force had the whole area to defend. It seemed impossible.

In spite of the courage and spirit of the Binh Hung villagers and the resoluteness which had so impressed President Kennedy, I thought the place must by now have been torn to shreds by enemy fire.

When we alighted from the helicopter, I noticed six uniformed women lined up on the left flank of a proud fifty-six-man honor guard. Had losses been so heavy that Father Hoa was down to recruiting women soldiers?

"They're nurses," Yoh explained. "Tough girls. They go on patrols with the men."

In front of the formation, waving happily, was a gentle-countenanced Chinese priest, dressed in a dusty black cassock. Could this benign-looking clergyman be the tough guerrilla fighter I had heard so much about? Yoh introduced us. He was indeed Father Hoa.

Clustered around the priest like a personal bodyguard was a group of black-clad commandos armed to the teeth. They wore U.S. helmet liners. From the three-fingered salute they threw as we walked up, I knew that these must be the former Boy Scouts I had read about. They were the toughest-looking soldiers I have seen in any army. Two of them carried plastic-stocked Armalite automatic rifles, guns so new they are still being tested by the U.S. Army.

Bernie Yoh saw me looking at the new guns. "I was in the States a few months ago," he explained, "and bought those two from Colt. We need something light that shoots fast. If these work out, we'll scrape up the money to buy some more. The guys who have used them say they wouldn't have anything else."

My astonishment grew. I was expecting to see ill-armed stragglers from a hard-hit 340-man army. Wouldn't the majority of them be recruits to replace the 200 who thought they would die? Instead, as we followed Father Hoa along a pathway leading from the helicopter pad to the village meeting hall, I passed nearly 500 neat, disciplined soldiers. All were dressed smartly in khaki, and each carried an M-1 rifle or an American carbine. Their ammunition belts were full.

On other pathways, lining both sides of the brackish canal, were the villagers. I had thought there would be about a thousand people at most. There were twice that number, and all of them had come out to look at us.

"Only one helicopter a month gets in to this place," Yoh explained, "and the only other way to get here is to fight your way through Communist ambushes. So any visitors are an excuse for a celebration."

"But there are so many," I said.

"The population gets bigger every day," said Yoh. "Most of them come here from outlying farms, looking for security." Apparently they had found it. In that sea of faces, not a solemn one showed. All were smiling or pointing excitedly to John Bryson's huge, black handlebar moustache and laughing.

In the meeting hall Father Hoa stepped up to a multicolored homemade battle map. He began to brief us in Chinese on the military situation around Binh Hung. Bernie Yoh translated.

Two days earlier Father Hoa's intelligence network, a volunteer apparatus of friendly farmers and a few full-time agents, reported a concentration of Communist guerrillas forming a few miles southwest of the village. Quickly Father Hoa ordered out two platoons of commandos. The best time to strike against the guerrillas, he explained, is when they are forming a concentration. Then they are disorganized and vulnerable. After surveying the terrain where the Viet Cong were forming, Father Hoa ordered a third platoon into a blocking position on the right flank of the other two.

The two assault platoons moved quickly when they arrived at the forest where the guerrillas were forming. The surprised Communist sentries did not even have time to pull protective covers from the barbed-nail minefield which they had sown along the entrances to the area. These fields of six-inch iron spikes are vicious obstacles when planted upright beneath the surface of the soft mud. (Few of the men wear shoes, which deteriorate quickly in the mud, and a man who steps on a nail is immediately out of action and may die of tetanus if not cared for promptly.) The mines were covered with boards so the Communists could pass safely over them. Now the Binh Hung soldiers marched across the boards.

Visible just inside the forest was a collection of huts where the guerrillas were gathering. A Binh Hung gun crew opened up on the huts with a 57-mm recoilless rifle. The commandos spread out along the edge of the forest. From high in a tree a machine gun opened fire. One of the commandos dropped with three bullets in his chest. His enraged comrades rushed into the woods.

As he reached this point of the briefing, Father Hoa grew animated. Raising his arms as if he were holding a rifle, he cried: "Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! One-two-three-four. Plop. Plop. Plop. Plop." He pointed to the floor to show how, with only four shots, four enemy snipers dropped out of the trees.

After a fierce exchange of fire, the Binh Hung soldiers pushed into the makeshift guerrilla camp. The enemy

Captive Red guerrillas: About 150 prisoners work in the rice fields and attend "reeducation" classes.

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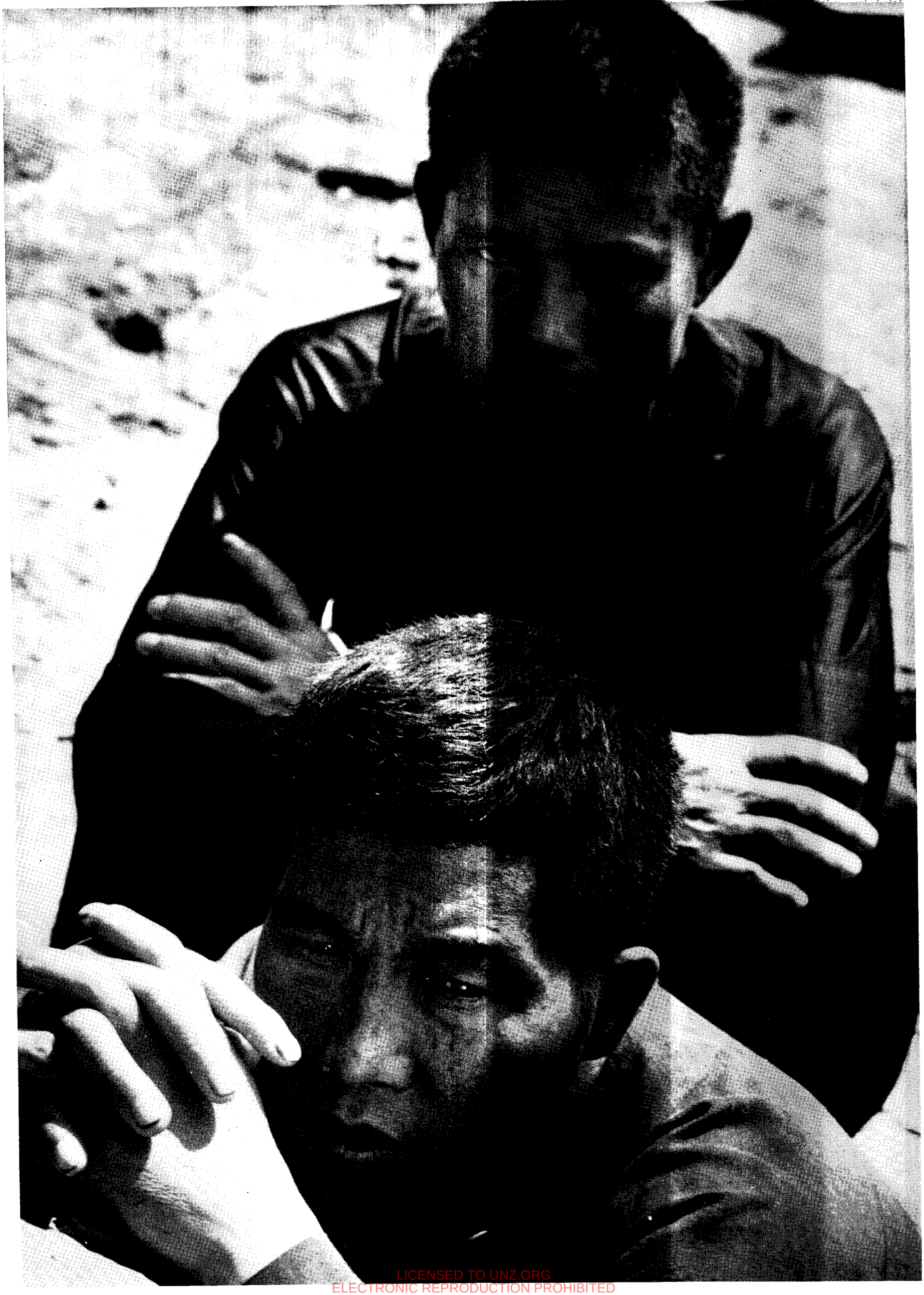

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Commandos, the black-clad elite of Binh Hung's 1000-man army, "the nation's toughest, best soldiers."

The fighting priest gently admonishes a shoeless, tag-along child who followed the visiting party.

FATHER HOA

had fled through waist-deep water toward another small forest. The soldiers posted guards and paused for lunch. While they were eating, the Viet Cong regrouped and tried to slip around the resting soldiers to catch them by surprise from the right flank. The third platoon, which Father Hoa had sent out to block such an attack, opened fire. In an hour and a half of heavy firing, only one Binh Hung soldier was hit, but he was hurt badly with a leg wound close to the groin. Afraid that he might die, the Binh Hung soldiers broke off the battle and returned to their village. But first they collected the bodies of fourteen Communist guerrillas.

Father Hoa turned from the map. "If you don't mind," he asked, "we would like to send the wounded man to the hospital in Camau City in your helicopter."

Then he turned back to the map and almost nostalgically explained that there weren't many Communist guerrillas left in his area. The village army, once a wretchedly equipped band of irregulars, had swelled to 1000 men. Of these, 600 were former Nationalist soldiers. The rest had spent many hours training on a log-and-barbed-wire obstacle course which Father Hoa called "our little Fort Bragg." Meanwhile the Vietnamese government, hurt by guerrilla activity all over the country, had formalized the "Village Self-Defense Corps" as a national military organization and thereby qualified it for U.S. military aid. As a result, the equipment of the Binh Hung villagers had improved.

In short, Father Hoa has built an unorthodox military unit which stands today as the toughest and best in Vietnam. In the year since the American officer's visit, they lost not 200 men, but eight. Binh Hung's total losses in three years were twenty-seven dead. Against that, they had counted the bodies of 500 Communist guerrillas. Under the leadership of their antiguerrilla priest, the Binh Hung soldiers have all but eliminated the Viet Cong menace in their area.

"We've had reports that the Communist leadership is furious with its local leaders in this area," said Bernie Yoh. "They've tried to recoup by sending guerrilla units in here from other districts, but Father Hoa doesn't give them a chance. The fight he described in his briefing was against one of the outside groups. They may stay around here to fight again, but eventually he will drive them out, or they will be killed or captured."

We entered a windowless mud hut to see those guerrillas who already had been captured. The narrow building, forty feet long, was as crowded as a Japanese streetcar. Behind latticed bamboo bars in one shadowy cell were some forty prisoners. A few looked remorseful, a few defiant; but most of them were expressionless.

"These are the maximum-security prisoners, the hard-core Communists," Father Hoa explained. "Some probably are just deluded peasants, but most are dedicated Marxists. They make the toughest fighters."

Binh Hung held 148 Communist prisoners. Most of them were working under guard in the village rice fields, where they spend five hours a day. For two hours after work they "study" and hear lectures on "the true nature of Communism" and on freedom and democracy. When Father Hoa decides the lessons have soaked in, he releases the former guerrillas to return to their villages and farms. "Many of them ask to join the Binh Hung army," he said. A few have been permitted to settle in the village.

A few yards from the crowded prison, tied to the dike of the central canal, is Binh Hung's "hospital ship," a covered barge with the name *Hope II* on its sides.

"When we heard that the American hospital ship *Hope* was going to visit Vietnam, we named this boat *Hope II*," Yoh said. "That meant we hoped someone from the *Hope* would come down here to visit us. I guess they were too busy in Saigon, because we couldn't even get a nurse to come here. But we're going to keep the name *Hope II*, anyway."

The barge is used when there are more wounded than the little one-room village "hospital" can accommodate. When we visited the hospital, it was only half filled. One man, the soldier who would accompany us to Camau in the helicopter, grimaced with the pain of his wound, but managed to smile when Father Hoa bent over him. Three other men were recovering from foot wounds, caused by Communist "nail mines." Another was a handsome boy of eighteen who had almost recovered from a near-fatal head wound.

"The Communists surprised the village he was in at night," said Father Hoa. "He ran to the door of the hut where he was sleeping and was hit in the right forehead. Although part of his skull was torn away by the bullet, he was still conscious. Remembering his carbine under the cot he had been sleeping on, the boy crawled back into the hut. He put the carbine under his body so the enemy wouldn't see it, then passed out. When the Viet Cong came into the hut they looked at him and assumed he was dead. They didn't get the gun."

There was a helicopter in the area when the boy was discovered. He was flown to the hospital in Camau, where doctors saved his life. Later he was transferred to a better hospital in Saigon. He returned to Binh Hung eager to fight again. "But he gets terrible headaches," said Father Hoa, smiling apologetically. "I hope you will permit him to return to Saigon in your helicopter so he can get more treatment."

Father Hoa turned to Paul Rusby of CARE. "Maybe you can help us," he said. "This is not a healthy place. We need antibiotic drugs for the wounded. Do you remember the sulfa bandages the Americans used in World War II—the compresses impregnated with sulfa powder? CARE gave us fifty of them two months ago. We could use thousands. One of those bandages in battle will save a man's life." Rusby added the medical items to a long list.

CARE already has done much for the village. Probably the most welcome of all the CARE gifts was a shipment of packages called "Settlers' Kits." Among the tools enclosed in the kit is a long machete. "The knives are excellent tools for the 'settlers,'" Bernard Yoh said, looking meaningfully at the soldiers.

Yoh led me into the village radio shack, another mud hut. Like some of the other huts in the village it was roofed with corrugated sheet metal. "That's to keep the Commies from burning us out with fire arrows," Yoh explained. "There are a lot of primitive weapons in this war, and fire is one of them. Father Hoa would like to get enough of that metal to replace every thatched roof in the village."

In the radio shack there was another evidence of Yoh's Herculean efforts in the village's behalf. An odd assortment of radio gear struck my eye.

"That's something I put together," Bernie said. "The village is isolated. It needed some direct contact with the outside world. So I bought a sixty-five-dollar Heath kit and set up a ham transmitter. We monitor it twenty-four hours a day in Saigon."

As we left the radio shack, I heard the engine of the helicopter cough to life on the nearby landing pad. It was late afternoon, and the pilot wanted to leave while he still had enough daylight to make the flight to Camau and Saigon. We hurried out to the pad. Father Hoa had called out his troops. They stood smartly at attention as we passed. A bugler blew a wavering Chinese call. The six uniformed nurses saluted, and the honor guard snapped to Present Arms.

As we climbed into the helicopter, I noticed that the two wounded men already had been placed aboard. So had three other wounded soldiers, two nurses and the village schoolteacher.

Outside, on the dried-mud landing pad, the black-clad commandos around Father Hoa popped off another Boy Scout salute. One of them pointed at John Bryson's moustache and laughed again. Then the helicopter lifted away from Binh Hung.

"We have just left the safest place in Vietnam," said Bernie Yoh. THE END

Teen-age girls (right), trained as combat medics, serve beside the battle-hard Binh Hung infantry.

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AFTER OBSCENITY, WHAT?

A book called *Tropic of Cancer*, by Henry Miller, is making news in various parts of the United States. This twenty-eight-year-old volume, originally printed in Paris, was until recently forbidden to be imported into the United States; now it has been published here, and its distribution is legal. Nevertheless, various libraries throughout the country refuse to stock it, or they restrict its circulation; in many places, including St. Louis, Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Dallas, Atlanta and Cleveland, local authorities have instituted court proceedings to stop its sale.

It is a sign of the changing times that this book should now be published openly in a large edition. (The publisher says 2,500,000 copies are in print.) A description of life in the underworld of Paris many years ago, it is extraordinarily frank both in its use of the "four-letter words" and in its description of vice and perversion. Just how much influence it has exerted on today's writers no one can say; but it takes little investigation to discover that the trend in fiction is strongly in Miller's direction.

Dozens of novels are published each year, any one of which, a few decades ago, would have sent publisher and writer to jail. Talk to the students in creative-writing courses in any American college, and you will quickly discover that many of them are convinced that no novel is much good unless it contains the frankest possible discussion of sexual matters, in lavatory language. This, of course, is not true; plenty of good fiction appears, and is widely read, that is not obsessed with sex. Yet the writers admired by most young intellectuals, and especially by many of those who will be tomorrow's professional authors, belong to the Henry Miller school. The college literary magazines are filling up with this sort of thing, to the accompaniment of a running battle with the faculty, who are prodded to action by indignant parents.

The predilection for what used to be the unmentionable has spread to allied arts. Nobody dares take a child to a movie nowadays without a sneak preview—unless, of course, you do so to have him explain some of the situations that are obscure to most people over forty. And as for Broadway, the only sensible preparation for seeing half the plays of today is a careful study of Krafft-Ebing or some other expert on sexual abnormality.

Nowadays authors seldom bother to defend themselves. They used to say that they were only "holding the mirror up to nature," but this justification won't work for the kind of thing being written today. All of us know at least a few persons who go for days, or even weeks, without uttering at a dinner party even one of the words that are the hallmark of the modern novelist.

The trend in fiction is doubtless a reaction against the Victorian prudery of the last generation, which certainly did harm—though the statistics of juvenile misbehavior don't suggest any Elysium today. Probably it was inevitable that, because of such pioneers as Henry Miller and D. H. Lawrence, taboos of the early 1900's would be attacked until they were destroyed.

It is easier to explain the present state of affairs than to prescribe for it. Nevertheless, two points are clear. First of all, no one is suggesting that we should return to the Nice-Nellyism of our grandparents. Today's frankness has swept away a lot of undesirable hypocrisy and falsehood; these new values should and must be preserved.

It is also clear that censorship is not the answer. Almost always censorship creates more problems than it solves. Usually it gives wider circulation to the work it seeks to suppress, and often it is executed by people whose own intellectual standards make it doubtful that they can distinguish between pornography and the candor that is the essential quality in a masterpiece. The strongest force in driving out the undesirable is still public selection. If we would abstain from buying offensive books and periodicals, if we would tune out the vulgar or violent TV programs, reformation would be rapid.

But we are still left with the problem of why the presumed standard setters for the next generation write as they do. Pick up half a dozen books of the most admired young novelists of today, and you will speedily discover that vulgarity is almost their whole stock in trade. Most of them scorn to tell a story, as that word has been understood from the dawn of history down to day before yesterday. Probably influenced by another pioneer, James Joyce, they are so cryptic, allusive, and full of symbolism and allegory, that it is hard to tell what they have in mind, beyond the ever-present smut.

It is certainly not unreasonable to hope that eventually a reaction against the reaction may set in. In the whole body of great literature—from the Greeks and Romans until lately—not one master storyteller has felt that vulgarity, symbolism and vagueness were all that he needed. The experience of the past 2000 years teaches us that most readers want a story, that they want identifiable characters, that they don't really wish to hear the author mumbling incoherently to himself, but, on the contrary, would like to know what he is driving at. The same two millennia testify that we want sometimes to read about people who are better and nobler than ourselves. Now that the last vestiges of Puritanism have been stamped into the earth by the angry young men, perhaps we are entitled to tell them: Dirt and confusion are not enough.

NOTE TO A HIGH-SCHOOL SENIOR (CLASS OF 1962)

Planning on college? Dreaming of a career in teaching, science, nursing, the arts? Wait! Before you invest four years and maybe $10,000 in further education you should study the terms of the new contract won by New York Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

From now on members of Local 3 will work a basic five-hour day at $4.96 per hour—plus a sixth hour at time and a half. This adds up to $161.20 for a 30-hour week.

Then comes the cherry on top. Union members are limited to fifteen hours of overtime which, in labor-short New York, they are almost sure to get. The overtime brings the work week to a tedious 40 hours and the total wage to $235.60.

But remember! Your country needs teachers (and pays them a national average of about $106 weekly in public schools).

Your country needs nurses (and pays them $82.50 for 40 hours on general duty in New York City).

Your country needs scientists. (A survey by the Federal Government disclosed that chemists able to handle the "more complex, exacting" assignments earned an average of $9504 annually—about $183 per week.)

Your country is dedicated to the arts. (A musician playing with the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Association earns $180 per week.)

No matter. Go ahead and get that college education. As the President put it in his inaugural address: "Ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country." Apparently Local 3 didn't get the word.

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